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THEODORE HARDING RAND.

THE

McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY

OCTOBER, 1900.

NOT DEAD.

The mighty grasp that held his frame
Back from the spirit outward fled,
And gave the dread, unanswering look
That wards the living from the dead,—

This we called death, but everywhere
Some large, mysterious force doth strive
With sorrowed sense and memory drear,
Proclaiming him alive, alive!

The sea he loved, the moving clouds,
The green earth's regal state—
All that lives on, makes life more glad,
Him mutely claims, an unseen mate.

His thoughts that climbed the hidden mount,
His words that brought the fire down,
Ring still across the valley's din:
"Come, SERVE! this is life's very crown."

The flame that caught, the heart that burned,
The impulse grandly stirred,—
Wherever felt that vital touch,
He lives, he lives! in some eternal word.

BLANCHE BISHOP.

THEODORE HARDING RAND.

"How beautiful is genius when combined with holiness!"

Theodore Harding Rand was descended from Puritan ancestors, who emigrated from New England to take possession of the land vacated by the deportation of the Acadian French in 1755. There came, therefore, to him by birth the strong elements of character for which his forefathers were distinguished. His early years were passed at the family home in the eastern part of the Cornwallis valley. Here the beauties of the natural world to which in later life he ever delighted to return, the secular and the Sabbath schools, life on the farm, the family worship, led by his honored father, deacon Thomas Rand, and that of the house of God, conducted by the great and revered Father Manning, and Rev. A. S. Hunt, his assistant and successor, did not fail to awaken and stimulate his juvenile thoughts and move and fashion his sensitive nature; but in this quiet place life was largely meditative.

About the time the boy was giving place to the man, with the consent of his parents he made his way to Boston. The influences of the new conditions and circumstances in which he found himself, called into greater action the powers and sentiments of his responsive spirit. Life there was fervid and intense. He listened to the finished, dazzling oratory of Wendell Phillips and Theodore Parker as they called upon the young men of America to break in pieces the creeds of their fathers and follow them into the realm of intellectual and spiritual freedom. They posed as the heralds of civil and religious liberty for people of every color and creed. William Lloyd Garrison, then beginning his crusade against American slavery, stirred to their depths his instinctive and humane sympathies. He also read with avidity the plausible philosophy of Ralph Waldo Emerson.

By these means the dreams of his quiet country home gave place to earnest thought and deep feeling in that throbbing centre of life. To him it was a new spiritual and intellectual birth. Instinctively ardent and demonstrative, he was soon found among the youthful, talking freethinkers. With a

multitude of young fellows he was carried away on the strong current of false liberalism. To him the end to which they drifted was unseen, unknown. The cords binding him to his Puritan-Baptist faith were snapped asunder, and he revelled in the liberty of his fancied emancipation. The brilliant men, the leaders of this revolt against orthodoxy, were his prophets. He dreamed dreams of future distinction for himself. His ambition was on fire. He cast about him to find the path that led to the dwelling place of these Boston celebrities. Education, education, that was the only road to these upper regions.

In answering the question, how to acquire this, he called to mind the white-walled college overlooking Grande Pré whose bell tones had often fallen on his ears while at play on the school ground or at work in his father's hay-field. In pursuit of his new purpose he turned his steps toward the old homestead. He knew that there awaited him from father, mother, brothers and sisters a warm welcome. They would leave nothing undone to assist him in his quest for an education. He was not disappointed. In the autumn of 1854 he was a student at Horton Academy. His natural gifts and late experience easily made him the leader among his fellow-students. Nor was he silent about his religious speculations. For once in its history Horton Academy had among its students an advocate of free-thinking, possessed to the full by the courage of his convictions. In the meantime the prayers of his father, mother and others had been heard, and the purpose of God in respect to this young sceptic was maturing. In the winter and early spring of 1855 a revival of religion of great power fell upon the institutions at Horton and upon the surrounding community. T. H. Rand did not escape. His religious speculations soon began to lose their hold on him. The old creed, preached by the Rev. Edward Manning and practised before his eyes by his parents, returned and was received into both his head and his heart. After this and until the end of his life, he had no room for the speculations of Phillips, Parker, and Emerson. He became a convicted sinner and called upon the God of his fathers for salvation. The conflict was pungent and prolonged; but at last, while on his knees in the secret closet, the darkness broke

away and the true light shone into his soul. Freedom and illumination followed, and he found himself in a new world. He was one of the converts baptized by Dr. Cramp during that wonderful revival of religion; and among them not one was found more sanguine, more resolute, of firmer conviction or clearer vision. He became an ardent student of the Bible and an active Christian worker. This zeal he never lost.

T. H. Rand belonged to the class of students who worship genius and learning. In him the New England leaders of thought had had an ardent disciple. In his changed state he did not cease to pay the highest respect to their gifts and attainments. But they were no longer to him the interpreters of life and religion. He now looked for men whose lives and teachings were in harmony with the precepts of divine revelation. The Rev. E. A. Crawley, D.D., the Rev. J. M. Cramp, D.D., Professors A. W. Sawyer, and A. P. S. Stewart, were on the staff of Acadia College at that day. They were men of rare and varied talents, of wide experience, and were well qualified to inspire, mould and guide young men, especially those of the T. H. Rand type. The prominent men in public life at the time were Hon. Joseph Howe and the Hon. J. W. Johnstone, the respective leaders of the two political parties in the province. Howe had conducted the crusade against irresponsible government and had, fifteen years before T. H. Rand's school days, won the victory. Both were statesmen and orators. In addition to this, Howe was a poet and Johnstone an eminent jurist. Under the inspiration and instruction of these men, Rand's school days at Horton passed away. Another man who then had his reputation to make appeared in political life and added fuel to the fire of Rand's zeal. Dr. Tupper, now Sir Charles, entered into public life about the time Mr. Rand began his studies at Horton Academy. While holding the liberal principles of government for which Howe had fought, he found himself opposed to that great statesman in the practical politics of the day. Rand was a most appreciative onlooker. Under these influences his course through the schools at Horton was a most brilliant one, not however in respect to exact studies and the mastery of the endless details of the subjects of a col-

legiate education; but rather in his extensive reading of both English prose and poetry, in the general knowledge he acquired of men and public affairs, in the mastery of principles, in leadership among his fellow-students, and in his restless, contagious activity, felt by all his associates.

After graduating he was employed for a year in teaching in Horton Academy. At the close of this year he was solicited by the Government of Nova Scotia to take the chair of Classics in the Provincial Normal School. Here he came in contact with the Rev. Alexander Forrester, D.D., for whom he always cherished great admiration as an educator of exceptional breadth and enthusiasm. Dr. Tupper had at this time been ten years in public life. His talents and force of character had carried him into the leadership of the party with which he found himself identified. Thirty years before this the Rev. E. A. Crawley, D.D., discussed at length in the press and on the platform the great question of a free, non-sectarian, common school system, supported by taxation, which he maintained would be essential to its efficiency. Various attempts had been made to give the province a good school law; but the hatred of taxation, widespread among all classes of the people, the opposition of Romanism and the political intrigue incident to party government, ensured for every such attempt a humiliating defeat. What the venerable political leaders, Howe and Johnstone, had found it impossible to do, was undertaken by Dr. Tupper. This was an eminently fitting thing to have done. Dr. Crawley had led the way in advocating a free system of education, supported by taxation. Dr. Tupper was the son of a Baptist minister who, in following Dr. Crawley, was a warm friend and advocate of such a system. Dr. Tupper selected T. H. Rand, the son of a Baptist deacon, and who had been educated at the Horton institutions, founded by Dr. Crawley, to aid him in framing the School bill and to superintend the system of schools to be organized under it. This, too, was a most appropriate thing for Dr. Tupper to have done.

Dr. Tupper soon found that he had in his youthful superintendent a man of talent and rare executive ability. In some respects the two men bore a striking resemblance to each other.

Prescience, swiftness of thought, force of character, pronounced individuality, resolute courage, tact, self-reliance, strength of will, hopefulness, and power to manage men and circumstances so as to secure given ends, characterized both T. H. Rand and Charles Tupper. Before these two men opposition to the School law faded away, and victory crowned their efforts. They fully appreciated each other. After Dr. Rand had ceased to be the Superintendent of the Nova Scotia schools, Dr. Tupper urged him to enter upon political life, and offered to aid him in so doing; but this not being to his tastes was respectfully declined.

Taxation to support schools and confederation, carried in the local Legislature under the leadership of Dr. Tupper, evoked from a large section of the people an opposition which bordered on rebellion. In the initial stages of the school law its very existence was threatened. But behind it were two master minds, two indomitable wills. School meetings, angry and uncontrolable, litigation and the burning of school houses, discouraged neither the superintendent nor the author of the law. The opposition to the law, bitter and wide-spread though it was, yielded to the forces marshalled in its favor. It is within the knowledge of the writer that Mr. Rand, for a week at a time in the stress of the conflict, never took off his clothes. He would throw himself on a couch in his office for a few hours' sleep, and then return to his work. During the five years of his administration there was a revolution in public sentiment. The system when perfected and placed on a firm foundation, became popular. To-day it is essentially as it was in 1870, when Dr. Rand left it. He spent the summer and autumn of that year in Great Britain and Ireland. During this time he enjoyed excellent opportunities for studying the school systems of the old land. Dr. Tupper and T. H. Rand won for themselves in a short time places as successful leaders of men—the one a statesman, the other an educationist, each destined to be distinguished in his own sphere for wise and successful labors as master builders.

On Dr. Rand's return from Great Britain, at the request of the Premier of New Brunswick, he assisted in the preparation of a bill for a free non-sectarian system of education for that

Province. After this bill became an Act, he was tendered the position of Chief-Superintendent to carry it into effect. The administration of the system in that Province, as in Nova Scotia, was attended with great difficultics, among them the determined opposition of the Roman Catholic Church, reinforced by overt sympathies from provinces having systems of Separate Schools, contests in courts of law even to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council of England, and stirring political struggles on the floors of the Canadian Parliament. The work, however, was carried to a grand success. Dr. Rand's motto ever was: A righteous system of education righteously administered.

In 1883 he resigned his superintendency of education in New Brunswick, and accepted the chair of the History of Education in Acadia College. His influence was at once felt, both by professors and students. At the end of two years' service, he was induced by the late Senator McMaster and others, to take the chair of Didactics and Apologetics in Toronto Baptist College.

From 1871 to 1883 he was a member of the Senate of the University of New Brunswick, and during a part of that time a member of the Senate and Board of Governors of Acadia College. He was for years President of the Education Institute of New Brunswick, and also of that of Nova Scotia. He was twice President of the Baptist Convention of the Maritime Provinces. He was elected a member of the American Society for University Extension. While he lived in Halifax, he was an active member of the Granville Street Baptist Church, and during his residence at Fredericton he was equally useful and beloved by the church in that place.

There were occasional evidences in his student days, as well as in his laborious life, that he possessed in some degree the divine gift for poetic thought and expression. Fugitive verses from his pen were known to his fellow-students, and from time to time in later years he published short poems in newspapers and magazines; but it was not until impaired health brought to him leisure, that the public was made aware of his ability to write such poetry as is found in his work, "At Minas Basin."

Dr. Rand belonged to that class of men who are not satis-

fied with mere routine work aud the accepted state of things around them. He spurned finality: throughout his entire public life this was ever apparent. He surveyed the whole field of education from the primary school to the university, and studied the relations of part to part. The genius that works to this end was never dormant in him. The field chosen for the exercise of his versatile talents was in the realm lying between the pulpit and the parliament. He had the gifts and sympathies for either the preacher, the literary man, the poet or the statesman. But no work could enlist and engage his powers, stir his energies, kindle his ambition and keep steadily burning the fire of his enthusiasm like that of education. Throughout his entire public life he ever espoused the great principles of soul liberty and civil freedom for all classes and creeds. The splendid and triumphant fight under his leadership against Separate Schools in New Brunswick, when the influence of Ontario and the Dominion Parliament were utilized against the non-sectarian system for which he contended, is in evidence of his value of education for the masses and of the principle of individual rights and liberty. His self-reliance made him indifferent to the relative strength of minorities and majorities. It stood rock-like against all opposition. Difficulties had no terrors for him. With the increase of their number his hopefulness and assurance grew apace. Conditions and surroundings from which wire-pullers and opportunists would recede, could not drive him from the open ways of warfare. They confirmed his confidence in the principles at stake, and were a guarantee of ultimate success. Here his hope, courage, and faith were at their best. Either defeat utter and final or victory was his purpose in every undertaking; but the object aimed at must be worthy and the end sought the good of man and the glory of God. When strength was measured with strength, and skill with skill, he rose to the occasion.

United with the masculine elements of his character, was a feminine sensitiveness that made him capable of enjoying the highest pleasure or of enduring the most exquisite pain. As a friend he was ardent, generous, faithful and constant. His tastes were discriminating and of a high order. They were of

the artistic, classic, poetic type. His nature responded finely to the beauties and harmonies of the natural world and to the æsthetic ministries of human life. Poetry and art had in him a devoted lover.

Dr. Rand was an intelligent, firm and warm-hearted Christian. He regarded his own work as God's work. He was a man of one idea at a time, but it was always a great one. He could concentrate the fervor of his zeal and the full force of his powers upon one subject for a long period; but so soon as he was released from special work, his interest was again renewed in general objects. He was assured of divine assistance in all he undertook. Hundreds of young men were blessed by his counsels and friendship. Students who came in touch with his enthusiasm, and discovered for themselves his strength of character, his high educational ideals, could go away leaving behind them the transforming stimulus which had entered into their lives. He has, in our opinion, no greater tribute to his life-work and memory than may be found in the ingenuous hearts of young men who have known him as friend and teacher.

Dr. Rand never lost his interest in the success of Baptist churches and the progress of their principles. Had he been able to command the use of large sums of money, he would have appropriated much of it for the founding of denominational academies and colleges in Canada, and in enlarging and fostering those already in existence. His plans were as broad and as unselfish as his principles. He earned for himself a good name as a successful laborer for public and denominational schools, as an author, and as a constant, loving friend.

Throughout his entire public life he had the inspiration and help of Mrs. Rand, on whose ministries he largely depended for all he accomplished. Her refined tastes and eminent Christian character qualified her to be the help-mate of her noble husband. His name is embalmed in the hearts of thousands, and especially in the hearts of his few intimate friends. Praise God from whom the blessing of the life and labors of Dr. Rand flowed.

Halifax. E. M. Saunders.

T. H. R.

Fair is the morn! Ah, yes, the Spring is fair!
The dandelion wakes on the green lea;
The ploughman walks, and from his pointed share
The furrow turns; while swallows glancing flee.
See! Sun and wave have their old jollity!
Nature ignores our grief in smiling play.
Ah! yes, the Spring is fair! And fair the Day!
But o'er the sunshine falls a shade to me.
For closed, the eyes that saw all beauty here;
And stilled, the heart that felt the love of all;
Silent, the golden lips, of tone sincere;
Gone, the old friendliness, beyond recall;
Fallen, the pen of light, that wrote no word
Save when that sea-like soul was by its angel stirred.

PASTOR FELIX,
In Methodist Magazine.

IMPRESSIONS OF THE LATE DR. RAND.*

This article it is understood will make no pretence to chronicle in detail the steps of Dr. Rand's career after he removed to Ontario in 1885. It will contain simply a slight sketch and a few personal impressions by one who knew him somewhat intimately during the earlier years there, and loved and admired him deeply. It was in 1884, at the meeting either of the Baptist Convention or the Baptist Union, in the city of Toronto, that I first saw Dr. Rand. He had come as a delegate from the East. I did not have the privilege of speaking to him, but remember the keen interest with which I watched him, and listened to his words. His life, physical and intellectual, was at its zenith. His eager strength, tempered by that deep sense of the beautiful which lent richness and charm to his thought and expression, arrested

*A considerable portion of this article was prepared by Dr. Trotter for the "Acadia Athenaeum," and will appear in that paper as well as in THE MONTHLY.—EDITOR.

attention. Here was a man of vision, with a wide horizon, who kindled the imagination, and suggested vastly more than he said, a man of inspiring and unique type, who instantly cast a spell over younger minds.

In 1885 he accepted the chair of Didactics and Apologetics in Toronto Baptist College. Not till a year later, however, did I come to know him in anything more than a casual way. At that time, in pursuance of the strong desire of Mr. McMaster and many others to establish Woodstock College on a permanent basis, Dr. Rand was induced to accept the Principalship of that institution. I had become pastor of the Baptist church at Woodstock three years before, and so was pastor to the college community. The Baptist pastor was also always a member of the college board. These positions brought me at once into very intimate relations with the new Principal. I cannot feel that the two years of Dr. Rand's incumbency at Woodstock are to be counted among his happiest years. The life of the institution was deeply scored with peculiar and sacred traditions, which Dr. Rand did not fully understand. He only partially understood the men by whom he was surrounded, as he in turn was only partially understood by them. Yet, much was accomplished: the handsome new dining hall was built, there was a considerable addition made to the endowment, and that movement was begun which transformed Toronto Baptist College and Woodstock College from the separate close corporations they had been, into McMaster University, a joint institution controlled directly by the Baptist Convention of Ontario and Quebec. Dr. Rand's educational ideas became during this period a masterful factor in helping to mould and direct the future polity of the denomination.

In the midst of all the stress, however, which it would take a volume to narrate, what a fount of enrichment the strong, full, energetic, many-sided life of the new Principal was to the young pastor as to many others. Dr. Rand was full of the spirit of worship, and dearly loved the House of the Lord. In earlier life he had passed through the frigid zone of rationalism, but that was long ago. He had come

to hold deeply evangelical views of the Christian faith; and so if the service had a bit of genuine worship in it, and the preacher's message rang true at all to the essential things of the gospel, his strong face would grow radiant and tender, and it would not be easy for him to go home without leaving some gracious word of thankfulness and encouragement behind. If there was weakness and crudity in the ministrations, with what delicate indirectness, and care as to time and place, he would awaken thoughtfulness and inspire fresh resolve. How the prayer-meeting glowed as he prayed and held up his pastor's hands. And those numberless talks on the street, in the home, in the lanes and fields, how surcharged they were with illumination, with suggestion, with stimulus, that often made the soul quiver to its centre. He was a high priest of nature, and one sure result of fellowship with him in nature's haunts was that not only was the beauty of her face discovered, but her secrets were interpreted, and her soul laid bare. I write strongly, but not more strongly than I feel. There was clash and stress in those two years. On rare occasions my own spirit and judgment clashed with his, but fellowship with him meant quickening and enlargement for one's soul, and consciousness of a new epoch in one's life.

By the end of the second year after his settlement at Woodstock, it had been decided to locate the Arts department of the University in Toronto, and Dr. Rand returned to that city and resumed his professorship in Toronto Baptist College. A year later he was appointed to the chair of Ethics and Education in the prospective new department, being granted a year's leave of absence for purposes of rest and study abroad. At the end of eleven months, Dr. McVicar having resigned the Chancellorship, Dr. Rand was summoned in the early summer of 1889 to assume the Chairmanship of the Arts Faculty, the work of which was to open in the autumn. Two years later, the Theological and Arts Faculties having been united, he was made Chancellor of the University, and Principal of the United Faculty, which positions he held until failing health compelled his withdrawal from administrative duties in 1895.

As pastor for a year at Bloor St., where Dr. Rand worshipped, and then as professor under him for five years, it was my privilege again to be in most intimate relations with him during the six years just sketched, from 1889 to 1895, and thus to be able to record impressions of this stage of his career. In my view they were sacrificial years. Other men there were both on the Faculty and on the Board who wrought nobly in those initial times, but the chief burdens necessarily fell upon him. There was a curriculum to be framed, a student patronage to be created, a divided denomination to be conciliated, a cynical public to be borne with and won. There were problems of organization which must occupy years and could only be solved by slow and patient processes. There was the elaboration of ideals for the manifold life of the University, and the demand for sustained constructive effort that the ideals might be firmly established. To these tasks, in addition to his teaching, Dr. Rand gave himself with all the intensity of his nature, all the alertness and grasp of his thought, all the breadth and reach of his vision, all the practical wisdom of his planning, all the steadiness and resoluteness of his purpose, all the faith and courage of his spirit, all the many-sidedness of his being, literally pouring out his life in streams that the foundations of the University might be laid deep, broad, immovable. No wonder if this intense and constant forth-putting of energy sometimes wore the nerves to sensitiveness, and made the tireless worker impatient of opposition real or fancied. No wonder if those who saw him but occasionally, and encountered him spent with exhausting toil, sometimes misjudged the man. No wonder if while yet in the midst of his days the physical machinery began to fail, and the more wearing duties had to be resigned. Never did a man serve in the Vineyard of the Lord, more worthy to be called a "laborer" than he during those years of which I am now writing. And the fruits of his toil will be unto all future generations.

The five years of calm before the home-going are better known to Ontario friends than to myself, though it was my privilege to exchange letters with Dr. Rand throughout those

years, and to get a glimpse of him each summer, *en route* to his visiting place at Parrsboro, or in that quiet retreat itself. One of the dearest memories of my life will henceforth be four days with him and Mrs. Rand at Parrsboro. in the closing days of August, 1899, the last summer he was there. The marks of rapid aging almost shocked me as he came down to the pier to give me welcome. His physical energies, once so exuberant, were greatly exhausted. But mind and spirit were surcharged with life as in the olden times, and what a luxury of delight and renewal those four days had in store for me. With what breadth of view, with what clearness of insight, with what warmth of spirit and aptness of speech, he talked of men, of books, of nature, of passing events, of education, of religion, of the life that now is and that which is to come, linking everything with the name of Christ, testing everything by Christian standards, and suffusing every hour of intercourse with a glow of an ardent love for God and all things beautiful. I bade him adieu with a painful apprehension that I might never see him again on earth; but I returned to my home with a quickened sense of God, a new eye for the beautiful, an uplifted view of life, and a spirit penetrated at every point with new inspirations. On entering my home my quick, warm answer to the first enquiry was—"A good time! Why I've been to the best summer school that God could possibly have provided for me."

Space remains for only a remark or two of a general sort. Were I to single out the most impressive characteristic of Dr. Rand's life as I knew him, I should fix upon his instinctive passion for influencing other lives. His ideals, his convictions, his judgments, his feelings, the varied information with which his mind was stored, were in continual effluence, and that not for the mere sake of expression as an end, but with the distinct purpose of creating conviction, correcting ideals, awakening thought, and stimulating purpose in the minds of others. I do not think I was ever in his company for ten minutes, when an exchange of ideas was possible, without feeling the strong, vitalizing impact of his mind and spirit upon my own. His letters, too, were full of sententious thought, happy suggestion, fine feeling and beautiful expression. His interest in life about him,

especially the expanding life of the young, was intense and unwearying, and to have a hand in helping it up toward the best was his constant delight. There must be thousands who received from him direction, momentum, inspiration, which greatly enriched their lives.

As to the motives which controlled the life of Dr. Rand there can be no doubt. His poems, saturated with the thoughts of God and Christ and immortality, tell the story. And what the poems disclose was unmistakably confirmed in daily life to those who lived and worked at his side. Whatever secondary motives may have seemed to sway him for the moment in those contentions and struggles which his aggressive life necessarily involved, the primal and dominating motives were clearly those glorious motives implied in a vital Christian faith. Jesus Christ was the world's Redeemer, and the rightful Lord over all life. To bring men to share His redeeming grace, and to subject all life to His righteous rule, this was Dr. Rand's conception of the mission of Christian men. His own specific sphere of service was that of education, and in it he wrought with consuming desire to vindicate the claims of Christ therein, and set the King upon His throne.

T. Trotter.

Wolfville, N.S.

A VISION OF PASSING.*

I dreamed I drew my parting breath,
And fell, in sinking swoon of death,
To gulfs of utter night all chilly,
While woven hands held me close beneath.

And then—as thousand lights on shore,
The radiant forms I'd known before;
And growing sound of kindly voices;
And flood of light through an open door.

And, lo, at stern and prow there stands,
Close-veiled, an angel winged!—the sands
Beneath the shallop's keel wake music;
Folded am I by the piercëd Hands!

THE FUNERAL OF DR. RAND.

A memorial service was held in Fredericton, at which Professor Goodspeed was present as the representative of the faculty of McMaster University. Later in the week the remains were taken to Canard, in the beautiful Cornwallis valley, where the funeral service was held on Saturday, June 2nd, in the afternoon. I was present at this service as the representative of the Board of Governors of McMaster University.

The remains lay in the drawing-room of the farm-house in which Dr. Rand was born sixty-five years before. Friends of his youth, some of them stooping with age, none of them far from the end of their journey, were there. Younger relatives were present, mourning the death of the most eminent of their

* The above poem belongs to a series of poems left in manuscript by the late Dr. Rand. The editor has ventured to give the verses the title they bear.

kin. Professors of Acadia University, where he graduated in 1860, and where for two years before coming to Ontario he was a professor, and other life-long friends, walked softly and spoke low in the presence of the honoured and loved dead. The chief floral tribute bore the name of the faculty of McMaster University, it having been provided by Professor Goodspeed at our request. There was a floral tribute from the faculty of Acadia University also, and others from individual friends. A few minutes before the service began Professor Robert VonClure Jones, of Acadia, a gentle and loving man, a classmate of Dr. Rand's, laid a cluster of beautiful flowers upon the casket, remarking to me in a tremulous voice, his eyes filled with tears, "It is for the class; I am the only one of his classmates present."

The exercises at the house were simple. The exercises at the church were more formal. They were conducted by the pastor of the Canard Baptist Church, the Rev. C. H. Martell.

On the way to the church the procession passed the site of the old school-house where the lad, Harding Rand, went first to school. The church in which the service was held stands where stood the "old Canard meeting house," famous in the days of the great Edward Manning, in which he first heard the preaching of those principles and doctrines of which afterwards he became a resolute and masterful teacher and champion He was buried in the "old burying ground," near the church, beside the dust of his fathers. The rain was falling like tears upon the beautiful valley and hillsides which he had loved; and Blomidon, not far away, of which he had sung; and the trees and glades of Partridge Island, where for the last few years he had found summer rest and inspiration; and the sad waters of Minas Basin, whose ebbing and flowing tides had spoken to him of the ministries and mysteries of human life.

Professor E. M. Keirstead spoke eloquently and tenderly in a memorial sermon of rare strength and sweetness. Rev. E. M. Saunders, D.D., a life-long friend and ardent admirer, recalled the past and eulogized the great qualities of the dead. It was my privilege to take part in this service also.

On Sunday, June 3rd, a memorial service was held in the

Assembly Hall of Acadia University, Wolfville. President Trotter presided. Addresses were made by the chairman, Doctor A. W. Sawyer, formerly President of Acadia; Doctor Saunders, Professor Goodspeed, and the Chancellor of McMaster University.

It was fitting that a memorial service should be held in the capital city of New Brunswick, the province to which he gave thirteen years of the best part of his life as Chief Superintendent of Education; and in Canard where his life began; and in Wolfville where, as a student, he gained much knowledge of books, and, more important yet, by fellowship with great teachers and inspiring fellow students, that vision of life which had so much to do in making him what he was as an educationalist, poet, teacher and friend.

He lives in the heart of the gentle woman who, to a remarkable degree, was the sharer of his hopes and aspirations, and was, more than many knew, the inspiration of his whole life. He lives in the memory of many intimate friends in different parts of the world who were devotedly attached to him. He lives in the lives of hundreds of students whom he taught to love nature and good books and to pursue high things for the sake of Him in whom all things consist.

O. C. S. Wallace.

The Chancellor's Office,
McMaster University,
15th October, 1900.

THEODORE HARDING RAND.

By a Classmate, W. H. P.

Quick came the call, and he as quick replied,
"Ready, my Master," and obedient died.
Stilled was the heart of large, sublime desire,
Quiet the head of high poetic fire.

A mind of regnant energy was still,
And powerless an indomitable will.
But first the mental forces of his land
Had felt the moulding of his master hand.

His comrades, college, country mourn to-day
A man of rare resources passed away;
For minds through him attained a freer play
From learning's loftier aims and larger sway.

The sad sea sighs on Parsborough's lonely shore
For one who ne'er will hymn its praises more,
And even 'neath old Blomidon's hoar head,
His sobbing Minas Basin mourns him dead.

The dust of Egypt lived at Moses' rod,
But his inbreathed the woods and waves with God.
Beneath its magic power mute nature woke,
And flowers and sea-shells of their Maker spoke.

Full many a soul by him more nobly keyed,
Will oft recall his past of word and deed;
Which cherished in their memories long will live,
And life a richer tone and coloring give.

Thus, as the pure and noble men admire,
And to the truest culture minds aspire,
Though carven column never tell his fame,
In nobler lives will live his honored name.

DR. RAND AS A TEACHER.*

It will be impossible for me to set before you all the characteristics of the late revered Dr. Rand as a teacher. Upon different minds he must have made different impressions, and I feel at the outset that the best I can do to characterize his teaching, will fall far short of doing anything like justice to the great master who has been taken from us. But I give you, in loving memory of his noble life in the classroom, a few of the more vivid impressions which remain with me now that he is gone, not in any sense as a complete, or a just estimate of his work or worth as a teacher, but in order that we may learn some of the secrets of his power, and receive inspiration to nobler and higher effort from the life which itself was a source of inspiration to those with whom he came in contact.

By universal assent, the late Dr. Rand exercised a mighty and enduring influence over those who met him in his capacity as teacher—an influence that was stimulating, ennobling, uplifting, and that became deeper and broader and more intense as the college course progressed. There was something about his whole manhood, a gentle, graceful and peculiar charm permeating his life and work, that never failed to attract the student to him, and to bring him under the influence of his great personality. From his first entrance into the classroom, one felt that he was in the presence of a man of genius, a man of rare and extraordinary gifts, who by his kindly and engaging manner filled the room with his presence and instilled into the hearts of the students a love and an enthusiasm for the subject under discussion. His intimate acquaintance with the lives and work of men of letters and his wide and varied experience as a teacher and educationist, gave him a field from which he was able to draw copiously for illustration.

To listen to his lectures was itself almost a liberal education. His mind was active in many fields and he was able to bring the results of his reading, observation, and research to bear upon and to illuminate the subject in hand. Added to this was his gift of expression. Few men are endowed with the faculty of

* Read at the Memorial Service in McMaster Hall, Oct. 22nd.

clothing their thoughts in garments so rich, so graceful, so elegant. Every student of his will recall many occasions when, casting aside all preparation, he moved from behind his desk as if to gain freedom, and then poured forth his heart in true eloquence that was majestic and sublime. With an imagination vigorous and creative, and a diction exalted and pure, he reproduced feelings, motives and ideals in oratory that was at once moving and resistless.

If I were asked to state in a word the greatest characteristic of his teaching, I would answer that it was essentially Christian. And here he was strong. To him all questions of doubt, if he ever had them, had passed away. No student ever doubted the stand Dr. Rand would take on any question involving a compromise of Christian principles. There was a rare blending of the rational and emotional in his Christian character—a blending of stern ruggedness, uncompromising firmness and directness on the one hand, with a rich fervidness and glow on the other, that was simply beautiful. His ideal was the perfect man Jesus Christ —Him he followed, Him he exhibited in his life, and to Him he pointed in some way in almost every lecture. He seized upon every opportunity to exalt Christ in his classes, and to point to Him as the chief end and aim of the human life. He was zealous in safe-guarding the interests of the students, by pointing out to them the subtleness of sin, and the absolute necessity of resisting it wherever it appeared. It was in my Freshman year that Dr. Rand one day thought he discovered an insidious reference of some sort in a student's essay or paper on the "Idylls of the King." With an earnestness that was almost pathetic he pleaded with the class to cast out of the heart anything that would prevent the purity and sweetness of Jesus Christ from entering therein. No one who listened to his appeal on that occasion can ever forget how deeply his heart was touched, or how solicitous he was for the welfare of those who were committed to his charge.

He loved virtue. It was always his delight to contemplate "the sun-clad power of chastity." I have marked several pas-

sages in the Comus upon which he loved particularly to dwell—such passages as these :

> "Virtue could see to do what virtue would
> By her own radiant light, though sun and moon
> Were in the flat sea sunk."
>
> "But he that hides a dark soul, and foul thoughts,
> Benighted walks under the mid-day sun;
> Himself is his own dungeon."
>
> "So dear to Heav'n is saintly chastity,
> That when a soul is found sincerely so,
> A thousand liveried angels lackey her,
> Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt;
> And in clear dream, and solemn vision,
> Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear,
> Till oft converse with heav'nly habitants
> Begin to cast a beam on the outward shape,
> The unpolluted temple of the mind,
> And turns it by degrees to the soul's essence,
> Till all be made immortal."

And then there was his hopefulness. To his students he was never pessimistic. I have never known him to anticipate failure or misfortune. He believed, to use his own expression, that it was "better on beyond," and that every noble purpose of life could be achieved, and achieved only, by strenuous life-endeavor. He exhorted us to gird ourselves, to submit to mental discipline, to make the most of our opportunities here, because all these things led to a reward that was worth while. The future to him was real, just as sure, just as fixed as the irrevocable past. His hope was certain and it was sufficient. He was prepared to face quietly and confidently all that the future had in store—all of joy, all of sorrow, all of pain, all of darkness and of light. He *knew* one thing and that was he could not drift beyond the care and love of his Father. His teaching was full of this hope. The last time I saw him was a few days before he left for Fredericton. On that occasion he was bright and cheerful at first, but he spoke of his yearning for Partridge Island and his beloved Acadian land. Then he lapsed into silence and I saw that his thoughts were far away. I would not break that sacred silence. He recovered himself in a moment, and said he wanted to read a little poem to me—a simple poem, but one that touched his own heart. He reached for a copy of his new Treasury, and with trembling voice and moist eyes he read these verses, entitled,

PEEPY IS NOT DEAD.*

" If Peepy had lived," the mother sighed,
" He'd be of age to-day,"
She bowed her head as she softly cried—
The head that was turning gray.
Now, one would think that Peepy was dead,
Underneath the snow:
One would think that Peepy was dead
Seventeen years ago.

'Tis true they hid poor Peepy away,
Down in the churchyard green,
And ever since that pitiful day
Peepy's never been seen.
No one has seen his curly head
Or heard his laughter flow;
But it doesn't follow that Peepy's been dead
Since seventeen years ago!

They laid his toddling feet to rest;
They folded his fingers small,
Around the lily upon his breast;
Then laid him away—that's all.
They curtained his vacant trundle bed
In his little room of woe;
They really thought that Peepy was dead
Seventeen years ago.

But it wasn't Peepy they put to stay
Under the churchyard sod—
He's young and gay and strong to-day
Up in the realms of God.
He walks in the light by the Saviour's side,
The Saviour that loved him so.
So it's folly to think that Peepy died
Seventeen years ago.

His form returned to its mother mould,
But his soul began to grow—
This is the story an angel told,
And I'm sure these things are so.
Creeds and churches bother my head,
But this one thing I know—
It isn't true that Peepy's been dead
Since seventeen years ago!

The heart of the great man was touched. " Isn't it beautiful ? " he said. It is beautiful.

Another great characteristic of Dr. Rand as a teacher was, that he was intensely human and sympathetic. How very sympathetic he was! In this busy age when men are cast iron, when every emotion is packed down and crushed out until we exhibit only a cold, indifferent exterior to our fellows, how delightfully refreshing it was to come into the

*Written by Mr. R K. Kernaghan (The Khan).

warmth and glow of his presence! He was not indifferent to his fellow-man. Human frailties touched his great heart, and in him every man of us who had a battle to fight and a victory to win, had a sympathetic teacher, a kindly adviser, and a loving and faithful friend. Instances are not lacking of cases in which Dr. Rand has bridged the chasm between despair and confidence, and with great love has taken a student by the hand and led him away from despondency and hopelessness, across to the region of confidence, of courage and of hope. He felt for the student mind. His heart went out to every one of us who had difficulty. He knew what we had to overcome, and he never allowed himself to become hardened, indifferent or careless to the trials or even the temptations of those he taught. His heart was with us in our work, we knew it, we felt it, and that kindled in our hearts a flame of devotion that still burns for him now that he has been taken away, and that will continue to burn until we too have laid aside all that is of this earth and have risen to those heights in which his soul is this day free, " up in the realms of God."

He loved with a full heart. He gave himself to his students freely and without reserve. His heart had been stirred by the tragedy of the world and he spoke words of wisdom, not of bitterness, but words of love, because he knew of human weakness. He knew what it was to fight the battles of life, he knew what it was to face disappointment. Friends had been untrue to him, others who understood him not had been unkind. This only served to enlarge his sympathies. He forgave his enemies as few men do, not after the fashion of the world, but as Christ, his pattern, forgave.

All this influenced his teaching. His power was power of the heart, and it accomplished what intellect could never accomplish. It was never necessary for Dr. Rand to drive his students. He worked in sympathy with his class and his class in sympathy with him. With fine poetic instinct he drew us close to the lives and times of the great masters. We caught a glimpse of the conditions under which the poetry was written, we learned something of the ideals and motives swaying the poetic mind, we felt a little of the soul's striving

after artistic expression of the emotional idea, and having been led to these points of vantage, were able to appreciate the poetic expression as otherwise we could not have done.

The last feature of his teaching that I shall notice—and that very briefly—is that it was æsthetic. His fine æsthetic qualities were quite apparent to every one who knew him. Nature's forms were cast with a grace and a beauty that kindled in his poetic soul emotions which sought expression. He was richly endowed with æsthetic powers, both of apprehension and production. His imagination was true, it pierced to the root, it was satisfied only with getting at the heart of things. His appreciation of the fine arts and of literature was very keen, and their influence upon his teaching it is quite impossible to estimate. A man of strong emotions, when reading a poem that appealed to his feelings, he was quite overcome. His eyes would fill with tears and his voice refuse him utterance. All that was beautiful, or picturesque or sublime in poetry or any other form of art, appealed to his fine æsthetic nature as it does to few of mankind. And yet, although beauty moved him mightily, beauty itself did not satisfy him. Without the divine breath of life the embodiment of beauty was dead.

> A body of beauty is mine.
> O poet, moulder of me,
> Inbreathe with breathings divine
> Or body alone let it be.

In conclusion, I would say that Dr. Rand strove to teach men and women so that they would be prepared for the duties of life, in the largest sense. He stood before his class as a man deeply conscious of the gravity of the undertaking to mould and fashion and inspire the life of a human being with all its possibilities of development. The credentials he presented for such undertaking were, that he was educating himself up to the great Ideal, and that he was striving, as before God, to lead his students into clearer vision of the goal of life. He believed that the thought and purpose of his students were capable of high things—things that enrich and ennoble, and that the unknown trials ahead of them, under the divine leading, would be the richest part of their truest service.

Our loss is irreparable. We will feel it always. But as we think of our days at McMaster our hearts will be filled with gratitude, because it was our privilege—our great privilege—to listen to the words and to enjoy the friendship of a man so Christian, so sympathetic, so inspiring and so cultured as the one in whose memory we hold this memorial service to-day.

R. C. MATTHEWS.

THEODORE H. RAND.

Where sleepless Minas in a weird unrest
Blew loud the trump or moaned a dirge of pain,
He caught the roll and cadence of a strain
That human lip had never yet expressed.
'Mid academic temples of the west
The sounds of home rang o'er and o'er again,
Till swelling came, attuned to that refrain,
The thrilling song that haunted long his breast.

But, by the sea, his lonely mother yearned,
With honor's wreath her absent son to grace;
In jealous joy to see him home returned,
She wrapt him close in over-fond embrace.
Now, still and songless, on her breast he sleeps,
And sorrowed Minas ever moans and weeps.

Oshawa. LYMAN C. SMITH,
In Toronto Globe.

THEODORE H. RAND—TEACHER AND POET.

Himself a singer, by another thrilled,
Silent for years—content attuning souls
To vibrate to the laureate voice which filled
His heart. As sacred music lingering rolls

Through arching nave, so memory's temple keeps
The sound of his low tones, as while he told
Of blest Avilion (and now he sleeps
With his loved Poet), where's nor rain nor cold.

But ere he passed, the song of silent years
Burst forth. Life's twilight called no notes of pain
From that clear heart, but gladdened listening ears
Which he had wakened with another's strain.

STANBURY R. TARR,
In Toronto Globe.

THE APOSTLE OF THE NORTH, JAMES EVENS.*

This volume from the pen of Rev. Egerton R. Young, while it will not enhance to any great extent the literary reputation of the author, and necessarily covers ground already covered in previous volumes, is nevertheless an interesting book. It serves to rescue from oblivion the name of a faithful minister of Jesus Christ, who amid the dark forests and rushing floods, and far-stretching plains of the North-West, was the means of bringing the gospel to many of the neglected tribes of "The Great Lone Land." The first half of the book is the least interesting. There is a great deal of irrelevant incident brought in. In fact all the way through the history of minor helpers occupies too much space. There is also not a little pious reflection and didactic utterances that do not find any legitimate place in a biography. They serve rather as padding than as adding to the interest of the narrative.

*The Apostle of the North, Rev. James Evens. By Egerton R. Young. Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Company.

James Evéns was born at Kingston-On-Hull, in the first year of the present century. He was converted when a youth, and with his father's family came to this country, settling at La Chute, Quebec. After teaching school for a time he was appointed to missionary work in connection with an Indian School at Rice Lake. In 1838 he was appointed to work among the Indians in the Lake Superior regions; but his great work was among the Indians of the Hudson's Bay country, under the direction of the English Wesleyan Missionary Society.

In the spring of 1840 we find him at Montreal, intending to go to Norway House with the Hudson Bay Company's fleet of canoes that left on their long trip so soon as the ice was gone from the Ottawa. But when he reached Montreal he found that the canoes had started the day before, and he and his wife went by steamboat to Fort William, while his goods were shipped to Hudson Bay by way of England. From Fort William they journeyed to Norway House by canoe; following, no doubt, as far as Red River the trail through Rainy River, that was afterwards known in the early days of Manitoba immigration as "The Dawson Route." They arrived in safety, and immediately began extensive journeys over the vast regions to the west as far as Athabasca Landing and Edmonton.

While teaching the children of the forest the gospel, Mr. Evens tried also to improve their condition by teaching them to clear away the woods and to plant such vegetables as will mature in that high latitude. In this he met with great difficulties. The Indians, and especially the young men, looked upon labor other than the chase as degrading and unworthy of a brave. One day he had managed to get together about thirty Indians and set them at work preparing the ground for planting. Suddenly there was heard in the distance the cry of a flock of wild geese. They were the first arrivals of the vast multitudes of the Canadian wild geese that pass every spring to their breeding ground in marshes around the flat shores of Hudson Bay.*

* It is interesting to know that when the first settlers entered Manitoba twenty-five years ago, the wild geese bred in the more secluded ponds and sloughs. A friend of the writer found a nest containing eggs on top of an old musk-rat house not far from what is now the village of Pilot Mound. They also bred in Dakota, even south

"The honk, honk, honk, of the great geese was too much for these hunters; and so every spade, shovel, axe and hoe was dropped, and away flew the Indians after their guns, and speedily they were off to the different points of their annual goose-hunt."

In this connection the author, referring to the well-known hard lot of the Indian wife, says: "No slave was ever expected to be more attentive to his master than she is to her husband. He shoots the game . . . he orders her to go with the carrying strap in summer and with her sled in winter and quickly bring it home. . . . It is no easy matter to carry a deer weighing say two hundred pounds on the back." Then again he says of Mr. Evens: "Skilful himself in the use of the gun, he would go out and shoot a deer and then shouldering his game would bring it in to the mission house on his own back." I venture to remark that no squaw that ever lived ever brought into camp a deer on her back weighing two hundred pounds. Neither did Mr. Evens. I have seen *two strong men* and experienced woodsmen have all they could possibly do to stagger under the weight of a buck that weighed only a little over two hundred pounds. The hardest work the writer ever did was in this line; and if Mr. Young had ever tried to handle a deer in the woods he would not have fallen into this error. Moreover, there are no adult deer in the region around Norway House and west that weigh as little as two hundred pounds. The small red deer, the jumping deer of the plains, the mule-tailed or black-tailed deer of the upper Missouri, and even the elk, do not extend so far north as the country in which Mr. Evens' work was done. The snow is too deep for them, with their short legs, to escape the grey wolves. Their place is taken by the moose and the caribou. These weigh from four hundred to eight hundred pounds; and, of course, carrying them is out of the question. The fact is, that even where the smaller deer are found, the squaws always skin and dress the game where it

of the line of the Northern Pacific Railway. The Indian boys had a curious way of catching the young birds before they were old enough to fly. When a flock was discovered in a shallow pond the boys waded in, when the young birds would scurry off to the shore and hide in the long grass, where they were easily found and captured.

has fallen, hang up out of the reach of the wolves what they cannot take with them, and carry a part to the wigwam for immediate use.

One of the most interesting parts of the book under review is the author's description of travelling by dog-train. Four to six dogs are attached to a sled very like the toboggan of Quebec. When travelling over the plains each dog is attached to the sled by an independent trace, made of a thong of moose hide; but when the trail leads through a timbered country the dogs are hitched tandem. This team will sometimes make ninety miles in a day. The night camp is prepared by using the snow-shoe for a shovel, in clearing away the light snow from a space about ten feet square. "The snow is piled up in banks on three sides, while on the fourth . . . logs of wood are brought and piled up in a big heap; dry pieces and chips are placed underneath them, and soon there is a glorious blaze." Then the camp kettle is swung and the evening meal prepared. The dogs are fed but once a day; each receiving two white-fish, which are thawed out before the fire; a proceeding which the hungry dogs contemplate with great interest, if not always with patience. Then the travellers wrap themselves in their buffalo robes and thick Hudson Bay blankets and, with their feet to the fire, repose themselves to sleep, while the temperature may be and often is more than fifty below zero.

Perhaps the most noted service that Mr. Evens did for the cause of Indian missions was the invention of the Syllabic Character; and with type cast from tea-chest lead, and with ink made of soot and sturgeon's oil, he printed on sheets of birch bark portions of the Word of God in the Cree language. "The beauty of the Syllabic Characters is that they can be acquired so easily; and then when this is accomplished, the art of reading by them is only a matter of a few days." These printed sheets of bark created great excitement around many a camp fire. "Superstitious Indians were frightened and nothing could induce them to touch the magic birch bark that could talk." Later a printing press, type, etc., were sent from England, and scripture portions and hymns were printed and distributed to the Indians.

Mr. Evens was for a time greatly opposed, and even persecuted, by Sir George Simpson, then governor of the Hudson Bay Company. It came up on the Sunday labor question. The Christian Indians, in accordance with the teaching of the missionary, refused to work on the first day of the week. The exchange of the Company's goods for the furs of the Indian tribes could only be effected by immensely long journeys through lakes and rivers and over rough portages. These trips, involving thousands of miles of travel, must be accomplished in the few months of the brief northern summer. From the Norway House these expeditions started as soon as the lakes and rivers were clear of ice, early in June. They toiled up towards the height of land, at the head waters of the Saskatchewan. There they were met by other gangs who had brought furs from the far-off McKenzie River country. These gangs having exchanged loads, returned to their homes. It took all the brief summer to make this trip. When the officers of the Company heard that the Christian Indians refused to move on Sunday they were indignant as well as dismayed. One-seventh of the brief summer to be wasted in idleness! It would never do. The governor, of course, blamed Mr. Evens as the author of the whole trouble. Himself a notorious libertine, he sought to get rid of Mr. Evens by accusing him of immorality. Mr. Evens was finally completely vindicated. And when the matter of six days' or seven days' labor was practically tested it was found "that without one exception our Sabbath-keeping Indians returned in shorter time than those who knew no Sabbath."

The closing years of Mr. Evens' labors were clouded by a terrible tragedy which resulted in the death of one of his most trusted helpers. Mr. Evens, with two of his companions, one of whom was an interpreter named Thomas Hassel, set out for Fort Chippewayan on the Athabasca. They had pushed on for several days, when, early one morning, in handing a gun to Hassel, who saw some ducks ahead, the gun was discharged and Hassel instantly killed. Mr. Evens never rose above the terrible shock. He was never the same man again. But there was something very noble aud touching in his determination to deliver himself up to the tribe to which the dead man belonged

They were Chippewayans, and nearly pagans. This was true of the family of Hassel. They retained all their old pagan superstitions and thirst for revenge. Settling his affairs at home he bade farewell to his family and friends and set out on his long, lonesome journey alone. When he reached the village of the dead man he inquired for the wigwam of the family. There he sat down, bowed with grief, and told the sad tale. Of course there was great excitement, and also loud cries for vengeance. Mr. Evens was happily saved from death by the aged mother of Hassel. Her quick tuition perceived the genuineness of Mr. Evens' grief. She sprang up from her place in her wigwam, and going over to him, she laid both her hands on his head and said: "He shall not die. There was no evil in his heart. He loved my son. He shall live, and shall be my son in place of the one who is not among the living."

When the days of mourning for the dead had passed Mr. Evens was adopted into the tribe and family. For some time he remained in the wigwam of his new father and mother. When the time came when, in accordance with the custom of the tribe, he could go out once more into the active world, he kissed them both and returned to his far-away family and friends. He was ever a good son to his new parents. Hassel had been in the habit of sending them part of his wages. "As long as Mr. Evens lived they had their part of his never very large salary."

Mr. Evens died in England on the eve of his return to his work at Norway House.

Of course the volume is strongly Pœdo-baptistic. And nowhere does infant baptism put in a more grotesque appearance than when found in connection with foreign mission work. There is something ridiculous, were it not connected with so much perversion of the truth, in a missionary administering a Christian ordinance to long-haired, wild-eyed little savages, whose parents have only begun to catch a glimmer of the gospel. The Jesuit, with his doctrine of baptismal regeneration, acts consistently in doing this. But such a performance has no place in Evangelical Christianity.

A. Murdoch.

Editorial Notes.

The present number of The Monthly is largely devoted to the memory of the late Theodore Harding Rand, and we feel certain that our readers will recognize the fitness of publishing a Memorial Number of one who for so long a time has been so closely associated with our University. While he was with us, Faculty and students united in honoring him, and now that he has "crossed the bar" we all desire to pay sincere and affectionate tribute to his life and work and character.

We are fortunate in being able to present our readers with articles from men who knew our late colleague intimately and who appreciated the best that was in him. Dr. Saunders, of Halifax, has known and loved him since boyhood, and writes out of a fullness of knowledge that only long-continued friendship can give. Most of us who knew our departed friend only in Ontario had little conception of his earlier labors in the Maritime Provinces, and therefore to us Dr. Saunders' article will be a welcome account of the strenuous endeavors and successful, solid, and enduring achievements of his life in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. Of his work in connection with our educational institutions in Ontario, no one is better capable of writing than President Trotter, of Acadia. His intimacy with Dr. Rand extended over about fifteen years, and during that time few shared more largely than he in the latter's affections. Those who knew the rich resources of Dr. Rand's mind and heart, and who are acquainted with his work in Ontario, will feel that Dr. Trotter has given beautiful and just expression to the truth concerning him and his unchanging devotion to our educational institutions and ideals. All will be glad to read Chancellor Wallace's short but touching account of the funeral services at Canard, N.S., and will feel that in their simple dignity these were worthy of the one who was laid to rest, and were such as he would have desired.

We are particularly glad to publish Mr. Matthews' article on "Dr. Rand as a Teacher." This was read at the Memorial Service held in McMaster Hall on Monday, October 22nd, and it expressed so finely and so accurately the feelings of the students that there was a unanimous opinion that it should appear in The Monthly. Others have known Dr. Rand as organizer and administrator, but the students of McMaster University have had the rare privilege of knowing him as teacher; and able as he was in the former capacities, it was as teacher

of English literature that he appeared at his very best. The past five years have been in some respects the happiest and most fruitful years of his life, for, relieved of executive responsibilities, he has been able to devote himself almost entirely to inspiring young men and women with a love of the good things in English literature. How well he wrought in that delightful labor our readers may learn by reading what Mr. Matthews has written. The present writer has but lately returned from a year at Harvard, and he can say in all sobriety and truth that in that great institution, magnificently equipped as it is with a staff of twenty-five teachers in English, no such inspiring course of lectures was given as our late master year by year delivered on Tennyson's "In Memoriam." He was, indeed, an ideal interpreter of that great poet, and particularly of that beautiful and profound poem. Like Tennyson, he was a passionate lover of nature and a close and accurate observer of her in all her moods, and like him also he had fought the beasts of doubt and despair until he had reached light, and hope, and confident faith. Out of the depths of his own varied experience, and in the light of his ample knowledge of literature and his sensitive love of beauty, he could speak words of wisdom that made his lectures on "In Memoriam" not only an education in æsthetics, but also a veritable draught of "soul-wine" for those who listened to him.

The present writer would have liked to pay his own loving tribute to the memory of one he held so dear, but others have written so beautifully and well, that there is little left to say. To him Dr. Rand was a continual inspiration to high ideals of thought, emotion, and conduct, and now that he has gone his memory remains as a sweet and gracious influence. The Faculty and students loved him in life, and cherish him now in affectionate remembrance. They one and all unite in paying tender tribute to him who was always an inspiring teacher, a wise counsellor, a sympathetic colleague, and a faithful friend. May He "who doeth all things well," be a comfort and support to the gentle lady who is left to mourn the loss of the beloved companion of so many years.

Owing to demands on our space this month other editorial matter must be held over until our next issue. Various circumstances have delayed the appearance of this number of The Monthly, but next month we expect to have all things in running order. For the use of the excellent cut of Dr. Rand, we are under obligations to Mr. G. Herbert Clarke, M.A., a graduate of our University, and assistant-editor of the *Baptist Union*, Chicago. Our own cut has gone astray somewhere.

Book Reviews.

THE MANDARIN.*

A Chinese mission is probably a field for romance that has not hitherto been exploited, and it is no doubt the novelty of the scenes and incidents described, as much as the racy narrative and exciting situations, that makes "The Mandarin" a decidedly readable book. While one is very likely to infer, after reading its three hundred odd pages, that the romantic element would in real life be scarcely desirable in connection with mission work, if productive of results so disastrous as happen in the case of the Fong Chin Mission, it cannot be denied that in fiction it can be made the basis of a very good story.

In reading "The Mandarin" one is not disposed to dispute Truthful James' verdict with regard to the "Heathen Chinee." For, in the two Celestials who figure most prominently in the story, there is abundant evidence of ways that are dark and tricks that are vain. Not that in point of depravity the two are on a par, or make a similar impression on the reader. For Wang Hai, a blackguard of high degree, crafty, cruel, and vindictive, we can spare but little sympathy even when we see him, *sans* ears, *sans* pigtail, in the hands of the unpitying Ting Foo. The other, Ting Foo himself, is an amiable scoundrel, who, despite the unchristianlike twinkle in his eye, and a vicious partiality for opium-smoking and gambling, and other things that are scarcely becoming in one who is considered the model convert of the Fong Chin Mission, by his good nature and his humour, his resources and his fidelity, without difficulty wins his way into our affections.

If the other characters are not so striking, they are none the less life-like. The old missionary, his sweet daughter, Rose, who is the object of the mandarin's unwelcome attentions, and the missionary's godson, who is on a holiday visit to his father's old friend and promptly falls in love with his daughter, are all skilfully drawn. The rescue of these from the clutches of the wily Wang Hai is described with much spirit, and we are carried on breathlessly from adventure to adventure to the very end. The story has a tragic element in the murder of the heroic old missionary by the mob, but, apart from this, all turns out as happily as it should. True love is triumphant and villainy foiled. In closing the book we echo the words of that arrant, but delightful, rascal Ting Foo: "All li; ebelyting is all li."

* "The Mandarin," by Carlton Dawe. Toronto: The W. J. Gage Co., Ltd.

The writing is marred by an occasional lapse from correct grammatical usage, but we can forgive minor blemishes in what is, when all is said, a capital story.

W. H.

DROSS.*

Even when his work falls considerably below the level of his best, Mr. Merriman seldom fails to be entertaining. He never introduces us to dull company, and the men and women we meet have distinctness and vitality. His plots are, as a rule, cleverly constructed and the situations skilfully handled. The writing, too, is rarely commonplace. We often have to admire a striking phrase or clever, if sometimes cynical, epigram, that gives to the author's style a certain piquancy.

In "Dross," while we miss something of the vivid interest and dramatic completeness that gave distinction to "The Sowers," our attention is held without difficulty to the end. We have, what we seldom fail to find in Mr. Merriman's novels, the excitement of the chase, and a hero who, whether the quarry be an elusive criminal or a wilful maiden's heart, pursues it with admirable perseverance to ultimate success. It is on this twofold pursuit that in "Dross" the incidents of the story hinge. The plot is ingeniously contrived—perhaps too ingeniously to be quite convincing. The climax of surprises required to unravel the mystery surrounding the crime is apt to stagger our credulity. We cannot help regretting, too, that such an amiable old gentleman as the heroine's father, whose body we think we have seen fished from the Seine in an earlier chapter, should appear again at the end of his book, transformed into a rogue. The transformation, which is due of course to the *sacra fames auri*, explains the title of the book, but it seems hardly essential, and we more than half resent it.

Mr. Merriman's heroes are cut pretty much on the one pattern. We fancy that we have met Dick Howard before in several of the author's books. But, after all, we do not seem to tire of him. He is very much a man—big-bodied, clear-headed, chivalrous, and brave—a good specimen of the thoroughbred Briton. The heroine, with her whims and caprices, is not so good, and we fail to admire her as much as we are meant to. Alphonse Giraud, the Parisian fop, who would fain be thought English, and yet is so unmistakably French—shallow,

*"Dross," by Henry Seton Merriman. Toronto: The W. J. Gage Co., Ltd.

no doubt, and vain, but warm-hearted and generous withal—is admirably drawn. So is John Turner, the English banker, who, while a subordinate character, is as convincing as any in the book.

While Mr. Merriman has done much better work, "Dross" is neither dull nor insipid, and the average reader will not be tempted to put the book down unfinished, nor to regret the chance that brought it in his way. W. H.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"The Reign of Law." By James Lane Allen. Toronto: The Copp Clark Co.

"The Biblical Theology of the New Testament." By Ezra P. Gould, D.D. New York: The MacMillan Co. Toronto: The Copp Clark Co., 75 cents.

"The Making of Character." By John MacCunn, M.A., LL.D. Cambridge University Press.

"A Gentleman in Khaki." By John Oakley. Toronto: W. J. Gage Co., Ltd.

College News.

AROUND THE HALL.

EDITOR: C. C. SINCLAIR, '02.

FIRST CLEVER STUDENT—Did you ever notice that about Thanksgiving Day turkeys have a remarkable habit of hanging up in the butchers' shops?

SECOND STUDENT (More clever yet)—Yes, but of course they lose their heads and are not responsible for their actions.

THE Athletic Field is now in good shape for all outdoor sports and is being well patronized by the students.

THE football season will soon be in full swing. Get out your tin horn and streamers. Many a match is won by the skilful, scientific use of these instruments.

MR. A. E. HAYDON again captured the pole vault at the 'Varsity games held on the 12th inst. The cross bar remained at a height of 9 feet 4 inches after his final vault. Watch for a new college record in this event on McMaster Field Day, Oct. 26th.

THE class of '03 have elected the following officers for the term of 1900-1: President, C.C. Lumley; Vice-President, Miss McNeill; Secretary-Treasurer, V. Ray; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Cameron; Historian, Miss Munro; Bard, J. N. McLean; Minstrel, H. C. Feast; Orator, F. Quarrington.

THE class of '04 have organized and the following numerous list will hold office during the year: President, L. A. Vail; Vice-President, Miss K. McLaurin; Secretary-Treasurer, R. A. F. McDonald; Corresponding Secretary, J. Janes; Football Captain, W. W. Lailey; Orator, W. T. Roberts; Bard, H. H. Bingham; Musician, M. S. McArthur; Historian, Jas. Weir; Basket Ball Coach, E. Hélie.

IT was very fitting that the first football match on the new campus should be the annual game with Woodstock College. This event is eagerly anticipated by both Woodstock and McMaster, and the game this year was very interesting and a hard fought battle throughout. McMaster finally won by a score of 2 to 1. In the afternoon the Woodstock boys, as the guests of the Athletic Association, witnessed the match between the Intercollege team and the Western team. McMaster was well represented on the Intercollege team by R. D. McLaurin and E. J. Zavitz, who acquitted themselves in a very creditable manner.

THE Junior class this year will be under the direction of the following efficient staff of officers: President, T. E. Meldrum; Vice-President, Miss Iler; Secretary-Treasurer, A. R. Girdwood; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Norton; Bard, H. Bury; Minstrel, Miss Blackadar; Historian, V. E. Reid; Orator, C. J. McLean; Councillors, Miss Wallace and C. A. Grant; Director of Sports, R. D. McLaurin.

AT a special meeting of the Theological Society for reorganization, Mr. A. B. Cohoe, B.A., was again elected President. He will be assisted during the year by the following staff of officers: Vice-President, J. Hannah, B.A.; Secretary, T. H. Cornish, B.A.; Councillors, E. W. Parsons, B.A., and J. F. Ingram, B.A. The meetings of this Society last year were of a very interesting character, and they will doubtless be continued this term.

THE class of '04 were duly received into McMaster life on Friday evening, Oct. 6th. The initiation consisted in a banquet tendered them by the "old" students. In the absence of the High Kakiak, who had been delayed by an accident, Mr. A. B. Cohoe acted as chairman and toastmaster. The chairman opened the toast list by proposing "The Queen," which was heartily responded to by singing the National Anthem. Mr. E. A. Brownlee proposed the toast to the incoming class in Arts, and his speech was enthusiastically received by his hearers. Mr. A. E. McColl made a suitable reply on behalf of the Freshmen. The toast to the new Theological students was proposed by Mr. John Hannah, B.A., in an eloquent and humorous speech; Mr. A. A. Scott, B.A., replying for his class.

ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES.—The Commencement Exercises, held on May 6th, 7th, and 8th, 1900, were of double interest since they not only marked the close of a successful year's work, but also constituted the decennial celebration of the founding of the Arts department of the University. The graduating classes both in Arts and Theology were the largest in the history of McMaster. The advance during the past ten years was a feature for comment throughout the exercises. This progress was apparent in all lines. The attendance of students had greatly increased, and many additions had been made to the teaching staff. A new campus had been purchased, and at last an equipment of new buildings was almost in sight.

The services in connection with the preaching of the Baccalaureate Sermon were held in the Walmer Road Church on the afternoon of May 6th. The opening exercises were conducted by the Chancellor, assisted by Rev. W. W. Weeks, Dr. McDiarmid, of Brandon College, and Dr. Harris, after which Dr. Kierstead gave a very impressive sermon, speaking from the text 1 John iii: 2.

The Alumni of the University met in the College Chapel, Monday evening at 8 o'clock, for their annual open meeting. In the

absence of the President, Rev. W. J. Pady, B.A., B.Th., the Vice-President, presided. Mr. T. H. Cornish represented the graduating class in Arts and Rev. P. C. Cameron, B.A., spoke on behalf of the Theological classes. The principal address of the evening was given by Rev. J. L. Gilmour, B.A., B.D., of Hamilton, on "The Teaching of the Prophets regarding Salvation." He treated his subject in an able manner from all points, and his words were much appreciated. Officers: President, W. S. S. McAlpine, B.A., B.Th., Georgetown; 1st Vice-President, A. Grace Iler, B.A., Moulton College; 2nd Vice-President, L. Brown, M. A., B.Th., Grimsby; 3rd Vice-President, J. W. Gregory, Binbrook; 4th Vice-President, Jessie E. Dryden, B.A., Brooklin; Secretary-Treasurer, W. S. W. McLay, M.A, McMaster University; Corresponding Secretary, H. B. Tapscott, B.A., McMaster University.

The Annual Collation was served in Walmer Road Church on Tuesday afternoon, and was even more successful than heretofore. The Hon. John Dryden, chairman of the Board of Governors, presided, while among the prominent visitors were noticed Hon. Geo. E. Foster, Prof. Kierstead, of Acadia University, Principal Grant, of Queen's, and Prof. Wrong, of Toronto University. The toast to the Queen, proposed by the chairman, was responded to in the usual hearty way. "Our Guests" was proposed by Prof. McKay and responded to by Prof. Wrong. In response to the "Academic Departments of the University," Mr. N. S. McKechnie spoke on behalf of Woodstock College, and Rev. W. W. Weeks on behalf of Moulton College. The toast to the lady students was proposed by the Chancellor, Miss Jessie Dryden of the graduating class, replying on behalf of the ladies. As being the decennial anniversary of the founding of the Arts department, the graduates of previous years were given special recognition. For the graduates in Theology Rev. J. B. Kennedy, Rev. J. B. Warnicker and Rev. J. H. King gave short addresses, while the Arts classes were represented as follows: Rev. C. J. Cameron, '94; Rev. W. S. S. McAlpine, '95; Rev. Andrew Imrie, '96; Rev. F. T. Tapscott, '97; Miss E. Whiteside, '98; Rev. J. C. McFarlane, '99; Mr. P. E. Baker, '00

Exercises for the conferring of degrees and diplomas were held in the evening. Dr. Goodspeed gave the address to the graduating classes, charging them as they went out from McMaster from this century into the next to perform their arduous duties wisely and well. Hon. Geo. E. Foster and Principal Grant also gave addresses, referring to the high principles for which McMaster was noted, and wishing for her every success for the future. The degree of B.A. was conferred on the following: Miss N. D. Cohoon, Miss J. E. Dryden, Miss O. A. Gaylord, Miss B. E. Gile, Miss B. E. McLay, E. N. Armstrong, P. E. Baker, G. H. Campbell, T. H. Cornish, J. M. Cornwall, F. R. Crosby, J. A. Faulkner, W. S. Fox, F. N. Goble, G. H. Grant, J. A. Grant, S. E. Grigg, D. W. Gunn, H. E. Jordan, L. C. Lauchland, J. McIntosh, J. T. Marshall, A. C. Newcombe, H. C. Newcombe, J. J Nicole, G.

L. Powell, W. E. Robertson, E. S. Roy, R. E. Smith, F. J. Snelgrove, G. L. Sprague, C. J. Triggerson, G. R. Welch, E. E. Wood.

Degree of B.Th.—A. G. Baker, E. W. Brown, P. C. Cameron, S. T. Foster, J. McIntosh, J. I. Manthorne, W. C. Weir.

MOULTON COLLEGE.

EDITOR: MISS E L. MACGREGOR.

Another year has begun in Moulton College, with brightest hopes for success. September found old girls and new thronging the halls in as large numbers as ever.

The new term opened with a merry gathering in the reception rooms of the college, when the old girls renewed their hearty welcome to those who were for the first time tasting the pleasures of college life. The hostesses—representatives of the various years—extended a welcoming hand as the guests entered the room, and later in the evening this welcome was eloquently expressed in an address by Miss Edith Oliver. Games and refreshments were enjoyed by all, while recitations from Misses MacDonald and Popplewell served to make the hour pass most pleasantly. "Auld Lang Syne" brought the evening's pleasure to a close, and from that time the distinction between "old" and "new" girls, ceased to exist.

WE heartily welcome the new member of our Faculty, Miss Raycraft, who comes to take the work in History and Science. We are also very glad to have Miss Iler with us again and can assure her of our best wishes for an enjoyable year's work with us.

MOULTON'S regular lecture course opened on Friday evening, Oct. 5th, with a most interesting lecture on "Jane Austen's Novels," by Professor W. J. Alexander, of Toronto University. The hour passed all too quickly to those present, and every one had a better appreciation of Jane Austen, and the charm of her work, than ever before.

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

EDITOR: A. M. OVERHOLT, M.A.

THE old College seems more vigorous than ever, and we are looking forward to a good year in every respect. This year we have the largest enrolment for the first term in the history of the school.

THE new member of the Faculty, Mr. E. J. Reid, B.A., is a popular addition to the teaching staff, and we are glad to find that he is able to teach us on the campus as well as in the class-room.

Principal McCrimmon has very generously again formed a special class for Saturday mornings in the interest of "Theologs.," and any others who may care to be present. He takes up a literary study of the Bible under the system of Prof. Moulton. The class is well attended and greatly appreciated.

The September meeting of the Judson Missionary Society was addressed by Dr. and Mrs. Woodburne who were on their way to India as missionaries. The following are the officers for the year: President, Principal McCrimmon; Vice President, F. S. Beddow; Secretary, W. Cameron; Executive Committee, W. B. H. Teakles, B.A., E. J. Reid, B A., W. E. Matthews, J. Telford; Auditors, T. Dadson, J. H. Cranston.

On the Friday evening following the opening of the term the new boys were given hearty greeting at a reception arranged for their benefit. Mr. W. B. H. Teakles, B.A., spoke on behalf of the Faculty and Messrs. Telford and Smither on behalf of the old boys. The newcomers responded through Mr. Whidden and Mr. Wiard. The whole affair passed off very happily, and we trust went far towards making the new students feel at home, even though in strange surroundings.

Football, cricket and tennis are the principal games at present. Rugby is very popular this year and the college team has succeeded already in beating the town by a score of 12-0 The fine weather has favored cricket which now occupies a prominent place in the college sports. We hope to have our ground improved this fall that we may have the advantage in the spring of a good wicket without which it is quite impossible to make any real progress in the game. So many wish to play tennis that a new court has been laid out.

The Philomathic and Excelsior Literary and Debating Societies are once more in working order, and have had several meetings. The officers elected this term are as follows: The Philomathic Society—President, W. J. Smither; Vice-President, T. Dadson; Secretary, K. Clarke; Editor, J. H. Cranston; Assistant Editor, W. J. Grigg; Marshal, G. Stephens; Critic, A. M. Overholt, M.A. The Excelsior Society—President, C. B. Eaton; Vice-President, C. B. Lewis; Secretary, E. Wiard; Editor, H. S. Coulter; Assistant Editor, W. D. Stevenson; Marshal, C. Light; Critic, E. J. Reid, B.A.

Woodstock has suffered bereavement in the loss of one of its oldest residents—the college piano. The poor thing had been ailing for a long time, but seemed to become suddenly much worse (owing to unkind treatment, some say). It made the most awful noises when it was touched, and a complete break-up of its constitution threatening, its removal from the chapel, where it had so long and patiently labored, was reluctantly decided upon. The new one is a Karn, and seems to

understand music much better that its aged and experienced predecessor. The new instrument was publicly installed with great ceremony on the morning of its arrival.

Our annual Field Day, Sept. 28th, went off splendidly. The weather was perfect and no accidents of any consequence spoiled the the fun. The boys contested in large numbers, and with great spirit. The most interesting event proved to be the tug-of-war contest between the different years. The excitement was intense during the final tug, a well contested struggle between the 3rd and 4th teams. Finally, however, the 4th year team, midst the frantic yells of their supporters, pulled the last of their opponents over the line, thus bringing to a close the best number on the programme. In the chapel, Chancellor Wallace distributed the prizes. Badges were pinned on the winners by Mrs. Farthing and Mrs. McKechnie. Mr. J. B. McArthur won the senior championship and cup, while T. Peine was declared Junior Champion. The victories of both were very popular with the boys, as evidenced by the applause.

The Athletic Association has been re-formed and is working admirably, directing all the sports on the campus. The plan of placing all sports under one central management has always proved to possess many advantages. The fee determined upon is exceedingly moderate and yet we expect to find it sufficient without being under the necessity of making any further levies. The officers and Executive Committee of the Association are the following: Patrons, John White, Esq., D. W. Karn, Esq., Rev. J. C. Farthing, G. De C. O'Grady, Esq., J. G. Goble, Esq.; Honorary Presidents, Chancellor Wallace, Rev. R. R. McKay, B.A.; President, F. S. Beddow; Vice-President, M. Owen; Secretary-Treasurer, W. E. Matthews; Year Representatives—4th year, W. J. Smither; 3rd year, A. A. White; 2nd year, W. Davies; 1st year, C. McDiarmid; Preparatory Department, D. Comport; Captains, Association Football, E. J. Reid, B.A.; Rugby, G. Stephens; Tennis, J. Telford; Cricket, F. S. Beddow; Baseball, L. Williams; Basketball, E. Bingham; Hockey, J. B. McArthur.

GRANDE LIGNE.

Editor: E. S. Roy, B.A.

The 3rd of October was an unusually busy day at Grande Ligne, it being the day appointed for the re-opening of the school. The teachers had arrived a few days earlier and were quite ready to receive and welcome the pupils of '00-01. The pupils were unusually prompt in coming this year, and the prospects for a useful and successful year of labour were never brighter. We have several advanced pupils, some of whom are preparing for the ministry. The school is already full

and some of the pupils have been obliged to engage rooms outside. The ladies are more numerous this year than they have ever been before. These facts, added to the consideration that a large number of pupils have been refused this year for want of accommodation, make us long all the more for the proposed enlargements of the building.

VERY little change has taken place this year in our staff of teachers. We are sorry, however, to have lost Mr. F. W. Therrien from among our number. But we heartily welcome in his place another of our old students, and a graduate of Century Class of McMaster University. We extend to Mr. J. J. Nicole, B.A., our best wishes, and trust his stay with us may be a pleasant and profitable one.

THE old building in which Mde. Feller began her work has always been an object of interest to many people. Our boys think it still a place of much interest and, strange to say, they are very fond of visiting the place. Perhaps the greatest reason for this is because we have in cold storage there between seventy-five and a hundred barrels of fine apples.

UNDER the careful supervision of Mr. Norman and a lot of hard work from his men, the farm has yielded a better crop this fall than has been harvested for years past. The old barns are taxed to the uttermost. So much so that the manager seems to feel, in some respects, like a certain rich man who said to himself: "I will tear down my barns and build greater."

FELLER INSTITUTE has been favored with several visitors since the opening of school. Among them we might mention Rev. Mr. Martin, formerly of Rhode Island, who is now supplying for Olivet Church, Montreal; Miss Baskerville, from Cocanada, India, and Mrs. Cole, of Montreal, each of whom gave an interesting address to the school.

OUR faithful Field Secretary, Rev. E. Bosworth, has looked in upon us and inspired us with new enthusiasm over the development of plans for the "new wing," while Rev. Geo. McFaul, one of our former students, spent a Sunday with us, and preached a very searching and helpful sermon in the evening.

Here and There.

EDITOR: A. B. COHOE, B.A.

THE WEATHER-SPIRIT.

A voice in the roaring pine-wood,
  A voice in the breaking sea,
A voice in the storm-red morning,
  That will not let me be.

It is calling me to the forest,
  It is calling me to the strand,
The weather-spirit is calling me
  To fare over sea and land.

Till my cheek with rain is stinging,
  And my hand is wet with the spray,
There is that within my bosom
  That will not let me stay.

Might in the pine-wood tossing,
  Might on the racing sea—
The weather-spirit, my brother,
  Is calling, calling, to me.

—G. E. WOODBERRY, in *The Independent.*

IN an Ontario town during the last summer, a lady and her family attended the service of a denomination other than the one with which they were connected. At the close of the sermon the preacher began a vigorous attack upon what he was pleased to term, the nonsensical peculiarities of doctrine of the denomination with which, it so happened, the lady and her family were connected. Since she occupied a prominent seat in the chapel she became somewhat vexed at the length and origin of the uncalled-for and unjust denunciation of the preacher. Being in doubt whether she should retire from the chapel or remain, she opened her Bible at random, often a custom of hers, and her eyes fell upon these words uttered by Abraham: "Abide ye here with the ass." Obeying the injunction she remained.

THE POET.

The wind before it woos the harp
  Is but the wild and tuneless air,
But as it passes through the chords
  Changes to music soft and rare.
And so the poet's soul converts
  The common things that round him lie
Into a voice of lovely song—
  Divinest melody.

N. Y. Tribune.

YOUNG JANIE.

The neighbors to young Janie said,
" O where may your Willie be?
And where is your jolly lover gone
That flaunted o'er the sea?"

An old crone said it to herself,
Slow-chuckling at the door;
A young girl after Janie peered,
And said, " He'll come no more."

The misty eve had blurred the heath,
And wept adown the pane,
When sudden open stood the door,
And he stood in the rain!

She put her hand up to her heart,
But no word could inquire;
She took him by his languid arm,
And drew him to the fire.

" O Will, have ye found some Northern love,
That your thoughts so heavy seem;
Or some dark lass o' Italy,
That keeps ye in a dream?"

Earnestly up he raised his eyes;
But water from them rushed;
He ope'd his lips, and yearned to speak,
But out salt water gushed.

There came a sea-moan in the room,
A dancing slow and bright;
Her lover dully smiled at her,
Then faded from her sight.

She ran into the street; her eyes
In the wet twilight shone;
She cried, " Have ye seen my Willie pass?
He's been wi' me and gone."

—Stephen Phillips, in *The Spectator*.

The War Against the Classics.—The opposition to classical studies which has been so noticeably growing in America of recent years, even among educators of broadest culture, has no doubt a solid foundation in practical wisdom. But we should not lose sight of the fact that almost every sweeping reform is at first entirely too sweeping in its aim, and that, generally speaking, the thing which is sought to be quite abolished by extremists has a right to hold a firm place in the economy of life. The "practical" man is generally apt to regard as "unpractical" every person who is not engaged in a vocation similar to his own, and to look upon the business of such a person as unimportant, if not unnecessary. On the other hand, the mind wholly engaged with abstract or purely intellectual activities very naturally

places a low estimate on the coarse output of the tradesman and the artisan. When we come sensibly to consider classical study, by which we generally mean the study of the Greek and Latin languages and literatures, we ought to bear in mind the purpose it is meant to serve. Of course, a knowledge of Greek and a careful reading of Homer, Plato, Aristotle and Æschylus cannot be of practical avail to the farmer, the grocer, or the bridge-carpenter in the course of his business; nor can Latin and the study of Virgil—even the Georgics—prove more useful to him. But there is a class of highly valuable citizens and workers who can draw from the far-off old sources the richest elements of the commodities they are expected to prepare for the markets of the world. If we limit study at all, where shall the rearward line be drawn? Shall we confine ourselves to English? If so, how far back into our literature shall we go? Is Shakespeare distant enough, or may we stop at Chaucer? There would seem to be great danger of stagnation and the formation of intellectual treadmill rounds in adopting a fixed periphery for study and training in the case of those whose aim is to enter the intellectual life. Nor does the fact that classical study is apt to injure rather than aid a certain order of minds have any weight in the consideration. Education is for those who can use it, not for those whom it unfits for work. If the poet is small enough to ape Horace, instead of taking honey from his flowers to fill his own comb, he must fail; but Tennyson browsed upon Theocritus, Virgil and Homer, with the effect that English lyrical poetry received its very greatest contribution. We must admire practical statesmanship, and the broader the better. But our confidence in it is greatly enlarged when we see it set itself boldly in the succession formed by the wisdom of the ages. The statesman who knows the past, and knows it in the terms of the past, is able to give enlightened judgment to the present in terms of the present. The law-maker who looks back to Thomas Jefferson or Alexander Hamilton has a strong example; but if he looks back to the dawn of the world's politics, through all the great examples, he comes to his present task hampered by no individual's imperfection. He squares himself by the consensus of the best minds of all time. This in the broadest and highest sense is classicism.—Maurice Thompson, *in Saturday Evening Post.*

Dr. Pearsons, the Chicago philanthropist, who has given $2,000,000 to seventeen of the smaller colleges of the country, answers the criticism that is frequently passed on the practice of making gifts to what are sometimes called fresh water colleges by declaring his belief to be that the student in the small college does more studying, has more pleasure, is closer to his teachers and his mates, and suffers less from high pressure athletic distractions than does the student of the big institution. He picks out some examples of the colleges he has aided and describes their work at some length. One is a plain college with no frills out in Colorado Springs. Some of the sturdy young fellows who go to that college have packed their slender ward-

robes two or three hundred miles over the mountains on their own shoulders, and Dr. Pearsons reckons that they could brand a steer or tend a sluice better than they could do the honors at a full dress party. Still, he says, there is no finer material in the nation than these same boys, and he is for them every time rather than for the boys of the big universities.—*Ex.*

THERE IS NO GOD!

There is no God! If one should stand at noon
Where the glow rests, and the warm sunlight plays,
Where earth is gladdened by the cordial rays
And blossoms answering, where the calm lagoon
Gives back the brightness of the heart of June,
And he should say: "There is no sun"—the day's
Fair show still round him,—should we lose the blaze
And warmth, and weep that day has gone so soon?

Nay, there would be one word, one only thought,
"The man is blind!" and throbs of pitying scorn
Would rouse the heart, and stir the wondering mind.
We *feel*, and *see*, and therefore *know*,—the morn
With blush of youth ne'er left us till it brought
Promise of full grown day. "The man is blind."

—SOPHIE M. ALMON-HENSLEY
In "A Treasury of Canadian Verse."

All we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good shall exist;
Not its semblance, but itself; no beauty, nor good, nor power
Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives for the melodist,
Where eternity affirms the conception of an hour.
The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too hard,
The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky,
Are music sent up to God by the lover and the bard;
Enough that he heard it once: we shall hear it by-and-by.

And what is our failure here but a triumph's evidence
For the fulness of the days? Have we withered or agonized?
Why else was the pause prolonged but that singing might issue therein?
Why rushed the discords in but that harmony should be prized?
Sorrow is hard to bear, and doubt is slow to clear,
Each sufferer says his say, his scheme of the weal or woe;
But God has a few of us whom he whispers in the ear;
The rest may reason and welcome: 'tis we musicians know.

—ROBERT BROWNING
From Abt Vogler."

IF a man empties his purse into his head, no man can take it away from him. An investment in knowledge always pays the best interest.—*Franklin.*

I CALL, therefore, a complete and generous education that which fits a man to perform justly, skilfully, and magnanimously all the offices, both private and public, of peace and war.—*Milton.*

CHARLES EDWARD WOOLVERTON

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HORACE AND LYDIA.

(From the Latin.)

Whilst I was greeted thine
  Nor other youth dared clasp thee in his arms,
I never knew to pine
  Nor envied Persia's king the queenliest charms.

Whilst thou wert wholly mine
  Nor left thy Lydia for another flame,
I, Lydia, did outshine,
  Methought, e'en Roman Ilia's splendid fame.

Me Chloe rules as queen,
  Skilled in sweet song, and mistress of the lyre;
For her I'd die, I ween,
  If fate but spare to her life's heavenly fire.

I, in the life we share,
  The love of Thurian Calaïs enjoy;
For him two deaths I'd dare,
  If fate but spare the dear surviving boy.

What, if our love return
  And with its magic our divisions heal?
If I fair Chloe spurn,
And all my old-time love for Lydia feel?

Though he outshines the stars
  And thou art light as air, and in thine eye
Lurk countless wars,
  With thee I fain would live, with thee would die,

H.

CHARLES EDWARD WOOLVERTON.

The history of our pioneer Canadian Baptists is so intimately connected with the history of our church in Canada, that we gain common benefit in its record. The life of the late Charles Edward Woolverton covers more than three-quarters of the century just passing, beginning in August, 1820, and ending September, 1900. He belonged to an old family, known in several parishes in England for many generations, who were staunch advocates of religious liberty and the separation of Church and State. It was such principles as make us separate, that made Charles Woolverton, Charles Edward's great-great-grandfather, sympathize with the Puritans in their persecutions under James the Second, and led to his coming to Long Island, now more than two hundred years ago, and finally taking up a tract of land near Trenton, N. J.

Over one hundred years ago, Jonathan Woolverton came to Grimsby, ever since which time the name has been prominent in the support of religious and educational advancement. Charles, his grandson, after receiving his early training at Lewiston Academy, went to Madison University, Hamilton, N. Y., with the thought of finally studying theology. He often spoke in after years of the "everlasting" class, as the boys were pleased to call it, beginning with Armstrong and ending with Woolverton, sixty in all, a long roll to call over each day. Of these, one, Mr. B. Griffeth, was secretary of the American Baptist Publication Society, and has recently passed away, and two or three still remain, viz., Rev. A. Armstrong, of Avon-by-the-Sea, N. J., and Dr. Challis, of Acheson, Kansas.

It was while at the University that he met his future wife, a student at the Ladies' Seminary, in the person of Delight S. Bennett, a woman of excellent culture and Christian character, but who was called away five years after marriage, leaving two children, Linus and Alda. Later, she was succeeded by Amanda Smith, a most devoted and excellent companion and Christian worker.

After leaving Madison, Charles spent some time at the Baptist College at Montreal, where he met with such men as Dr. Fife, Dr. Cramp and Dr. Davidson.

In 1846, he was invited by his father to a settlement upon a farm near the homestead, and feeling that he was called to the work of continuing a mission Sunday School among the children, begun in 1838, he took it as an indication that this was the path of duty. This was the work that really became his life work. His heart was never in the farm, it was always with his books and with the Sunday School children, and far more of his time and energy was given to this work than to his business affairs. For many years he carried on the school at 2 o'clock every Sunday afternoon in the gallery of the old Presbyterian church, then a Union church, on his way home from the old Beamsville Baptist church, of which he was a member. Dinner was of no account where the good of his Sunday School children was concerned. He loved them and sought to win them for the Master, and a bun or sandwich was enough until after Sunday School.

In 1876, after the death of his father, Dennis, he used a portion of his legacy in building a Bible School Hall, in which a most wonderful harvest of souls was gathered, to his great joy and satisfaction. Here, every Sunday morning, his son Linus conducted an adult's Bible class; at 2 o'clock, Mr. C. E. Woolverton conducted his Bible school, always teaching a large class, as well as superintending the school, and in the evening he led a prayer meeting that was most unique in character and rich in blessing.

Under such conditions, with former children of the school grown up to manhood and womanhood, and children's children filling the classes, the time was ripe for a golden harvest, which occurred in those days when the Rev. Dr. Hooper, then pastor of the Beamsville Baptist church, gave four weeks of week evening Gospel services in the Bible Hall at Grimsby. As a result, no less than sixty were received into the little church organized in 1877, most of them by baptism, and the work so outgrew the hall that, in 1880, a fine brick chapel was built from a design furnished by Mr. T. Hooper, Redhill, England, brother of Dr. Hooper.

The school has been the origin and strength of the church, and the devotion of the children to their superintendent never waned to the very end of his life, nor his to the children. Every Sunday, when school was over, his first thought was to begin preparation for the Sunday following, and whenever a child was absent a few times, he was urgent to seek and win back the wanderer.

It was a most fitting and pleasing recognition of his fifty years of service as a Sunday School Superintendent, when the Baptist Convention, meeting in Bloor St. Church, Toronto, in 1898, summoned the venerable gentleman to the platform, and making him an address, presented him with a set of Dr. Kitto's works for his library.

For two years before his death he was suffering from weakness of the heart, which gradually compelled him to give, up all bodily activity. Yet, in spite of it all, he would not forsake his Sunday School, which he attended even the second Sunday before his death. When lying on his deathbed, his daughter-in-law came in to see him. It was Sunday afternoon and, ever thoughtful of his Sunday School, his first inquiry was about the children and who it was that taught his class.

Turning to the writer, he said, "Don't let the minister, praise me; give all the praise to Jesus, for He has paid it all. I think my class can join in that hymn,—

> 'For nothing good have I
> Whereby Thy grace to claim,
> I'll wash my garments white
> In the blood of Calvary's Lamb.'"

Dr. Hooper, of Toronto, always much beloved by him, and Elder Mackie, of Beamsville, also once his pastor, assisted Pastor L. Brown in the funeral service, which was most solemn and impressive. The funeral was simple, in accordance with his request. The only floral decoration was a sickle of roses laid across a cut sheaf of wheat, emblematic of one who had lived to a ripe old age and was ready to be garnered into glory.

As an example of Mr. Woolverton's composition, in which there was always a vein of humor, and as showing the favorite

theme of his pen and tongue, we quote the following paragraphs from a paper on "Sunday School Literature," once read by him before the Niagara Association, and published by request:

"There are two kinds of literature, sacred and secular. "A hundred years ago, a hero of 1776 said, 'I have but one "'lamp to guide my feet, the lamp of experience.' But David "said, 3000 years ago, 'Thy Word is a lamp to my feet and "'a light to my path.' Isaiah said, 'To the law and to the "'testimony if they speak not according to this Word, it is "'because they have no light in them.' The Old Testament, "amid promises, pictures and prefigurations, guides the feet of "the wayfarer to Abraham's bosom; and the New Testament "assures us of the fulfilled, furnished and finished work of Him "who was to come. The merchant has a measure, the mechanic "a rule, the student a guide; but the writings of God's Word "furnish a measure, rule and guide, not only to judge, but also "to prove what we should hold fast in Sunday School litera- "ture. Books! Who amongst us has not realized the saying "of Solomon, that of making books there is no end. But even "the wise man would be astonished, could he open his eyes on "the legions of books that now swarm our Sunday School "libraries. In 1785, Fox held to the Bible as the reading book "in Sunday Schools. Then Watts' Catechism, Alleine's Alarm "to the Unconverted, the Pilgrim's Progress, and, at a later "date, the Dairyman's Daughter, were introduced. These, like "the five small loaves and two fishes, supplied the wants of the "great multitude.

'And if a legion of books that seem to say to the Bible, "'What have we to do with thee?' were cast out of our Sunday "Schools, the children would be more apt in learning and sit at "the feet of Jesus, clothed and in their right minds, instead of "wasting their own and the Lord's time, feeding on the husks "the swine eat. For example, there are the publications of "Oliver Optic, many of them unfit to be read by any one; of "Louisa Alcott, who writes as though there were something "good in human nature to make men perfect without help from "outside; or of Mrs. A. D. Whitney, who writes, says some one, "'almost like an angel,' and as if all children were lambs of

"God's flock, so pure, so good, but never a word of a Saviour to "make them so. Jesus, pure, sweet, blameless, and we are to "follow His example, not to come to Him for life. What "beautiful lessons of false theology! No substitute, no new "life. We must not take the writings of even A. L. O. E. as "all Gospel. On page 29 of 'Rescued from Egypt,' we read "these words: 'The children have never been baptized, and "'know no more than heathens.' Would water open their "eyes, would water renew their hearts? Then on page 47 we "read: 'Have your children never been baptized?' She seems "to make baptism a saving ordinance; thus she perverts the "Word by substituting a heathen or Roman tradition and "giving it a Christian name, and then substituting it for "Christ's command to his faithful followers, thus making the "Word of no effect. And tested by God's Word, why should "Kate Hamilton's works be found in our libraries? Read "General Peg and Staff—a book as foreign to the Gospel as "Sinbad the Sailor, a kind of Don Quixote child's play, or a "description of a calithumpian procession. The name of Christ "is incidentally mentioned once, and Christmas several times. "But that man is a sinner and needs a Saviour, or that there is "even another world besides this, is not even hinted at. And "this same book and more of like stamp are lauded, recom-"mended and classed as select library books, by D. C. Cook, of "Chicago. Many of these cheap libraries are not much better "than dime novels, and the sooner parents and teachers know "it the better it will be for the rising generations. Let us have "a better recommendation than D. C. Cook and a cheap library, "for 'as the twig is bent the tree is inclined.'

"Then there is the Sunday School Times, which ranks "high as a S. S. paper, but readers of God's Word cannot "take it all as Gospel. Bishop Wiley writes in it thus: 'The "'Church of God was so formed in the days of Abraham as to "'take in children at the early age of eight days old.' Is not "this pinning the faith of the child on the faith of the parent "with a vengeance, obeying man's will instead of God's will? "How could children be taken into the church before there was "a church? Echo answers how! This is like placing the label

"on the tree to change the fruit, like painting names on blocks "of wood in a library, then calling them books; or like casting "pins in rows together, having no use except in name. God's "Word says to each sinner, 'Ye must be born again.' Thou art "the man.

"Then there is also an objection not only to the quality of "aids, but also the quantity, for we need no longer think or "speak for ourselves, David C. Cook has done it all for us. "Last year I visited one school in New York state. The "Superintendent read the lesson from Cook's Teacher, and the "scholars looked over Cook's lesson leaves. This might be all "right enough, but when I heard questions read by each "teacher and answered by each scholar from Cook's leaves; "and then when the examination questions were all from D. "C. Cook's aids, I came to the conclusion that the school and "lesson were both pretty well Cooked.

"Machinery in agriculture never displaces the man, but "requires even more skilled workmen: so our aids ought to "make the teacher stronger to think for himself. For the "parent who does all the work, will not make his child useful "to himself or his country. He should teach him to walk alone "and gain his livelihood for himself. But there are books and "papers we can recommend: those from the Philadelphia House, "Revell of Chicago, and the Baptist Depository of Toronto. "Such papers as the Young Reaper, and Words of Life, which "seem to be free from the great error of our day, teaching man's "goodness as the foundation of hope. For since there is none "good but God, any literature that does not begin with and "take in our ruin by the fall, is of no lasting benefit. We want "to be taught not only what we were, and what we hope to be, "but also how we can find the great Physician for our present "wants.

"In conclusion, I would recommend our Sunday Schools to "return, as Christian did in the Pilgrim's Progress, to where he "lost his roll—and take the Bible and only such books as are "really helps to study it: such as Watts' Catechism, Shorter "Catechism revised by Spurgeon, and other carefully chosen "lesson helps. But let no Baptist or Bible school leave the Word "to follow even an angel in the 'way of Cain, the error of "'Balaam, or gainsaying of Core.' But work, watch and wait "till Jesus comes to make all things new."

L. W.

THE TEACHING OF THE PROPHETS REGARDING SALVATION.*

In treating the subject which we have set ourselves to examine, large areas of the Scriptures will have to be omitted. We shall say nothing of what is set forth in the New Testament with its fuller light, brought by the Incarnation. We cannot discuss the teaching of the ritual portions of the Old Testament, which are concerned with sacrifice and offering and public worship, and tabernacle or temple. That important ideas were brought to the consciousness of Israel by these means, we do not deny; but the limitations of our subject will not allow us to examine them. Nor can we look at the development of God's saving purpose set forth in the historical books of the Old Testament, nor at the record of spiritual experience found in the Psalms, nor at the calmer examination of truth in the Wisdom Literature of the Old Testament. All these parts of Divine Revelation we must dismiss from our present discussion, not because they would yield nothing, but because we have set ourselves the narrower task of examining the works of those Hebrew prophets who have committed their message to writing.

But the limits of our subject must be still further defined. We are not to discuss the whole range of theological ideas set forth in these writings of the prophets. We have chosen one specific doctrine, and upon this we are to concentrate our attention. The prophets, it is true, had much to say about the politics and the social problems of their time, but we are not to look at what they taught in these spheres. They had much to say also about the future, and even about the light upon salvation that the future was to bring, but neither are we to look at what they set forth regarding this.

We are thus brought within sight of our subject. Besides being predictors of the future, and besides being helpers in social and political movements, the Old Testament prophets

* Address delivered at Annual Meeting of Alumni Association, May, 1900.

were the spiritual advisers of the people of their own day. This, indeed, was perhaps the most important part of their duty, and the subject upon which we now seek light, is the manner in which the prophets discharged their duty to the people of their own times in leading them to personal salvation. For the soul-winner of to-day there are two important problems:—How is he to present truth so as to convince men that they need salvation? and, How is he to answer the question thus raised—*What must I do to be saved?* These two questions were also before the Hebrew prophets, and our present inquiry seeks to learn how they answered them. Here then lies our present task.

On the threshold of the subject, a very important inquiry is started:—What is the unit at which the evangelistic efforts of the prophets aimed? When we reach the New Testament, to be sure, it is clear that this unit is the individual. In the Old Testament prophets this is not quite so clear. The truth seems to be that what the prophets had conspicuously in mind in their preaching was, not the individual but the nation. Just as the messages delivered by the prophets to Gentiles were messages delivered to the whole nation—to Edom, and Moab, and Philistia, and Assyria,—so, in a large number of cases, the messages delivered to God's own people, were messages delivered to Israel as a whole. Words, indeed, which the instinct of the preacher of to-day properly teaches him to apply to the individual, were originally uttered as deliverances to the people as a whole. "For I will take you from among the nations, and gather you out of all the countries, and will bring you into your own land. And I will sprinkle clean water upon you and ye shall be clean: from all your filthiness and from all your idols, will I cleanse you. A new heart also will I give you and a new spirit will I put within you; and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you an heart of flesh." (Ez. xxxvi. 24-26.) "But now thus saith the Lord that created thee, O Jacob, and he that formed thee, O Israel, Fear not, for I have redeemed thee; I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine. When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou

walkest through the fire thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee." (Isa. xliii. 1, 2.)

And yet the difficulty here is not as great as it seems to be. If the prophets were not as acutely conscious of the individual in their preaching as we are, it was because the individual was not at that time as acutely conscious of himself as he is to-day. They applied their idea of salvation to the individual, through their application of it to the nation. We apply our idea of salvation to the nation through our application of it to the individual. But if the prophets were conscious of the individual only in a secondary way, they were, nevertheless, conscious of him. This, indeed, is made clear from the fact that sins against which they preached were many of them individual sins, such as drunkenness and gluttony, and bribery, and other similar offences. And, furthermore, in Ezekiel the broad principle of individual responsibility is stated almost as clearly as it is stated anywhere. In protesting against the excuse offered by many that their sins have come to them because they are members of a sinful race, and children of sinful parents, Ezekiel sets forth the great principle, "The soul that sinneth it shall die."

It would then be safe to say that in our discussion we do not need to burden ourselves with this distinction, for it is clear that with the prophets the subject for which salvation was sought, was that subject that was able to receive it.

In seeking to set before ourselves the doctrine of salvation held and proclaimed by the prophets, we shall look at this salvation from seven standpoints. We shall consider its reality; its necessity; its nature; its possibility; its author; its mediation; and its manifestations and results.

1. Its Reality. Whatever we may say of the incompleteness of the way of salvation set forth in the Old Testament —and this incompleteness should be most constantly kept in mind—it should never be forgotten that the salvation proclaimed by the prophets was real, so far as it went. It was real to the prophets themselves, and they meant it to be real to their hearers. With all the light that has come with the New Testament at their command, the gospel preachers of to-day still use as one of the sweetest promises from God the

passage from Isaiah, in which the prophet says on behalf of God, "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow: though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." (Isa. i. 18.) When we wish assurance, we find no more comforting words anywhere than these, "I have blotted out as a thick cloud thy transgressions, and as a cloud thy sins: return unto me; for I have redeemed thee." (Isa. xliv. 22.) And with all the wealth of Scripture at His command, it was a passage from a prophet that the Holy Spirit used in the conversion of the most richly blessed preacher of the present age—"Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth: for I am God, and there is none else." (Isa. xlv. 22.) If then such passages help us to-day to understand the reality of our present salvation, they cannot have been intended in any artificial sense by those who used them to point their hearers to the God of their salvation.

The reality of the salvation that they enjoyed is also clear from the reality of their assurance, "For thou hast been a stronghold to the poor, a stronghold to the needy in his distress, a refuge from the storm, a shadow from the heat, when the blast of the terrible ones is as a storm against the wall." (Isa. xxv. 4). And he who has God, has now a real peace. "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee; because he trusteth in thee. Trust ye in the Lord forever, for in the Lord Jehovah is an everlasting rock." (Isa. xxvi. 3, 4.) The Eternal is pledged to remember His people. "Can a woman forget her sucking child? . . . . yea, these may forget, yet will not I forget thee." (Isa. xlix. 15.)

And so real is the Saviour and the salvation He gives, that in all time of their perplexity His people may turn to Him and leave all in His hands. "But I said I have laboured in vain and spent my strength for naught and vanity; yet surely my judgment is with the Lord, and my recompense with my God." (Isa. xlix. 4.) However dim, then, may have been the light through which the prophets and their pupils saw the face of their God, the face that they saw was really His face, and the salvation that they possessed was really His salvation

2. Its Necessity. There was nothing upon which the prophets were clearer or more certain than the *necessity* of salvation. Indeed, little has ever been added to what they have said, as to the awfulness of sin and the fierceness of God's judgment upon it. They set forth sin as crookedness, perverseness and failure. Israel's sin is a forsaking of One who had had nothing but purposes of kindness; it is like a vineyard bringing forth wild grapes when every care had been taken to secure good fruit; it is like a wife unfaithful to her kind and tender-hearted husband. Its punishment is inevitable, and the wealth of powerful imaginations is drawn upon to set forth the woes of God against sinners. God hews His people by the prophets, and corrects them by calamities, and who can stand before Him? He has arranged the system of life so that men's own wickedness shall correct them, and what they sow they will reap. "For wickedness burneth as the fire: it devoureth the briers and thorns; yea, it kindleth in the thickets of the forest and they roll upward in thick clouds of smoke." (Isa. ix. 18.) "Wherefore, thus saith the Holy one of Israel, Because ye despise this word and trust in oppression and perverseness, and stay therein; therefore this iniquity shall be to you as a breach ready to fall, swelling out in a high wall, whose breaking cometh suddenly at an instant." (Isa. xxxiii. 12, 13.) "Behold, I will press you in your place as a cart presseth that is full of sheaves." (Amos ii. 13.)

This aspect of our subject is so full of interest and provides such an ample store of material, that we might easily say much more upon it. But as the position of the prophets here does not materially differ from our own, we need not pursue it further. It is enough to point out that both as to the nature and consequences of sin, the prophets held very strong views and presented the facts in a very clear light.

3. Its Nature. Out of their thoughts as to the necessity of salvation there would naturally grow the views of the prophets as to its *nature*. Because they took sin seriously, they took salvation seriously also. They had no sympathy with those who sought to heal the hurt slightly, saying,

"Peace, peace," when there is no peace. The people have taken idols into their hearts, and the spiritual problem lies in thrusting these idols out and establishing God permanently upon the throne that is His by right. The wicked have but short-lived pleasure. "They shall be as the morning cloud, and as the dew that passeth early away, as the chaff that is driven with the whirlwind out of the threshing-floor, and as the smoke out of the chimney." (Hos. xiii. 3.) And out of this precarious situation the salvation that is offered must lead them.

The following quotation from Dr. Skinner may be interesting here:—

"*Salvation.* (Isa. xl.-lxvi.) The idea of salvation has an instructive history. In Arabic, the root *wasi'a* means to be wide, roomy, spacious, etc.; and hence the Hebrew verb 'to save' (which is the causative of this) means primarily 'to make room for one,' 'to give one freedom or space to move in.' Even in this form the word contains the germ of a valuable religious idea, salvation being essentially freedom for the normal expansion of man's true life. In the Old Testament, however, it is always used with express reference to some pressure or impediment, the *removal* of which constitutes the essence of the act called salvation, or the state of salvation which results from it. In the earlier literature the words for salvation have mostly a secular and political application, denoting 'succour' in a military sense, or (more frequently) 'victory.' The religious sense grew naturally out of this. At all times it was recognized that Jehovah is the source of deliverance or victory; but at least from the time of the exile the centre of gravity of the idea was shifted from the temporal act of deliverance to the partly spiritual blessings which were secured by it. Salvation becomes a comprehensive term for that decisive vindication of Israel's cause which was the foundation of all national well-being. At the same time 'those words seldom, if ever, express a spiritual state exclusively; their common theological sense in Hebrew is that of a material deliverance attended by spiritual blessings.' (See Driver, *Notes on Samuel*, p. 90.)"

There is an important aspect of truth here set forth. It

was only gradually that the idea of spiritual deliverance disentangled itself from that of physical deliverance. The great act of salvation performed by God in the past was the deliverance from Egypt, and in the people's ideas of this, the national aspects of the deliverance seem to be quite as conspicuous as the spiritual. And all through the life of the nation, what *we* should call the temporal *accompaniments* of salvation, were to the Hebrews perhaps not so much accompaniments, as essential factors. It was the struggle to separate these two ideas that made the keen conflict of Job's tragedy. Now, while a great step was taken in the thinking that grew out of the exile, it would perhaps be safe to say, that the separation between temporal deliverance and spiritual deliverance was never fully made until Christ came to make it. After we have said all this, however, we may give full weight to all those passages that set salvation before us as spiritual deliverance, and those passages are neither few nor unimportant. The ideal state after which the prophets strove and of which every actual condition of salvation was but an adumbration, was that Israel should be Jehovah's people, and Jehovah Israel's God. And the prophets were persuaded that in themselves and in those who accepted their teaching, this state had been at least partly attained.

Salvation means the forgiveness of sin. "I, even I, am he that blotteth out thy transgressions for mine own sake; and I will not remember thy sins." (Isa. xliii. 25.) To be saved is to have the longings of the soul satisfied. "Come ye to the waters . . . come ye, buy and eat." To be saved is to be reconciled to Him from whom sin had separated them. "Peace, peace to him that is far off and to him that is near, saith the Lord; and I will heal him." (Isa. lvii. 19.) To be saved is to have the ways of God made the ways of the saved one's life. "He judged the cause of the poor and needy; then it was well. Was not this to know me, saith the Lord." (Jer. xxii. 16) Thus we see that the chief ideas under which salvation was represented by the prophets were spiritual freedom, reconciliation with God, spiritual peace, and spiritual power.

4. Its Possibility. We need not spend much time over

the *possibility* of salvation. Our chief purpose in giving a separate place to it is that we may allow our minds to give it the emphasis that it deserves. It is true that many passages have in them a despairing tone. "Can the Ethiopian change his skin or the leopard his spots? then may ye also do good that are accustomed to do evil. Therefore will I scatter them as the stubble that passeth away by the wind of the wilderness." (Jer. xiii. 23.) "Ephraim is joined to idols: let him alone." (Hosea iv. 17.) "Therefore pray not thou for this people, neither lift up cry nor prayer for them, neither make intercession to me; for I will not hear thee." (Jer. vii. 16.) But these passages are what they are, not because this rejection was the normal state, but because the preaching of the prophets was intended to have a real influence over those to whom it was delivered. The prophets were not compelled to preach as those who had no prospect of results. To them as to us was given the zest that comes to work for God, from the knowledge that He will bless His word. Indeed it was a prophet who spoke those words upon which we ourselves to-day so often cast ourselves for encouragement when we feel the need of it: "As the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven and returneth not thither but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, and giveth seed to the sower and bread to the eater; so shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth; it shall not return unto me void." (Isa. lv. 10, 11.) And what these words mean to us they must have meant to him who uttered them. The prophets were not conscious of a vain beating of the air in their preaching; they never betray the presence in their minds of any idea that they are there as mere helpless witnesses against evil-doers. They may have known, indeed they did know, that it was a remnant that was being saved, but still they held out a real salvation, and a possible salvation. In exhorting men to seek the Lord while He may be found, they indicate their belief that that was a time when He might be found by those who truly sought Him.

J. L. Gilmour.

(To be continued.)

DR. HARPER'S RENDERING OF GEN. 1: 1-3.

This rendering appears in *The Biblical World* of January, 1894, page 7, and reads as follows: "In the beginning, when God created the heavens and the earth, the earth being waste and void.....then God said, Let there be light, and there was light." Dr. Harper is not alone in this rendering. It is the rendering also of Ewald of fifty years ago, and of Prof. Briggs of to-day. But of course Dr. Harper has not been swayed at all by the opinion of either of these great Hebraists. He is too great a Hebraist himself to rest in any conclusion that he has not reached by independent investigation and that does not commend itself to his own judgment.

Dr. Harper asserts that this translation is "in strict accordance with Hebrew syntax," and perhaps it is; but it would have been more satisfactory to those less profoundly versed in the language than himself if he had quoted the grammar and page that contains the rule or principle of syntax that justifies the rendering, or had pointed to a single passage in the Bible that furnishes an exemplification of the same. Confessedly, no exegesis can be deemed sound that does not rest on a sound grammatical basis. No exegete may hope to learn the mind of the Spirit who disregards the grammatical principles of the language in which the Spirit speaks. Possibly Dr. Harper thought the "accordance" of this rendering "with Hebrew syntax" too obvious to require particular proof or illustration, though, even then, we should have supposed that his published *Elements of Hebrew Syntax* would furnish some ground for his statement. We search, however, in vain therefor. He discusses circumstantial and conditional sentences, and the various uses of protasis and apodosis in the latter, but enunciates no syntactical principle or construction under which his translation may be fairly brought. What, however, he has failed to do, Professor Briggs has done for him. In "The Old Testament Student" of April, 1884, p. 277, Professor Briggs affirms that "it is false syntax to make the first verse an independent clause and translate: *In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth.* It is

rather the protasis of a temporal clause giving the time when God said, *Let light come forth ;* and the intervening clauses are circumstantial clauses giving the circumstances in which the earth was when God called the light into being. The first act of creation is therefore the production of *light.*"

The meaning of these words is clear, much clearer than the point Professor Briggs would establish by them. What, specifically, is that point? Let us see. First, he asserts that "it is false syntax to make the first verse an independent clause." In other words, he maintains that it is *not* an independent clause. But assertion is not proof, even though made by Professor Briggs. It is not necessary to be a distinguished Hebrew scholar to see that the Bible opens with the independent statement that "in the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." Ordinary readers of the Bible uniformly so regard the verse, as also the majority of scholars and commentators. To give it a dependent or conditional character, or render it as Professor Briggs has done, is utterly opposed to the simplicity of construction which marks the entire chapter, which is made up of brief yet grand declarations, and in which one concluded sentence follows another. Accordingly Delitzsch, while disposed apparently to favor Professor Briggs' rendering, if the language would possibly permit it, is yet obliged to admit that it proceeds "paratactically," that is, in the manner of independent statements.

But, further, Professor Briggs affirms that this verse "is rather the protasis of a temporal clause giving the time when God said, *let light come forth.*" And what is protasis in grammar? It is, as Webster informs us, "The introductory or subordinate member of a sentence, generally of a conditional sentence." But this first verse is not a *member* of a sentence at all ; it is a sentence complete in itself ; there is nothing "subordinate" or "conditional" about it. Professor Briggs seeks to make it conditional by inserting the word "when," for doing which, however, there is no valid grammatical reason or authority. According to his rendering the second verse must be regarded as parenthetical, whereas it is as independent as the first. In it attention is called to the condition—the chaotic condition of

the earth, whose creation along with that of the heavens is declared in the first verse. Accordingly, the conjunctive particle (and) is joined, not to the verb (was), but to the noun (earth); as if the sacred writer should say: "As for the *earth* just spoken of, it was waste and empty." The verse describes, indeed, "the circumstances in which the earth was when God called the light into being," but in an independent, not subordinate or parenthetical way. Honest exegesis requires us to consider verse 1 as descriptive of the first of the divine acts detailed in the chapter,—the act of the absolute divine origination of the heavens and the earth or of the matter of which they are composed,—an act therefore antedating the creation of light and the six days' works which follow. Still, Professor Briggs maintains—and it is the point he seeks especially to establish, that "the first act of creation is the production of light." To which it may be replied—first, this rendering violates the natural order of the language and of the acts which it portrays; for obviously matter must be brought into existence before anything can be done with it or said about it. Second, it conflicts with the grammatical order of the language. The *waw*-consecutive at the beginning of verse 3 is used in historical narration, and denotes chronological sequence. As Driver observes, it "connects the new event with a point previously assigned in the narrative." In this instance "the new event" is the production of light, which must be regarded as subsequent to the creation of matter, "the fact previously asserted," (in verse 1.) And, third, in the language of another, "it obliterates that distinguishing ground-idea of the theocratic monotheism with which, in the very start, the word of revelation confronts all pagan dualism,—in other words, the truth, that in regard to the manner of creation, God is the sole causality of heaven and earth in an absolute sense."

As already observed, the rendering thus criticised and objected to, is sanctioned by Ewald, who has been called the prince of Hebrew grammarians. But even princes may err. Some men appear to be endowed with a perspicacity which enables them to see things that do not exist. It is so in this case. The thing that Ewald imagines he sees in verse 1, is a

construct state in *bereshith* (in the beginning). He says: "Nouns of time and place may be put in the construct state, by themselves, without *asher*, at the head of the relative sentence, not merely in poetry, but also in ordinary prose; and in consequence of this construction a certain neatness of expression is imparted to the discourse; as, *bereshith, at the beginning when* . . . . an expression which is equivalent to *when first* . . . . Gen. 1: 1." No fault can be found with this reasoning in itself; but in its application to the case in hand it is based on the erroneous assumption that *bereshith* is a construct state, and it therefore counts for nothing. The view of Ewald (and Aben Ezra) that *bereshith* is always in the construct state and that it means here, "in the beginning of the creation of the heavens and the earth," etc., is contradicted by the occurrence of the word in the absolute state in Deut. 33: 21. In Hosea 1: 2, already alluded to, and quoted by Ewald in confirmation of his view, we have a genuine construct state, which makes the rendering, "when the Lord spake at the first by Hosea," grammatically proper. But as Gen. 1: 1 contains no construct state, it finds no parallel and support in this passage. For the foregoing reasons, then, we conclude that the rendering of Gen. 1: 1-3 proposed by Dr. Harper, and concurred in by Prof. Briggs and Ewald, is syntactically inadmissible. We admit, indeed, with Ewald, that "the Hebrew language is capable of forming large and involved sentences," but must dissent entirely from his view that Gen. 1: 1-3 is one of them.

Dr. Harper's statement, following the above, that "the word 'created' does not of itself signify creation out of nothing, but is used in this chapter synonymously with 'make' or form,'" is equally erroneous. His language appears to leave it an open question whether matter was created at all, or existed from eternity. That it is not eternal is proved by the meaning and use of *bara* (to create) in v. 1, and by Ps. 90: 2, which teaches that "the earth and the world," though immensely old, had yet a beginning, and are therefore not to be compared to God's existence, which stretches "from everlasting to everlasting." It was manifestly the purpose of the divine Spirit, in the opening words of the Bible, to teach this threefold truth: 1. That

the material universe did not exist from eternity. 2. That it was created by the act of an infinitely wise and mighty Being —did not spring from chance. 3. That the Being who created it is God. How divinely august and fair does Revelation seem with this seal of the living God upon her brow!

D. M. Welton.

RAIN AND TEARS.

Sepulchral shadows frowned upon a day—
A common day—
And cowed to rigid awe all things with life—
Man, brute and tree, insect and floral spray.
A space: then Nature gleamed in proud display
Like Isthmian wrestlers ready for the strife.
Vigor and Hope now danced where once they slept:
The day had wept.

Stern sorrow ploughed the forehead of a man—
A common man—
And o'er his brows the mould of sadness turned,
Whence sprung what seemed a crop of chaff and bran,
To him whose hopeless eyes foresaw no plan.
An hour: then patient Hope and Gladness spurned
To tread the path where once Despair had stepped:
The man had wept.

W. Sherwood Fox.

Toronto.

THE CLASS IN THEOLOGY, 1900.

Pope declares that "the proper study of mankind is man." If that be so, then the history of Theological classes must be amongst the most interesting and instructive of all the varied classes of human society. Of all men, the graduates of theological colleges are supposed to stand between "the living and the dead." No subject of human thought exerts so far-reaching consequences as Theology, for that is the science dealing with all that pertains to our God. Hence the history of the class in Theology, 1900, is at once interesting.

To our class is accorded a unique position. We bid farewell to the old century, and at the same time salute the new. Just as all the hereditary tendencies of a family are focalized and projected into futurity by the birth of its latest offspring, so with the graduating class in Theology, 1900, of McMaster University. All the noblest traditions, tendencies, and triumphs of eternal truth for sixty centuries were focalized and projected into the coming century by the graduation of Class, 1900. Are we not the last standard-bearers of this century, to whom has been committed the trust of declaring those principles of civil and religious liberty, which have been the glory of our forefathers, and the harbinger of that day, when the kingdoms of this world shall have become the kingdom of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ?

The opening session of 1899-1900 saw us twenty-one strong; the closing session saw us only fourteen graduating. One dear brother, W. H. Rock, left us, not to receive a diploma from any earthly hands, but a coronet from the King on the Great White Throne. Farewell, dear brother! Very tenderly will those who remain cherish your memory. Only a little while is it ours to labor, watch and pray, and then we shall join you. Another beloved brother finds Heaven dearer to him, too, than ever before. A loved companion, whose kindly cheer brightened his life and home, heard the summons, "Come home," and left him and family to wend their way to the Celestial City. Thus sorrow and joy, tribulation and triumph, were peculiarly mingled in the midst of our graduation.

Some of us began our work for graduation eight years or more ago, but through financial stress and failure of health were delayed, but never for a moment did we falter in our purpose to graduate. Some of us had reached the age of thirty-nine years ere graduation, yet our hearts are as young as ever for the work of Jesus. A word of advice here may aid others in future years: Young brother, destined for the ministry, never on any account, unless it be health and funds, delay hastening to your graduation. Listen to no person's advice on mission fields to stay out for a year or so, either because of the good you may do, or to cut short your educational course, owing to your supposed brilliancy of intellect, declared to you by friends whose ignorance of thorough ministerial preparation is to be equalled only by your chagrin at having listened to them, and your consequent incompetency through the years. Having put your hand to the ministerial plough, look not back nor turn aside for friend or foe. Resolve with Paul, "This one thing I do," and do it. By all means, take full Arts and Theology if time, talents, health and finance will allow. If you intend cutting short anything, don't do it in your Theology. That is to be your business. The finest course in sciences or mathematics will never atone for skipping Systematic Theology. Enter upon a course that demands examination at its close. There's nothing like the stimulus of an examination to put stamina into a student, who by nature has more of the mollusc about him than the vertebrate. Study, young man, study! study!! Don't dream, look wise, and deceive yourself and others. Wake up early in the mornings and in the class-room. It will be health to yourself and the professors.

Our class may be conveniently divided into four groups:—

1st. Those who were graduates in Arts and Theology.
2nd. Those who were graduates in Arts, but not in Theology.
3rd. Those who were graduates, not in Arts, but in Theology.
4th. Those who were graduates, neither in Arts nor Theology.

Of the first group there were six, five being graduates of McMaster University, and one of Manitoba University. These men believed that an Arts course alone isn't sufficient to equip men whose business is instruction in the things of God. They

all found it very helpful to sermonize under Chancellor Wallace's direction and criticism. The quality which distinguished Moses is especially helpful in this class. New Testament Greek become fascinating under Dr. Farmer. The vocabulary of the English language, and the extensiveness of Church History become amazing as you listen to Dr. Newman. Dr. Harris is very helpful in pastoral instruction. For a quiet retreat, take Hebrew under Dr. Welton. You will catch his sweet spirit, and better than all, the spirit of that language, whose loftiest thoughts of redemption and salvation required the coming of " God manifest in the flesh " to give it currency. Spend two years in Systematic Theology under Dr. Goodspeed. You will there learn how to dogmatize rightly on Scriptural truth ; and, moreover, you will be able to discover that the worst dogmatism of this age is not the dogmatism of the truth of God's Word, but the dogmatism which seeks to discount every principle of truth pertaining to God and the integrity of His Word. No safer, sounder teacher on the Holy Scriptures, can be found anywhere than our own professor in Systematic Theology. The man who shifts his sail, so as to steer clear of the instruction of this particular subject, particularly as given in McMaster University, is not likely to disembark in any Baptist church theological merchandise which will at once be the consternation of traditional ecclesiastical systems, or result in the strengthening of the altogether too frequent waning convictions of such truth as have brought glory to our Baptist forefathers and salvation to multitudes. Perhaps no one of this group was marked by brilliancy, but if hard, faithful work can accomplish anything, then these men will see to it that McMaster's shield needs no burnishing where they have laid down their lives.

Of the second group there were only two. Both attended the lectures throughout the years, but did not take the final examinations. Of the third group there were eight. These men were of the ordinary type of theological men of this class. Patient, hard working, faithful, particularly in the smaller affairs of theological students' duties. Their general spirit was to esteem others better than themselves, and so with becoming

modesty they kept their standard about an even second-class all the way through. They were particularly anxious, not to mar the glory of the Arts' men, by taking from them the first positions, nor to hurt the sensitive feelings of those who were in the special courses. It required a good deal of self-control on the part of this group to hold themselves in this moderate course, and so properly bridge over the gulf that must necessarily exist between those who are in special courses, and those accomplishing full graduation in Arts and Theology. It was with great joy we came to the conclusion of our course, resting happy and contented, that we had come into no serious conflict with anyone in the race. May our example encourage others to acquit themselves in like manner in the coming years.

Of the fourth class there were four. The ability of some of these men was such, that, had it not been for their disability, they might have reached conclusions as honorable as came to other graduates.

As to races, some were of Irish extraction, tracing descent to the Emmetts of the Emerald Isle ; others of Scotch extraction purely, and yet bearing historic dignity under the modest names of McIntosh and Cameron ; others were of the blending of these two races ; others of Pennsylvania Dutch descent—one brother of this descent being the pioneer of the class in foreign missions to South America. Others, of the Land of the Rose—all, however, united in Christ for one purpose—to proclaim free salvation to needy sinners.

As to our work in the class-room, we believe the majority did faithful preparation. Upon the mission fields we served through the years, good work was done. We can look back, and see in some cases, new edifices erected where there were none, in others, old buildings made serviceable by renewal, for many years to come ; and not only so, but we can recall many souls led to Christ, new spheres of labor opened up, where others are now reaping what we sowed, and best of all, harmony and peace established, where formerly dissension tore the little flock asunder.

As to our aspirations and ideals, we trust we are satisfied with nothing short of constant, complete consecration to our

Lord Jesus Christ. We believe it was the unanimous ambition of our class to expound and exemplify the teachings of God's Scriptures, as to bring glory to Him alone. More than ever will we seek to be loyal first to our God, and then to our beloved denomination and Alma Mater, and the souls of men. With love for all men, but compromise with the truth for none, we go forth to declare the whole counsels of the Divine will. Never was there an age, when conviction of truth as it is in God's Scriptures, required expression and confession both in language and in life, more than now.

We face the new century with holy zeal and confidence. Reminded that the onlookers in heaven and on earth are myriads in number, we buckle on the Gospel armor in no uncertain fashion. We will not boast ourselves putting the harness on, as those may who are to put it off, but seeking to be true to Christ in all things, at all times, under all occasions, we cheerfully bid a loving farewell to dear old McMaster, and press forward into the arena of the soul-struggles of humanity. May God bless the beloved teachers, who with patience and uniform kindness, aided us in the attainment of knowledge, so necessary for our warfare! May God bless the men who shall graduate in coming years! May God especially bless our Class of 1900, and Archie G. Baker most of all. May we all so pray and minister, that when our lease of service is over, an abundant entrance to ourselves and those we garnered in, may be vouchsafed us by Jesus, our Saviour, Lord and King!

A Graduate.

VALEDICTORY.*

During the fall term of the year 1896, thirty-four young men and women registered in the Arts course of McMaster University, forming the nucleus of the Century Class, which completes its graduating exercises to-morrow evening. Of this original number, eleven have found it impossible to complete their course with our class, while from various sources at the different stages of its course Century Class has been recruited by twelve members, so that this evening I have the honor to represent at this meeting of the Alumni Association the largest class in Arts that has yet graduated from McMaster Hall.

We have been here four academic years, and like the classes who have gone before, have passed through all the metamorphosis from the embryo freshman to the full-fledged graduate. Four years ago we commenced our work by solving for x in algebra, and a few days ago we closed our books still hopelessly seeking the unknown in philosophy or metaphysics. When in the dim and misty days of our first year we struggled with uncertain light to find the value of the unknown quantity, and trudged our way over the rough and weary path, there was comfort in the hope, that gradually the shadows would flee away. As Sophomores we firmly believed that our horizon would be cleared of the mists which hovered about us; that as Juniors the light would shine even more brightly upon our ways; and that as Seniors we would all be standing as guides and sentinels upon the rock of certainty and truth. But Century Class has still left a few problems to be solved, and a few mysteries to be explained. Our successors may still span the celestial sphere, or delve down into the bosom of the earth, or peer into the little mass of protoplasm, with full assurance that there is yet some original knowledge to be gained quite worthy of their inventive genius, diligent labour and untiring effort.

The graduating class in Arts joins the Alumni Association with mingled feelings of joy and sorrow. As we look back over the past, with all its quickening impulses and pleasant memories, we cannot but rejoice that the kind hand of Providence directed

*Delivered at Annual Meeting of the Alumni Association, May, 1900.

our steps towards McMaster University. But sorrow is also in our hearts, for to-night we step out from the midst of circumstances and associations, which for the last four years have so encircled us within their fostering care, that they have become a very important power in our deepest life; circumstances which have ennobled our ideals and filled our cup of joy to the full; associations which have broadened our sympathies and awakened the tenderest and most sacred feelings of the heart.

The well known and grand ideal of McMaster University is familiar to us all. But a university is a very practical institution, so that the primary test of efficiency must be not its ideal, but to what degree as an institution she is attaining unto the purpose of her existence. In other words, to what extent does she fit her graduates for true life? The answer to this question must ever be found in the graduating classes which leave her halls from year to year. McMaster University, in common with all others, must abide the final test, what kind of men and women does she produce?

Thirty-five young men and women have now completed a four years Arts course in this University. We have spent our time and money; we have tried to do honest and diligent work. The great English dramatist says:

> "There is a tide in the affairs of men,
> Which taken at the flood leads on to fortune,
> Omitted, all the voyage of their life
> Is bound in shallows and in miseries."

We are now being borne out by the flood into the activities of real life. The great problems, the doubts and difficulties of the world are staring us in the face. There is the criticism and unbelief of the learned, the stagnation or degeneration of the ignorant; the mercenary spirit of the commercial, and the corruption of the political world; the great religious indifference of the masses, and the deep-rooted selfishness on every hand. Amidst such conditions it is but honest to ourselves and honest to our University, that we ask: In what way has McMaster University enabled each of us to take time at the flood, and in the midst of such trying and difficult circumstances to live lives honorable in God's sight and uplifting to our fellow-men?

It would be impossible for me in the time at my disposal to enumerate all the influences which have been brought to bear upon our life and character during our undergraduate course, and which have tended to increase our usefulness among our fellow-men. I shall pass over the intellectual development gained in the class-room, the discipline and manliness which comes from the campus, the spiritual uplifting of the Fyfe Missionary Society, the unconscious moulding through the influence of professors and students, and the social culture attained by our many pleasant functions; but would direct your attention for a moment to one development, which characterizes the life of the student in these halls, and inculcates within his being a principle which includes and yet transcends all of the influences which I have named. I refer to the point of view from which he will be led to look upon the world of men and things around him. The horizon of his vision has been widened: he has larger views, further outlooks and clearer realizations. All the influences which have been brought to bear upon us have tended to emphasize the fact, that life is to each of us the divine gift of God, and coming from such a giver, it is not to be narrow or selfish in its ends. The history of the past has taught us that behind the Power which has raised the nations aloft or hurled them in the dust, there exists a Wisdom which has a purpose running through the succeeding ages of man. Out of the ruins of the past rises the present, which in turn must be the foundation stone of the future. As Tennyson says respecting the person, so is it with the nation, and with the world,—

> "Men may rise on stepping-stones
> Of their dead selves to higher things."

We are a part of all that has been before us, and our lives are now forming the destiny of the future. All the past lies behind adamantine doors; the great future with its evolution and development lies before, and we who live in the present are the link which connects the great past with the still greater future. And through all the generations there runs a golden thread, linking age to age, which speaks to us of God. Thus we believe it is only through a realization that we at the present

are unfolding God's purposes to coming generations, that will enable us to live the broadest and most unselfish lives. Knowing that we are God's workmanship, we shall do our noblest and best.

Reports speak brilliantly of the young men and women who have already graduated from McMaster University, and now thirty-five more will join their ranks. We trust that each member of Century Class, whether "lifted high or left unthought of in obscurity," will prove faithful to the ideals of his Alma Mater, to his own best self, and to his God.

We leave McMaster Hall with loving memories still fresh in our minds, with heartfelt sympathies for all the work of our University, and with a love for our Alma Mater which shall deepen as our lives mature. Farewell.

T. H. Cornish.

PURPOSE.

Society has many tests for greatness in a man: in one age, muscle; in another, mind; in one sphere, brain; in another, brawn; in this walk of life, genius; in that one, goodness. Men have different standards by which they measure their fellows. But the most commonly applied and most keenly discriminating criterion is "Purpose." In whatever century or country, a man's real worth is judged, consciously or unconsciously, by his degree of purposefulness, his kind of purpose, and his power to accomplish it.

To have *no* purpose in life is to hide beneath gray ashes the last spark of divinity in man's soul. Most men have some purpose to give their actions aim. Most men are too manly to let loose the link that holds them above the brute creation—for what more is a man than a beast if he have no better reason to live than that he is alive? If "life's more than breath, and the quick round of blood," there must be purpose in it to make it so; there must be purpose, as a silver thread through life, on which to string all the fair pearls of our

opportunities, to make a necklace worthy of existence. Society has no place for purposeless men; their life, which is but existence, goes out as unnoticed as does a flickering candle in the glare of noonday's sun. Earth grudges them a scanty plot within the whitewashed fence — the marble slab tells nothing but name and age. Not only do their bodies die, their names likewise perish, and

> "No one asks who or what they have been,
> More than he asks what waves,
> In the moonlit solitudes mild
> Of midmost ocean, have swelled,
> Foamed for a moment, and gone."

A man with a purpose is admirable; and as men disavow the purposeless man, so they receive the purposeful man with outstretched arms—not always, mark you, in this life, for men with great purposes are often ahead of their time, as history's persecutions show. But, soon or late, the world will recognize its debt to every man who aims high and shoots sure the arrow of truth and right. "Purpose" is a word that rings with a manly tone. It embodies all that's highest and best in life. It is the factor that makes life's problem most worth the solving. It is purpose that makes man in closest touch with all the universe. The one word writ large across all History's page is "Purpose." Poet and Scientist agree in telling us that through all Nature runs some one great purpose: back of the sunshine and the shower, back of the lily's purity and the rose's loveliness, back of the ocean's thunderous roar and the streamlet's silvery song, the soul is dead that does not feel some great Divine purpose. No wonder then, that in the heart of man, purpose should be the keystone to the arch of life. No wonder that man should ask this of his fellow, that he should have some purpose in his living. Nor is it strange that he who has lived a life of high, strong purpose, needs not the marble monument to keep his name from Oblivion's greedy grasp, for his name is written, not alone with sculptor's steel upon the cold gray stone, but with memory's finger on the warm tablets of the heart.

There are many kinds of purpose. Milton pictures Satan

as a being of so strong purpose that he could make "a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven." The patriot, dying for his country, has also purpose. But they are as unlike as the electric poles, the one always taking, the other always giving, the one selfish, the other unselfish. The noble life that a little while ago left our world to enrich the world beyond, was one of unselfish, humanity-loving purpose, and hence John Ruskin is as high above Napoleon, master of Europe but self-centred, as is St. Peter's dome above some squalid hut. Society makes haste to forget him who remembers only himself. "History knows no selfish hero. For the mercenary forehead memory has no wreath. If we call the roll of the sons of greatness and influence, we shall find that they are also the sons of self-sacrifice."

This, then, is the underlying principle by which all purposes must be judged, whether they be noble or ignoble. But what goes to make up a good, strong purpose? or, granted that purpose is a compound, what are its elements? They are these: ideals, enthusiasm, and courage.

Some one has said, "Ideals are God within the soul." The history of all great men is the history of their ideal hours, realized in conduct and character. Life stands before a youth, as a block of marble before a sculptor. In that rock he sees an angel. With mallet and chisel he goes to work, and as here a blow is struck, there another, the flying chips at length reveal a form of superb loveliness and matchless grace. So is the ideal wrought out in human life. What matter if Death chill the workman's heart and still his hand before the beauteous form is released from its marble prison? The angel is still there, beautiful, though not seen. But when the ideal goes, there is nothing there but cold gray stone. When the heroic purpose goes, all life's glory departs. Earth knows no tragedy like the death of a soul's ideal.

This, then, is the natal hour of a great purpose. But to benefit the world, ideals must be realized. It was heart and will that clothed Millet's vision with pigment and gave to the world his "Angelus"; that clothed the plans of Christopher Wren with granite and gave the nation St. Paul's Cathedral;

it was not the mind of Erasmus, cold, clear, dazzling, but the stout heart and strong will of Luther, that made the Reformation a thing of fact and not of fancy. Great men have been great dreamers—but they have also been great *doers. Enthusiasm,* then, and *courage,* must be added to the ideal. Enthusiasm for invention drove Edison through five reposeless days and sleepless nights of persistent experimenting until he triumphed. Enthusiasm for music took the boy Mozart, after the long day of distasteful labor, to the old church organ, where in the twilight he poured forth his soul in melody. Enthusiasm for knowledge made the poor tortured Roman slave spend the weary hours in his cold dim cell in search of Truth — and Epictetus is immortal. Enthusiasm made Wolsey, the butcher, Cardinal of England; made Ben Johnson, the bricklayer, Ben Johnson the scholar and poet; made Lincoln, the poor laboring boy, a great scholar, orator, ruler of a nation, liberator of an enslaved people. And now let me lay the capstone, Courage. In the cruel days of war, though many a mother's, sister's, sweetheart's eyes are dimmed with tears of sorrow and loss, the nation's breast swells high with pride at the heroic conduct of her sons fighting for right and liberty on the far-off battle fields. Our tongues cannot too highly praise the gallant bearing, the pluck and good old Saxon courage of the noble fellows at the front, unflinching beneath the leaden hail, undaunted at the very cannon's mouth, staring with unblanched cheek and firm nerves into the very jaws of death. Our admiration is unbounded for all brave men—nothing but contempt do we find for one who is a coward. But the man who would live a life of high, strong, victorious purpose, even in an obscure place, in an humble sphere, must have more than physical daring—he must have courage in its best significance—the kind that Antigone had when she dread be buried alive rather than defile her conscience; the kind that made Savonarola smile triumphant even in the flames; courage such as Martin Luther had when, alone and helpless, before the menacing powers of Pope and Emperor, he declared in syllables that have echoed down the centuries, "I cannot—I will not recant—God help me."

An unselfish ideal—all-mastering love for and unfaltering faith in that ideal (for such is enthusiasm) — and courage greater than that of warriors must be his who would be a man of purpose. Our hands would make haste to add some laurels to the wreath that should crown the brows of all such men, whether they were kings or paupers, those whom the world calls great, or those whose names are never found in history's page. Mark my meaning well: if no other word, remember this—True greatness depends not on the clapping of a nation's hands nor on the world's applause, but it is the realizing of an unselfish ideal that makes a man truly great.

On the day of its dedication there was much rejoicing about the Cathedral of Milan. The work of centuries was complete, and the fairest church that man has built stood there in all the wonder of its beauty beneath the cloudless Italian skies—a vast pile of milk-white marble, raising half a thousand glittering spires towards the crystaline vault of heaven, adorned with forty thousand statues, the least a great work of art; it was a structure of indescribable beauty, a veritable "dream in marble." Among the multitudes that rejoiced on that auspicious day was a poor laboring man, a nameless water-carrier, who had played that humble part in the building of the great Cathedral. His bent ragged form was tremulous with emotion, the weather-beaten face was upturned toward the glorious dazzling mount of marble, tears of joy ran down his grimy cheeks, a smile of victory softened the hard lines of his mouth, the lips trembled and bystanders caught his faltering but exultant words, "Who would have thought that *we* could build such a Cathedral."

Even so, when all the restless years of Time have rolled away, and have revealed to our wondering eyes the accomplishment of God's universal Purpose — a perfect structure, infinitely sublime, fairer far than Milan's marble dream, the joy of having played some humble part in the great work will be given to every man whose life has been the faithful expression of true purpose.

A. C. Watson.

Editorial Notes.

Our University has suffered a loss in the resignation of Professor Willmott, who has accepted a lucrative position as geologist of the Central Algoma Railway. We take this opportunity of expressing our appreciation of his services and our regret at his departure. Professor Willmott was an excellent teacher. First of all, he had a thorough acquaintance with his subject; but more than that, he had the happy art of presenting information lucidly and of inspiring his students with an interest in their work. His success in this last-mentioned aim of a teacher's efforts may be judged by the fact that out of the number of our graduates who have pursued post-graduate studies at Harvard or Chicago, such a large proportion have been specialists in Natural Science. And every man of them has reflected credit on their teacher and *Alma Mater*. Good *teachers* are rare, and for that reason, not to mention others, we regret that Professor Willmott has decided to leave us. Our students unite in wishing him every success and satisfaction in his new field of labor. As for the Faculty, let the following unanimous resolution speak:

"In parting from Professor A. B. Willmott, who has resigned his professorship in McMaster University to become the Geologist of the Algoma Central Railway Company, his colleagues on the Faculty desire to put on record their warm appreciation of the ability with which he conducted the work of his department during his connection with McMaster University, his willingness at all times to bear his part in the administration of the affairs of the University, and the courtesy manifested by him in his relations to his colleagues, and to express not only their warm personal friendship for him, but also their cordial interest in his future welfare, and the earnest hope that he may realize a generous prosperity in connection with his new duties."

To supply the places on our staff made vacant by the death of Dr. Rand and the resignation of Professor Willmott, we are glad to be able to announce that the University has been able to secure Rev. Dr. Clark, of Trinity University, Dr. Tracy, of Toronto University, and Mr. W. P. Cohoe, M.A. Dr. Clark is too well known to Canadians to require any word of introduction from us. We may be permitted, however, to congratulate the students upon having the opportunity of listening to a course of lectures on "In Memoriam" from so able a

critic and so ardent a Tennysonian as Dr. Clark. We can think of no Canadian teacher whom Dr. Rand would have more gladly chosen as his successor in interpreting "In Memoriam," and to those who knew Dr. Rand's work in dealing with that beautiful poem no higher commendation could be given. The remainder of the work in English will fall to Mr. McLay, who has been a lecturer in the University for the past six years, and who has just returned from a year's successful post-graduate study at Harvard.

In Education, Dr. Rand's work will be taken by Dr. Tracy, at present lecturer in Mental and Moral Philosophy in Toronto University, and one of the men we are inclined to envy that great institution. Dr. Tracy is no stranger to our halls and our students, and we are only too glad to know that he is to be so frequent a visitor. He is a member of our Board of Governors, he has for some years been an examiner in Education, and he has the heartiest sympathy with our college and its educational ideals. We are certain that his presence will be a blessing to us all.

We are particularly pleased to welcome Mr. Cohoe as Professor Willmott's successor for the present year. He is a graduate of our own University and comes to us with a sincere affection for his *Alma Mater*. Since he graduated in 1896, he has had two years' combined teaching and study in Toronto and two years' post-graduate work at Harvard, of which university he is a Master of Arts. During the past year he has been head assistant to the professors in Chemistry in that institution, and his work was so satisfactory to them that they were able to recommend him cordially to our Senate. Knowing him and his work as we do, we have no hesitation in expressing our gratification at his appointment, and our hope that he may become a permanent addition to our staff.

On behalf of the members of the Faculty, and on behalf of the students as well, we extend a hearty welcome to Dr. Clark, Dr. Tracy and Mr. Cohoe. We know their worth and appreciate the value of their presence with us. We feel sure that their work and character will enrich our college life, and we can only hope that they too may find pleasure and satisfaction in their association with us.

Book Reviews.

DR. GOODSPEED'S NEW BOOK.

Our Professor of Systematic Theology and Apologetics has rendered a valuable service to the Christian world, by the publication of the results of years of study and thought on the millennial question, in a neat volume entitled "Messiah's Second Advent: A Study in Eschatology." It is a volume of nearly three hundred pages, and is issued by Messrs. William Briggs of this city. Under a series of topics the author discusses almost every phase of the question, inquiring in every case, "What saith the Lord?" He has had before him the best and most popular writings in favor of premillennialism, and he has sought to show by a sound exegesis the inadequacy of the exegetical argument for the pre-millennial advent, and the weight of Scripture testimony in favor of post-millennialism. The author's polemics are without bitterness or asperity, and those that differ from him most widely in their understanding of Scripture, may be sure of finding the most Christian and courteous treatment at his hands. It is earnestly to be desired that all lovers of truth who are interested in this great question, whatever views they may have been led to adopt, will give to Dr. Goodspeed's volume the attentive reading that it deserves. They may not all be convinced by his argument; but no one can fail to be impressed with the fact that there is much to be said in favor of his view, and that he has written the work with an earnest desire to advance the cause of truth. Dr. Goodspeed's students, past and present, will one and all desire to possess the volume, and it is to be hoped that ministers and intelligent brethren of all evangelical denominations will buy and read what is sure to be recognized as the best book on the subject.

A. H. N.

THE REIGN OF LAW.*

This is a notable book, a story dealing with the deepest experiences of human life—the struggle of a youth toward spiritual light and liberty, and human duty and love. First comes an introductory chapter on the hemp. This is a fine prose-poem, coming to a climax in an application to life:—

*The Reign of Law, a tale of the Kentucky Hemp Fields. By James Lane Allen. Toronto: The Copp Clark Co., Limited, 1900.

"Ah, type, too, of our life, which is also earth-sown, earth-rooted; which must struggle upward, to be cut down, rotted and broken, ere the separation take place between our dross and our worth—poor perishable shard and immortal fibre. Oh, the mystery, the mystery of that growth from the casting of the soul as a seed into the dark earth, untll the time when, led through all natural changes and cleansed of weakness, it is borne from the fields of its nativity for the long service."

The hero is an uncouth young giant who laboured in the hemp-fields of a small farm. No one, least of all his parents, recognized the strong intellect and intense piety of the lad, until the founding of a university, with its Christian Bible-school, roused his ambition to prepare for the Gospel ministry. At last, after hard work and painful sacrifice by himself and his parents, David entered college where he met with much of ridicule, which he patiently endured; but the discovery of rancour among the denominations roused his wonder and then his doubt. In entire simplicity, he carried his troubles to fellow-students, professors and pastor, but met with coldness and suspicion of a sort scarcely credible in our day, until at last he was led, less from positive convictions than from confusion of mind, from old faith to new doubt:—

"The parting of Life's road at Doubt and Faith! How many pilgrim feet throughout the ages, toiling devoutly thus far, have shrunk back before the unexpected and appalling sign! Disciples of the living Lord, saints, philosophers, scholars, priests, knights, statesmen—what a throng! What thoughts there born, prayers there ended, vows there broken, light there breaking, hearts there torn in twain! Mighty mountain rock! rising full in the road of journeying humanity. Around its base the tides of the generations dividing as part the long racing billows of the sea about some awful cliff."

David passes the parting of the ways and emerges into a richer and grander experience, which is increased by his harsh dismissal from college and church, and cruel repulsion at home, and at last is crowned with the true love of Gabriella.

The story is a stinging rebuke to religious bigotry that perhaps was not undeserved in the times when the scenes were laid. Incidentally a wrong may have been done to the Disciples and other denominations through Mr. Allen's failure to introduce the other side. He seems to include all pastors and professors in his category. Their only tolerance seems to be towards the vices of the students. The style throughout is exquisite. The plot is well developed and there are some good

descriptions. Then too, the pleasure of reading is increased by means of the large print, the elegant binding and the fine half-tone engravings, mostly picturing the hemp. L. S. H.

LUCIA'S ART.*

The majority of books written for girls are subject to criticism, because they exhibit one or the other of two faults. They either present a standard of moral and spiritual excellence so high that no ordinary girl desires to attain to it, or the whole interest of the book centres in the development of a love story. A book that is pleasingly free from these objections is Lucia's Art. In it nobility of character is portrayed, but in natural types of girlhood; high ideals and lofty purposes are depicted, but in such a way as to attract rather than repel; while a touch of romance, without which no book would be quite so readable to girls, is not lacking, yet it is not the main theme of the story.

The interest of the book centres largely in the career of Lucia as a student of the Boston Conservatory of Music. Possessed of some musical talent, and having unlimited faith in her own ability, she enters upon her work with the twofold purpose of attaining to "great things" in her much loved art, and of fitting herself to earn her own way in the world should the need arise. Her high purpose is not without the good results that come from the earnest effort to accomplish it, and she wins a measure of success, but, to her keen disappointment, is forced to acknowledge her over-estimation of her powers. Special interest is added to the story by the beautiful friendship formed between Lucia and two other students. The three live together in delightful Bohemian fashion, sharing the labor and expense of housekeeping, and helping one another by the sweet sympathy that only real girls can give. The whole book is wholesome and helpful in tone, and simple and bright in style; one that may be given a kind welcome to the library of the Sabbath school or the home circle. C. T.

A GENTLEMAN IN KHAKI.†

This is an interesting love-story, against the background of the late Boer war. The combination of love and war produce in this instance an entertaining tale, one that young and old may read with pleasure.

*Lucia's Art, or How They Did It. By Mildred Scarborough. American Baptist Publication Society.

†A Gentleman in Khaki. By John Oakley. Toronto: W. J. Gage Co., Ltd.

College News.

AROUND THE HALL.

EDITOR: C. C. SINCLAIR, '02.

THE Seniors still have the blues.

We are glad to learn that W. C. Gordon, '01, and C. C. Sinclair, '02, who have been ill with the fever, are recovering very favorably. We expect to have them in our midst again by the first of the month.

A SECOND year student has the honor of being able to speak three languages at once. On Sports Day he called out, with a loud voice, to a number of university ladies, who were passing in front of the grandstand, Setzen sie sich avec me.

THE Ladies of McMaster are not so strong numerically as they were last year. Five of our number graduated in the spring, five of those who took a very active part in our League and who were real leaders among us; and only three came to us as new students.

OVERHEARD during first practise of Ladies' Chorus.

Top Flater.—Ho! hark! help! the shrieks! murder below!

Experienced One (soothingly)—Humph! That's only the ladies getting their voices tested for their new Chorus Club.

ON the evening of Oct. 19th, the Literary Society held its first regular meeting of the present year, the chair being occupied by our worthy President, Mr. Matthews. A pleasing portion of the audience was constituted by the ladies of Moulton College. Business routine past, Dr. Lumley gave a violin solo and the President followed with a brief address, outlining the purposes of the Executive and asking co-operation in their fulfilment by every member of the Society. The debate for the evening was on "Single Tax versus the Present System." The superior merits of single tax were maintained according to the decision of Dr. Smith, which was rendered after a mandolin solo by Mr. Lailey. Those taking part were, Affirmative, R. H. Mode, M.A., and Henry Bury, '02; Negative, R. E. Guyatt, '01, and E. J. Tarr, '02. The addresses were well received, especially that of Mr. Bury.

IT is a matter of regret to the students, and especially to the senior football team, that E. Zavitz has retired from the game, owing to ill-health. His place on the team will be difficult to fill, as he was an excellent player—one of the best that McMaster has ever had. He has been captain of the team for the past two years, and it was chiefly through his management that the team has attained the reputation it now holds, which reflects much credit on Mr. Zavitz.

At the regular meeting of the Literary Society on the evening of October 26th, after the usual business discussion, Miss Blackadar opened the programme with a piano solo. Succeeding this was a selection by a male quartette composed of Messrs, Vail, Mason, Bingham, and R. McDonald. "Harvard Life" was the subject of an interesting address by Mr. W. P. Cohoe, M.A., in which he related many unique features of that historic old institution, where he spent two years as a student.

A number of new magazines and papers have been secured for the Reading Room, viz. :—"North American Notes and Queries," a monthly journal devoted to literature, history, biography, and other topics; the "North American Review," one of the best literary magazines published, discussing all the important and leading topics of the day; the "Atlantic Monthly," a very prominent literary magazine; and "The British Weekly," a journal of social and Christian progress. The committee has also ordered "Punch," but it has not yet arrived.

Student in Theology —"Professor, I don't clearly understand what Shakespeare meant when he said, "'Tis twenty years till then."

Professor in English.—"Well, you can never have been in love if you cannot understand that."

Student (after passage was explained).—"Well, I thought that was what he ——"

Professor (interrupting).—O, you did understand it then. Then my assertion about love was incorrect.

The first meeting of the Young Women's Christian Association was a devotional meeting. The President, Miss McLaurin, led the thought on the work for the year. Nearly all present took part, bringing some thought that would be helpful for the coming year. The second meeting was given up to Miss Parlin's report of the Y. W. C. A. Conference at Northfield, this summer. At the last meeting Miss Selden read a paper on "Personal Responsibility." A happy feature of this meeting was the spontaneous way in which all took part.

The final conflict of '01 with the chaos of the unknown will be under the supervision of this competent official staff: President, A. C. Watson; Vice-President, Miss E. R. Delmage; Secretary-Treasurer, F. N. Armstrong; Corresponding Secretary, A. H. Fairchild; Bard, E. A. Brownlee; Historian, Miss E. McLaurin; Orator, R. E. Sayles. Messrs. Haydon and Sayles will conduct the struggle for honours in football and hockey, respectively. '01 have reason to be proud of Ed. Sayles, who came out champion on Field Day.

The Literary Society held its regular meeting on Friday evening, Nov. 2nd, President Matthews occupying the chair. The business discussion was followed by an instructive and entertaining address

by Mr. Henry Procter, B.A., on "John Bull at Home." Mr. A. E. Haydon gave an interesting sketch of the development of "Greek Tragedy." Mr. M. D. Coltman rendered a vocal solo, expressive of his longing for the blue-grass home of his childhood, and Mr. A. B. Cohoe gave an address on the "Kentucky Author, James Lane Allen." The meeting closed with singing the National Anthem.

On the evening of Nov. 9th, the regular meeting of the Literary Society was held. An important item of business was the appointment of Messrs. E. W. Parsons, B A., and J. R. Coutts, to vindicate the honor of McMaster in the debate with Trinity University. The programme opened with a vocal solo by Mr. E. A. Brownlee, which was succeeded by a humorous reading, rendered by Mr. J. N. McLean, in his inimitable fashion. Mr. H. H. Bingham gave a solo, and the debate followed; the subject was, "Resolved, that the Independence of Canada is preferable to her present colonial position." After a piano solo by Mr. E. J. Farmer, the judge's decision was rendered by Dr. Newman in favor of the negative.

That refrain, old and yet again new, which seems to be most popular this term in both 1st year Arts, and 1st year Theology, is "Just one girl! only one!" One of the freshmen has been heard to remark, "Economic students say scarcity increases value." We, believing it, value accordingly our "Just one girl."

Professor to brilliant student: Can you tell me of anything not related to time and space.

Student, thoughtfully.—No, Professor.

Professor.—Is love related to time and space?

Student, eagerly and emphatically.—Yes, sir.

Professor.—O, I see you catch on, as they say.

Glee Club.—Since the beginning of the term, many of the students have been very desirous of seeing the Glee Club reorganized. The Club, formerly under the direction of Mr. McAlpine and later of Mr. Fletcher, has been disbanded for some time, but wishes culminated in action, and agitation resulted in the calling of a meeting on October 4th, at which it was decided to reorganize the Club. The following officers were elected: President, E. A. Brownlee; Vice-Pres., H. Bryant; Sec. Treas., J. A. McDonald; Musical Director, C. C. Lumley; Pianist, C. Sinclair; Custodian, J. Janes. Since organization, the Club, with a membership consisting of twenty-six voices, has been meeting once each week, but after the close of the athletic season, will meet twice each week. The director expresses great satisfaction with the number of voices, and the Club is fortunate in having within its circle voices so well qualified to assist as those of Messrs. Bryant, Coltman, and Bingham. We have others.

The Ladies' Literary League has been organized for this session with the following efficient officers :—President, Miss Sanders ; Vice-President, Miss Wallace ; Secretary, Miss Munro ; Treasurer, Miss K. McLaurin ; Pianist, Miss Blackadar.

Two meetings have been held thus far. The principal feature of the first one was an open debate on the question of woman suffrage. All took part in a bright and interesting manner. The replies were quickly given and to the point. The second meeting was of a musical character. Three very able essays, full of information, were given on the lives of Beethoven, Chopin, and Mendelsohn by Miss Wallace, Miss Swalm and Miss McLay. The reading of the essays was interspersed with two pleasing vocal solos, given by Miss Phillips and Miss L. McLaurin.

McMaster gave of her spirit to the welcome extended to the returning soldiers on the 5th inst. Relieved of lectures, our young patriots soon had the building prettily and appropriately decorated with streamers of red, white and blue. From the upper windows scores of flags gave evidence of loyal hearts within. Promptly at 11.45 a.m., our students—carrying pennons bearing the words "Welcome Home"—assembled, and marshalled by Messrs. A. B. Cohoe and J. E Hawkings, marched to 'Varsity campus and united with the students of the various colleges for the procession of the afternoon. The march was enlivened by college songs and many humorous incidents, but only a superior quality of patriotism could have maintained the enthusiasm manifested from beginning to end of a long and exciting march.

On the afternoon of the 6th inst., the Rev. A. G. Baker, B. A., B.Th., Mrs. Baker, and Miss Bertha E. Gile, B.A., left for Bolivia to join Mr. A. B. Reekie and his devoted helpers, in their noble work. At the morning chapel in McMaster Hall a most impressive service was held, when the usual order was abandoned. Appropriate hymns were sung, interspersed with loving words of farewell from the Chancellor, and heart-felt prayers by Dr. Welton and the Rev. Andrew Imrie. Mr. Baker and Miss Gile addressed a few parting words to their fellow-students testifying to benefits received at McMaster, and expressing once more their ardent desire to serve God in Bolivia. In the afternoon a large number gathered at the Union Station to bid a final farewell In addition to the Chancellor and Faculty and students of the University, there were present many friends of the missionaries. Among the number were the Hon. John Dryden, Rev. E. T. Fox and Rev. J. G. Brown. The company sang appropriate hymns, and the train drew away amid the hearty cheers of the students. May God's richest blessing rest upon their labors !

Debating Club.—At the beginning of the term, it was found that the Literary Society would not be able to give an opportunity for

debating to all those who wished to do so. Then, again, it was thought that if a Debating Society were formed, it might be beneficial to the Society by providing debaters who had had experience in debating. So a few enthusiasts called a meeting of those interested in the matter, at which it was decided to form a Debating Club. A committee of five, appointed to draft a constitution, brought in the following report, which was adopted at a subsequent meeting, and which suggested: (*a*) That there be appointed a Chairman, Secretary and a committee of three, the five forming an Executive to select subjects for debate and arrange programmes; (*b*) that the meetings take place at 1.30 p.m. on Saturday of each week; (*c*) that the meetings last from thirty minutes to an hour; (*d*) that the students of McMaster constitute the membership. At the same meeting the following officers were appointed: Chairman, V. A. Ray; Secretary, P. A. McDiarmid; Committee, R. V. Bellamy, D. J. Welsh and F. C. Mabee. On the 11th inst. the Club met, when the first debate took place. The subject was: "Resolved, That the Reading of Novels is not Commendable," Mr. V.E. Reid being the leader of the Affirmative, and Mr. C. A. Grant of the Negative. The audience was divided into two opposing sides, and when the leaders had spoken, the meeting was thrown open, members of either side speaking alternately. No decision was arrived at, but in future a committee, appointed for the purpose, will be arbitrators. From present indications, the Debating Club promises to be one of the most interesting organizations of the year.

Autumn Convocation.—The Autumn Convocation was held on October the 12th, in Bloor Street Church. A large and representative audience assembled. The opening exercises were conducted by Dr. Thomas and Rev. P. C. Parker, after which Chancellor Wallace stated his programme for the future. The Chancellor in opening made a suitable and touching reference to the late Dr. Rand, whose personality and influence will be greatly missed in the University. As to changes in the professoriate the Chancellor announced that they had been fortunate in securing the services of Dr. Wm. Clark, of Trinity College, for English, and of Dr. F. Tracy, for Education. Both chairs were rendered vacant by Dr. Rand's death. There was also another change in the Science Department. Professor A. B. Willmott had been called to another field of labor, and Mr. Wallace P. Cohoe, M.A, had been appointed to succeed him. During the evening Mr. Cohoe made an appropriate address, giving a brief history of scientific research, in which he paid a suitable tribute to Professor Willmott. The Chancellor was also glad to report the opening of the new campus, and to state that the ground had been broken for the erection of our new chapel. The principal speaker of the evening, Mr. W. S. W. McLay, M.A., was then introduced. He took for his subject the "Popular Ballads of the Thirteenth Century," specially those of English and Scotch origin. The lecturer pointed out their literary importance, and lyrical and communal character. They were not labored and philosophical, but were natural stories from every day life which

appealed to the heart and emotions. They could be divided into four classes, the historical, heroic, supernatural and miscellaneous. All great poets and writers had acknowledged and admired them, and the speaker added that as Canadians we would be richly rewarded by making their acquaintance. At the close of the lecture Mr. McLay was warmly applauded for the masterly and attractive manner in which he presented his subject.

Football.—Again McMaster football teams have done credit to the University in both senior and intermediate Inter-Collegiate Leagues, but owing to a little premature fall of snow, it is very doubtful whether or not the series will be finished. However, most of the matches have been played, and, so far, this Institution has done exceedingly well. All the games have been hotly contested and much enthusiasm has been manifested by the students of the different Universities. The boys have turned out in large numbers and great excitement has existed at every game. The League during the past few years has become more interesting, every team struggling hard for laurels for their respective Universities, and the best of true sportsmanship now exists between them. All the friends of McMaster will be pleased to learn of the high standing taken by both the senior and second teams. They have been diligently training and deserve all honor due to them. The senior team has been somewhat at a disadvantage, for it has had to play two matches in very disagreeable, rainy weather; otherwise, the result would be even better than it has been. Especially was this the case in the game against the Dental College. McMaster played far superior ball and were continually playing in their opponents' territory, but, owing to the mud, and the ball being wet and heavy, the shooting was inaccurate. It was not until last year that our teams made a very pronounced standing in the League. They have followed up this year, and have attained even better results, and would do credit to any University. It will be a matter of much regret, especially to the students, if the weather does not permit of the playing of the rest of the games. The senior series has become so complicated, that it is difficult to pick the winner. In B series, McMaster has drawn with the Dentals and 'Varsity, has won one game, and still has one to play, which we are confident of winning. The game between 'Varsity and the Dentals will tell the tale. If either of them win, then we will be out of the finals. If, perchance, they draw, then they, with McMaster, will be tied for first place. The winner of these teams will then play the winner of A series for the championship of the League. Our intermediate team has been a great surprise this year. Last year the team played a fast game, but being strengthened this year by a number of Woodstock College students, has played exceptionally well, having won every match which it has played, defeating 'Varsity II, 2 to 1; Normal School, 3 to 1; Dentals, 1 to 0.

The inter-year matches have commenced and much interest is being manifested. The first game was played on Tuesday, Nov. 13th,

between '04 and '01, the latter winning by a score of 2 goals to 1. However, the result hardly signifies the superiority of the victors, as the freshmen put up a remarkably brilliant game, and, especially during the last half, were continually shooting on their opponents' goal. Both teams were at a disadvantage, owing to the deep snow and a blasting snow storm. On Wednesday, Nov. 14th, '03 and '02 played the second game, the latter winning by a score of 3 to 2. At half time the score was 2 to 0 in favor of '02. The playing was brilliant at times on both teams.

Fyfe Missionary Society—The Fyfe Missionary Society held its first meeting of the present college year on the 22nd of October. The morning session was unusually well attended, the service being in commemoration of the late Dr. Rand who had at all times a deep interest in the Society, and at the time of his death was its President. Chancellor Wallace, acting as chairman, selected those hymns which had been the favorites of Dr. Rand—hymns which the students were wont to sing with a new zeal when he read them in his inimitable manner.

Mr. McLay, long associated with him as lecturer in English, spoke on Dr. Rand as a poet, making especial reference to the lofty teaching permeating all his poetry. At the close of his address, Mr. McLay read a few of his shorter poems. Dr. Goodspeed gave an address on Dr. Rand as an educationist, showing not only the greatness of his work in laying the foundations of the present educational systems of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, but also the loftiness of his educational ideals. A very fine address was given by Mr. R. C. Matthews, on Dr. Rand as a teacher, wherein especial reference was made to the Christian spirit of Dr. Rand's teaching, his love of virtue, and his hopeful, human, and sympathetic disposition. Dr. Welton, who had been intimately acquainted with him for forty-five years, spoke in a most touching manner on Dr. Rand as a friend. The benediction, pronounced by Dr. Eaton, brought to a close this memorial service, in which the prevailing feeling was that of irreparable loss.

At the afternoon session the annual election of officers took place, resulting thus :—Honorary President, Chancellor Wallace ; President, Dr. Welton ; Vice-president, J. D. McLachlan, B.A. ; Recording Secretary, H. Procter, B.A. ; Corresponding Secretary, W. E. Robertson, B.A. ; Treasurer, Dr. Newman ; Committee, Dr. Goodspeed, Dr. Farmer, L. H. Thomas, B.A., R. C. Matthews, J. R. Coutts, R. H. Mode, M A., and the President of the Student Volunteer Band. Following this, Mr. V. A. Ray reported on the work at Taylor Street Mission, and C. J. Triggerson, B.A., gave an account of his very successful summer's work at Maxville, Dominionville and Pigeon Hill.

The special address of the afternoon was delivered by Dr. La Fleur, of Montreal. The venerable doctor referred in felicitous

terms to the honour bestowed upon him last spring by this University. He spoke of his associations with Madame Feller, fifty years ago, and then referred to the fact that he had been a Roman Catholic who came to see the Light when only sixteen years of age. This was through reading the Bible and finding there solutions to the problems which had perplexed his young mind, and which had not been satisfactorily answered by the priests to whom he applied. Dr. La Fleur spoke earnestly of the great work done at Grande Ligne; not less than four thousand French Canadians, scattered over the United States and Canada, had passed through that Institution But Grande Ligne needs a new wing on the building immediately; seventy applicants were refused this fall through lack of room. Then he referred to his studies at Geneva University, mentioning the eminent preachers and professors whom he had heard and known there, and, by special request, addressed the Society in French. Dr. La Fleur's visit and address will be long remembered by our students.

In response to the request of Chancellor Wallace, Rev. Mr. Boswell gave a brief address, referring to the persecution of converts in Quebec, which made it necessary for them to seek a livelihood elsewhere. Thus was concluded a profitable session, and a day ever to remain in the memory of many present.

Field Day.—Although McMaster does not boast as large an attendance as several of her more pretentious sisters, still through the commendable *esprit de corps* of her students she is able to undertake and to carry out successfully all the functions of college life. This is shown especially on Field Day. For several preceding weeks all the athletes of the University may be seen training vigorously; and even those who have but little agility or swiftness, feel that they must exercise that little for the honor of their year. And so it happens that, when the sports at last come, there is a sufficient number of entries to make each contest interesting.

October 26th dawned bright and clear, giving every promise of a grand Field Day. Towards two o'clock the students and their friends, who were not a few, began to assemble in 'Varsity Athletic Field, and soon the grand-stand was marked out by the banners of the various years. The seniors had to grope around without one for a while, as Freddy Armstrong, their standard-bearer, happened for once to be late. Not least, or we may say foremost, among the occupants of the grand-stand were the ladies of Moulton College, who turned out in full strength, and gave the scene a bright and cheerful appearance. Soon announcer Bury declared that the service would be opened with the 100-yard dash. Then the other events followed, and much speculation was rife as to which man had the best chance of winning the championship. There was a conspicuous absence of enthusiasm in the grand-stand, and this is to be regretted. But now when we look back we can account for it; for a peculiar feeling, an intuition, possessed the spectators, which, being put into words, meant that there would be

rain that afternoon. Nevertheless, so long as the sun shone, everybody remained, and at times Moulton summoned up courage to give its soft, flute-like yell, while from the Theology throne John Enge, who was never known as a weather-prophet, hurled defiance upon all arts men and all clouds in the world. The events and the winners in the first day's sports are the following :—100-yard dash : 1st, Cohoe ; 2nd, Sinclair ; 3rd, Haydon. Putting the Shot : 1st, Haydon ; 2nd, McLaurin ; 3rd, McNeil. Pole Vault : 1st, Haydon ; 2nd, Sayles ; 3rd, Grant. 220-yard Run : 1st, Sayles ; 2nd Cohoe ; 3rd, Haydon. High Jump : 1st, Sinclair ; 2nd, Poapst ; 3rd, Cohoe. Quarter Mile Run : 1st, Sayles ; 2nd, Farmer ; 3rd, Poapst. Fatigue Race : 1st, Mann and Haydon ; 2nd, Meldrum and Grant ; 3rd, McDonald and Mihell. Running Broad Jump : 1st, Sinclair ; 2nd, Cohoe ; 3rd, Farmer. Kicking the Football : 1st, Vail ; 2nd, Lailey ; 3rd, McLaurin. Half Mile Run : 1st, Meldrum ; 2nd, Mihell ; 3rd, Hélie. Three-legged Race : 1st, Lailey and McDonald ; 2nd, Sales and Haydon ; 3rd, Meldrum and Grant. Hereupon old J. Pluvius moved that the sports be postponed for a few days, so the people adjourned somewhat hurriedly and the fellows went home to talk of the results. It was found that Haydon had beaten the college record for putting the shot, by 23 inches ; and that Sinclair had jumped one-half inch nearer the moon than a McMaster student had ever done before.

On account of football matches, public demonstrations, and bad weather, it seemed difficult to get a day to continue the sports ; but at length November 12th was decided upon. The weather was cold and windy, hence few spectators were present.

Much regret was expressed that Mr. Sinclair, who had taken the largest number of points the first day, had been obliged to go home on account of illness. Three events were contested. In the hop-step-and-jump, Cohoe won first place, Farmer second, and Sayles third. Sayles finished first in the mile run, very prettily, while Fraser barely kept Hélie out of second place. The team race was won in gallant style by the freshmen, who did not seem to care for the company of the representatives of '01 and '02 struggling on far in the rear. Upon summing up the points of the whole contest, the secretary found that R. E. Sayles had 19 points, A. B. Cohoe 17 and C. C. Sinclair 13. Accordingly, the first-named gentleman gains the Chancellor's medal and the McNaught cup, while the other two get the first and second Association medals respectively. A lively interest in these sports was maintained by the action of Mr. Matthews, who has generously donated a valuable cup, which shall be won by the year capturing the largest number of points on field day, and also in the football and hockey matches. The respective standing of the years are as follows :—Year '01, 43 points ; '02, 28 points ; '03, 10 points ; '04, 28 points ; theology, 17 points. The committee in charge of the sports are to be congratulated on the success of their arrangements, and it is a source of satisfaction to them that the gate receipts were larger than usual. The thanks of the Athletic Association are also due to Messrs. James Ryrie, Dr. Hooper and Dr. Porter, who were present and kindly acted as field officers.

MOULTON COLLEGE.

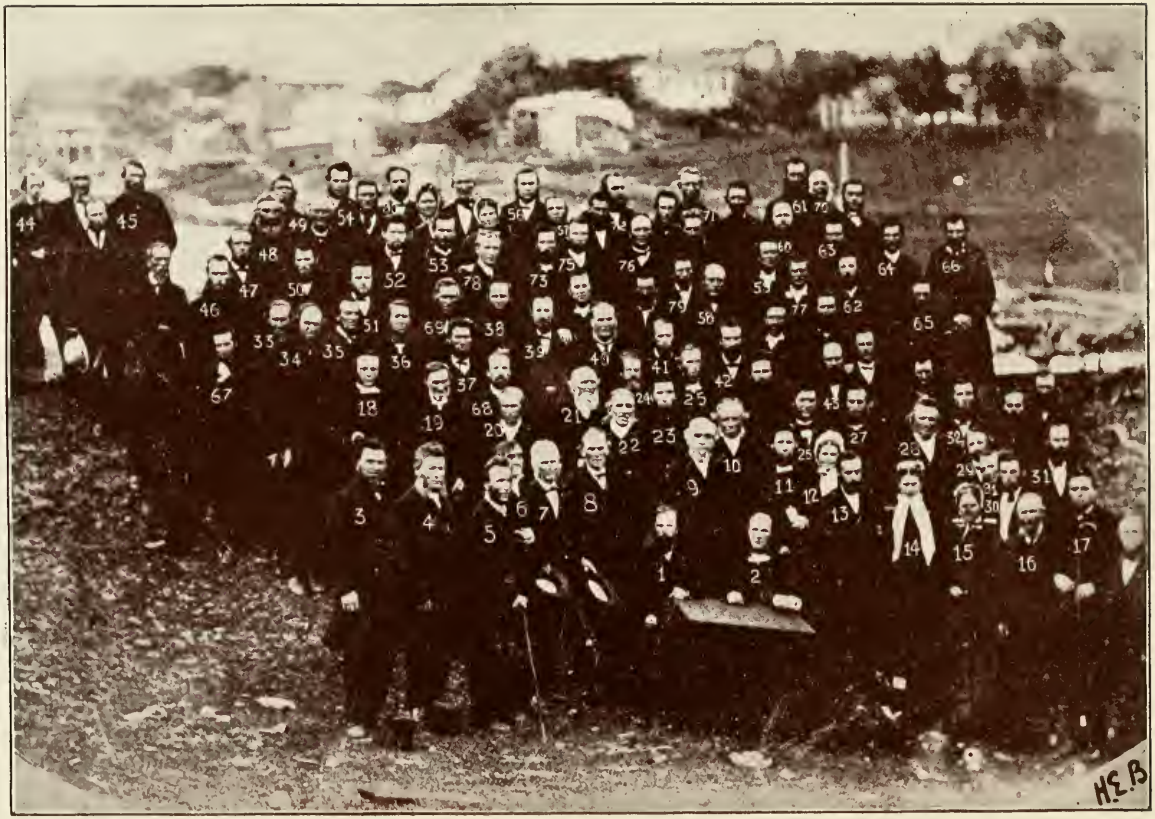
EDITOR : MISS E. L. MACGREGOR.

ON the evening of November 9th, our Chapel was crowded with friends of the College, who had come to hear Professor Clark's interesting lecture on "The Holy Grail." No one present could have failed to thoroughly enjoy the talk given by Dr. Clark, and the selections read from the "Idylls of the King," greatly added to the pleasure of the evening.

MOULTON girls have enjoyed a rare treat during the past few weeks. We have always kept in touch with Mrs. McMaster, the foundress of our College, but our intercourse has been chiefly by letter. It was therefore a great surprise to all, a few weeks ago, when having assembled as usual for our Chapel exercises, Mrs. McMaster entered the room. Since that time she has been with us on several occasions, always with a few earnest loving words of advice for her "daughters." As a result of her visit, our Library now contains a beautiful set of the works of Jane Austen, and a handsome silver card tray ornaments the hat-rack in the hall.

HALLOW-E'EN CELEBRATION.—It has long been the custom in Moulton to celebrate Hallow-e'en, and although in other years the evening has always been one of unusual pleasure, yet, it is safe to say, that the entertainment of a few weeks ago, far surpassed that of any preceding year. In the dining room the students sat by classes, and each class had decorated its table with its own flowers and colors. Palms and bunting also helped to make the room exceedingly beautiful.

After a bountiful supper, Miss Bertha E. Cassidy, President of Senior Class, proposed the following toasts : "The Queen," "Our Guest," "Canada," "Hallow-e'en," "Our University," "Our Gymnasium," "The Seniors" and "The Men." On returning to the games drawing-room an hour was merrily passed in playing many of the distinctively connected with Hallow-e'en. The evening was brought to a close by a political meeting in the Chapel, in which the Liberal view was upheld by Misses MacDonald and Vaux, as Sir Wilfred Laurier and Mr. Tarte, while Sir Charles Tupper and Mr. Foster were represented by Misses Grott and Dryden.



Delegates to Ingersoll Convention, 1867.

THE

McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY

DECEMBER, 1900.

A MEMORABLE MEETING.

I.

The accompanying cut represents one of the great epochal events in Canadian Baptist history. Ontario and Quebec Baptists had been for years engaged in organized Home Mission work. Drs. Davidson, Fyfe and others had travelled thousands of miles in the far West and North, while Dempsey and McPhail did similar work in the East. Grand Ligne had an existence, a precarious one, in Quebec. Montreal Baptist College had been born into a disunited family and had died after giving us some noble men. Woodstock College had been in existence for half a dozen years, binding together East and West, North and South, and preparing the soil for "the growing time."

This was the state of affairs, when a lone missionary mother from Burma came along, sowing seed by the wayside. Mrs. Vinton was her name. She was invited to address the Judson Missionary Society. Many hearts were stirred by her wonderful story. The seed fell into one good and honest heart, that great heart belonged to A. V. Timpany, and he was the heart and soul of the great meeting in Ingersoll, in October, 1867. Previous to this, great-hearted, far-seeing men, like Dr. Fyfe and Deacon William Craig, John Bates, and maybe others had sent gifts and prayers across the seas, but they were very few.

But now a new era is dawning. The little man with the quivering lip, the flashing eye, and the glowing heart, has been for six months among the churches, and with his eyes the people have been seeing myriads of Telugus dying without Christ; with his ears they have been hearing the Macedonian cry, "Come over and help us." Only it is an Asiatic cry now.

So the people are coming; the old and the young, pastor and professor, deacon and student, with hundreds of others, are hurrying to this great sight. It was a great day for Canadian Baptists. The first born of their enlarging spiritual vision is going forth, the first strand of the cable which is to open communication between them and the perishing heathen is being thrown across the waves. For the first time the people have caught God's idea, that God's evangel is world-wide.

But the purpose of this sketch is not to give a history of the meeting, but principally to fasten as many as possible of the names in the accompanying picture, before they pass from memory. I am sorry that I cannot recognize all of them, but I was quite young and only a student at the time, but I will do my best. We will begin at the bottom and proceed generally from left to right.

1, Sitting at the table is A. T. Wood, Esq., then President of the Convention, lately Liberal M. P. for Hamilton; 2, Dr. T. L. Davidson, for several years before and after this Secretary of Home Missions. To the left again, 3, Rev. Elijah Clark, Jerseyville; 4, Rev. J. Vining; 5, Rev. Charles Walker, St. Catharines; 6, Rev. Father Gerrie, Innerkip; 7, Rev. Alex. Stewart, "Father Stewart," who still survives, blessings on his silver crown! 8, Benjamin Bell, Esq., St. George, for many years Treasurer of Home Missions; 9, Rev. Dr. Caldicott, of Bond St., now Jarvis St., Toronto; 10, Rev. John Bates, a John, a Paul and an Apollos, rolled into one; 11, Dr. Wm. Stewart, then Foreign Mission Secretary, now in the Bible Training School, Toronto. 12, Mrs, John Bates, whose whole family rise up and call her blessed. 13, Rev. A. V. Timpany, dauntless, tireless, ardent: his name is written large upon the heart of the denomination. In India his memory is blessed. 14, Mrs. Timpany, daughter of John Bates, is still with us; 15, Mrs. Timpany, mother of the missionary; 16, Deacon Timpany, the father, is still living.

17, Rev. John Stumpf, Tavistock; 18, Rev. A. McFadyen; 19, Rev. Dr. Cooper, the saintly pastor at London; 20, Rev. John Dempsey, Port Hope, lately passed away; 21, Rev. Mr. Clutton, Aylmer; 22, Father Beardsall, retired, Ingersoll; 23, Rev. T. Baldwin, pastor at Ingersoll; 24, Rev. Thomas Henderson,

Paris; 25, Rev. John Cameron; 26, Dr. Murdock, Home Secretary, American Baptist Missionary Union, Boston, U. S.; 27, Rev. R. B. Montgomery, Scotland; 28, Dr. Fyfe, whom few, even now, need to have described; 29, S. B. Scott, Montreal; 30, Rev. J. W. Clarke; 31, Rev. Charles Northrup; 32, Deacon Pavey, Woodstock; 33, Deacon John McDiarmid, Sparta; 34, Rev. D. McNeill; 35, Rev. F. Ratcliffe; 36, Rev. A. Slaght, Waterford; 37, Rev. Ezra Turner; 38, R. J. Lobb; 39, Prof. J. C. Yule; 40, Rev. S. McConnell; 41, Dr. Crawford; 42, Rev. C. Perrin, now of Chicago; 43, Deacon Wellstead, of London.

Beginning at the top left hand corner, 44, Rev. E. M. Rice; 45, Rev. D. McCaul, Emerson; 46, Rev. J. B. Moore; 47, Rev. T. McDonald; 48, Uncle Archie McDonald, student; 49, Deacon Woodbourne, London; 50, Rev. D. Baldwin; 51, Rev. James Coutts; 52, Dr. J. L. Campbell, now of New York; 53 John McLaurin, Missionary; 54, Rev. A. McDonald, Pioneer to Manitoba, 55, Rev. T. Lafleur, editor *L'Aurore,* Montreal; 56, T. Howland, M. D., Huntsville; 57, Rev. R. McClelland; 58, Rev. Hoyes Lloyd, editor of *The Canadian Baptist*; 59, Rev. M. Gold; 60, Rev. E. D. Sherman; 61, Rev. S. Cunningham; 62, Rev. E. Chesney; 63, Rev. J. G. Calder, Detroit; 64, Rev. Mr. Burton; 65, Rev. James Mackie; 66, Rev. Theo. Booker.

JOHN MCLAURIN.

II.

Come with me to the convention held in Ingersoll, in October, 1867, when A. V. Timpany and his young wife were designated for the foreign field. It was the romance of missions then, but it was the peril of missions, too. There was no Suez Canal; the Atlantic cable was yet a new thing; Asia was vastly farther away then than now. Missionaries had to sail around Africa, and it took Timpany and his wife nearly six months to reach Madras; seven weeks longer than it took Judson to reach Calcutta in 1812. Our missionaries, too, were going among a strange people, the very spelling of whose name was yet in doubt. Who could tell what bonds and afflictions were in store for them or whether we should ever see their faces again? It is Thursday evening, October 17th. The church edifice, in Ingersoll, is

packed to the door. Dr. Caldicott is in the chair. The first annual report of the society is read by Rev. Wm. Stewart, its first secretary. Dr. Murdock speaks grandly for an hour, but the interest centres on Timpany and when he rises the tension is almost painful in its intensity. And what an address! The pent up emotions of years, the struggles and consecration which led to that hour, the rending of every tie which bound him to home and college and native land, seemed to find utterance in those words of impassioned fervor. Men's hearts were thrilled and thrilled. The audience is swayed like a field of ripened wheat before a summer breeze. Dr. Davison is at his very best as he pledges to the young missionaries the love and loyal support of the denomination. Father Bates prays and he is the most cheerful man in the house. But more is wanted. The atmosphere is surcharged. And the electric spark is furnished when the secretary announces that a little over fifty dollars is needed yet to complete the missionary outfit,

Then followed a scene which is wholly indescribable. Men sprang to their feet all over the house. Contributions of $25, $10, $5, and $1, came pouring in faster than the secretary could take down the amounts. They emptied their pocket-books; they pledged on behalf of themselves, their churches, their wives and their children. What mattered it that the amount asked for was far exceeded? The giving went on all the same. What mattered it that Dr. Murdock was put up to speak? The giving broke out anew the instant he was done. What mattered it that they were asked to desist? They would not desist; they would not break up. Ministers who had been estranged and had passed each other for years without token of recognition, met in the church aisles and fell on each other's necks and wept, and then turned and publicly confessed their wrong and went about arm in arm like brothers after that. Good old Dr. Caldicott rose and repeated the stanza of the hymn,—

"My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss."

It was after midnight before the audience could be persuaded to disperse. Next morning brethren came and asked yet to be

allowed to give. The parting delegates walked about as if under the influence of a Divine spell. They spoke in low tones and there was no levity or merriment anywhere.

I was, at the time, a student in Woodstock and had come up with many of the other students to be at these designation services. At the railway station the next morning Dr. Fyfe laid his kindly hand upon my shoulder and said,—"My young brother, if your life is spared, you may see great meetings, but you will never again see such a meeting as that," and I never shall. It was a day of Pentecost when the Holy Spirit was poured out upon our denomination. It was the seal of Divine approval stamped upon this blessed work. In the glow of that farewell meeting, the different elements of which we were composed were melted and welded into a unity. It marked an epoch. The whole body was at once lifted up to a higher plane. The future historian of our denomination, if he writes truly, will in an important sense, date the real beginning of its true history from that never-to-be-forgotten night.

"Give me a great thought that I may live upon it" exclaimed the German poet. The "great thought" given to our brethren on that day was the condition of the vast continents beyond the seas, yet perishing in heathen darkness; and in its appalling magnitude, lesser thoughts died out, discords and divisions vanished, reflex waves of blessing swept over the land, and the denomination arose in conscious strength and entered on an era of unprecedented prosperity.

J. L. Campbell.

III.

At the request of the editor, I subjoin some additional names of those brethren whom I am able to identify in the group:—67 is H. M. Parson, then of Toronto; 68, Rev. William Muir, afterward editor of the *Canadian Baptist;* 69, L. J. Clarke, of Aylmer, Ont.; 70, Deacon Rowley Kilborne, of Beamsville, the first president of the Convention; 71, A. T. McCord, city chamberlain of Toronto; 72, Thomas Lailey, another prominent Toronto Baptist; 73, Rev. A. E. Kitchen; 74, Rev. Joel Reddick; 75, Rev. M. McGregor; 76, Rev. W. H.

Haviland; 77, Rev. R. Dunlop; 78, T. Amyrauld, of Sherbrooke, Que.; 79, Rev. H. Fitch, Jr.; 80, Prof. J. Wells, then of the Woodstock Institute, and afterwards editor of the *Canadian Baptist;* and last, but not least, 81, the late lamented William Craig, of Port Hope, prominently connected for many years with both the home and foreign missionary work of the denomination.

A few supplemental notes may be added to the graphic account of the meeting furnished by my friend, Dr. J. L. Campbell, of New York. It could not be called a large Convention, for not more than one hundred delegates were present, and the little church-edifice in which it met could not hold many more than two hundred. The chairman during the first part of the meeting was the late Thomas S. Shenstone, Esq., Brantford, for years the faithful Treasurer, and afterwards the honored president of the Foreign Mission Society. Owing to official duties he had to leave for home before the meeting closed, and at his request Dr. Caldicott presided for the latter part of the evening. During the address of the missionary-elect, Bro. Timpany, the audience was aroused to wonderful interest; but it was in connection with the prayer of good Father Bates that the spirit of consecration came. Only those who were permitted to be present can understand the holy enthusiasm that was evoked. The people could not be restrained from giving. Subscriptions were brought up to the Secretary's table by Rev. Thomas Baldwin, pastor of the Ingersoll church, from the one aisle of the building, and by Rev. Dr. Davidson, from the other aisle, faster than I could note them down or count the money. In all, the offering amounted to about *one thousand dollars* in cash and in pledges that were speedily redeemed. At one point of intense interest, Dr Caldicott said, in his slow and emphatic baritone: "Brethren, I always loved you, but I never loved you as I do to-night"; and a little later, it was Dr. Murdock, of Boston, who quoted the appropriate couplet:

> "My willing soul would stay
> In such a frame as this."

In May of that same year, 1867, at least four of those who were present at the Ingersoll Convention had attended

the vast Baptist gathering held in Chicago. From the invitation issued, it was called the "Come one, come all" Convention. And they came! They attended, not by the hundreds, but by the thousands, and many had to sleep on the cushions of the churches. It was a marvellous meeting for bigness. But the designation-meeting at Ingersoll was marvellous for spiritual power. It was the answer to the prayer of the text from which Dr. Caldicott preached the introductory sermon of the Convention, "O Lord, revive thy work." It was the Pentecost, not only of the young Foreign Mission Society, but in some sense of the whole denomination in these provinces.

The origin and early history of our Foreign Mission work are full of thrilling interest. When the story comes to be written, the question proposed at the Convention held in Woodstock in 1857, "Ought Canadian Baptists, as such, to have an independent Foreign Mission? or, Ought they to co-operate with existing organizations?" will be found to be the starting point of the movement. Then the opening of the Canadian Literary Institute at Woodstock, in 1860, with its influence in unifying the churches, and especially in developing the missionary zeal of Americus V. Timpany, the boy from the farm-house in Bayham township, who had read with eager delight the "Travels of Captain Cook," and stories of missionary trials and triumphs, must be taken into account. The meeting of six Baptist ministers, at the Convention of October, 1866, in the study of the parsonage house at Beamsville, in conference with Dr. Murdock, of the Missionary Union of Boston, was another important event which can not be overlooked. Above all, the undoubted fact must be recognized, that a young and growing denomination, bearing the name and inheriting the spirit of Baptists, could not longer lie under the imputation of doing nothing to send the Gospel to the regions beyond. These and other facts and influences met in happy combination, but the real reason of the origin and rapid growth of the movement is, that "God was in it." What the poet Montgomery said about the formation of the English Baptist Mission under Carey and Fuller, may be said of it: "It was a God-given

inspiration: it was a spark from heaven, and it has set the world in a blaze." The marked success which has been vouchsafed to the Canadian Baptist Mission to the Telugus, and the reflex blessings which have come through it to the churches in these provinces, furnish abundant proof that God indeed was in it.

WILLIAM STEWART.

"AND IT CAME TO PASS."

Mary and her little child
Rested in the twilight mild,—
The mother mused; the infant smiled.

Was this Jesus? this her boy?
Was the earth so full of joy?

And the kine regarded Him
Meekly, with an instinct dim,
Till the stars began to glim.

Even then the darkness seemed
Different, for a radiance gleamed,

Shining on the rugged fur
Of Joseph's mantle, as by her
He watched all night, and did not stir.

And a hush came o'er the spot,
Within the inn they wist it not.

Humble-hearted shepherds came,
Eyes with eagerness aflame,
And with joy they praised His name:

"Hosanna! 'Twas the angels' word:
'A Saviour which is Christ the Lord'!"

Bethlehem again was still,
Save to its comrades on the hill
A camel's cry rose, wan and shrill:

"Why do we go to Bethlehem?"
And cries came back from each of them.

Royal the Magi's habitude,
Holy and reverent their mood
As they beheld Christ's babyhood.

Mary marvelled: gold and myrrh
They offered to the son of her!

The Sun his glorious banner raised
And waved, and warmed the flocks that grazed—
Now for this wonder God be praised!

Still Mary's arm embraced the child
Who, while she mused, divinely smiled.

G. Herbert Clarke.

Chicago, Ill.

THE TEACHING OF THE PROPHETS REGARDING SALVATION.

(Concluded.)

5. Its Author. Nor need we linger long in pointing out who, according to the prophets, is the author of salvation, for in the Old Testament as in the New Testament, the author of salvation is always and only God. It is ever God who blots out transgression and forgives sin; it is to God that the ends of the earth must look in order to be saved. The glow of the prophetic consciousness is kindled at the thought of God's great mercy. "Who is a God like unto thee, that pardoneth iniquity, and passeth by the transgression of the remnant of his heritage?" (Micah vii. 18.) It is in Jehovah that all saving hopes are centred. "I will heal their backsliding, I will love them freely; for mine anger is turned away from him. I will be as the dew

unto Israel." (Hosea xiv. 4, 5.) The great mistake that the people have made is that they have forsaken Jehovah the fountain of living waters, and hewed themselves out cisterns, broken cisterns, that can hold no water. (Jer. ii. 13.)

Their idea of God as the only Saviour is also defined negatively. To trust in human power is folly: "Woe unto the rebellious children . . . that walk to go down into Egypt, and have not asked at my mouth; to strengthen themselves in the strength of Pharaoh, and to trust in the shadow of Egypt! Therefore shall the strength of Pharaoh be your shame, and the trust in the shadow of Egypt your confusion:" (Isa. xxx. 1, 2.) It is equal folly to trust in the alleged mediums of the Spirit-world. "And when they shall say unto you, Seek unto them that have familiar spirits and unto the wizards, that chirp and mutter: should not a people seek unto their God?" (Is. viii. 19.) Upon idols also their words of burning scorn descend: "Who hath fashioned a God, or molten a graven image that is profitable for nothing? Behold, all his fellow[illegible]d.' (Is. xliv. 10.)

But in Jehovah is all fullness of salvation. He has no pleasure in the death of him that dieth (Ez. xxxiii. 11.) His heart throbs with compassion. "How shall I give thee up, Ephraim? how shall I deliver thee, Israel?" (Hos. xi. 8.) He is the only real source of hope. "Yet I am the Lord thy God from the land of Egypt, and thou shalt know no God but me; and beside me there is no Saviour." (Hos. xiii. 4.) It is true that theology had not yet learned to distinguish at all fully between the Father and the Son and the Holy Spirit. The power to make that distinction came later when God's Son came into the world. But although the men of those days did not know it, we cannot but think that the Father and the Son and the Holy Spirit were all concerned with salvation then as they are now. To the consciousness of the prophets, however, there was hardly any distinction All the saving work which they had experienced and which they preached, was certainly known to have its origin in that one God who had revealed Himself to Israel, and whose thoughts and deeds of mercy had raised them above the surrounding peoples. But further they did not go.

Of any distinctions of Person in the Godhead, they seem to have been but dimly conscious.

6. Its Mediation. In considering the possibility and the Author of Salvation, we pointed out that we called attention to the facts, only in order to elevate them to the proper position and emphasis.

The same cannot be said of what we are calling the *mediation* of salvation, for here we need the greatest care, and the greatest pains to make nice distinctions. We have chosen the term "mediation" to express the grounds upon which salvation was offered to men, and in this we include both the objective and the subjective grounds, or, in other words, that in God which makes salvation possible, and that in men which appropriates the salvation thus made available. The modern preacher uses the text, "Even so must the Son of Man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." The question that we are now asking, is: What did the Hebrew prophets offer in place of the crucified Saviour, whom we preach, and what did they urge in place of the faith and its accompaniments that we press upon the seeking soul to-day?

Regarding the first part of the question, the usual ground of hope held out by the prophets is the mercy and compassion of God. All through their writings, we have echoes of the gracious revelation of Himself that God gave to Moses at Sinai. What Joel says, all the prophets say in one form or other: "Rend your heart and not your garments and turn unto the Lord your God: for he is gracious and full of compassion, slow to anger and plenteous in mercy, and repenteth him of the evil. Who knoweth whether he will not turn and repent and leave a blessing behind him?" (Joel ii. 13.) But while this general invitation, resting upon the graciousness of God, is the usual broad basis upon which all hopes of acceptance are built, a few of the prophets show a disposition to push further and find the basis for their hope in the fact that God is himself a sufferer.

Through the bitter disappointment and pain that came to his own home because of his erring wife, Hosea gained a

glimpse of the great truth, that God bears His people's sins through His own sufferings. But, far above them all, rises the latter part of Isaiah. Here we seem to be almost in the atmosphere of the closing chapters of the gospels, where the thick dark cloud of Calvary hangs heavily on every word. To this prophet was given, as to none of the others, the power to see deeply into that in God which makes salvation possible. Two other prophets—Jeremiah and Ezekiel—perceived the inherent weakness of the old covenant, and felt the need of that new covenant that was to come. But to this man was given the power to see the great principle upon which the new covenant was to be based. It will, he feels, be much more evident to the world why God saves, when it will be possible to say of His suffering Servant, that "He was despised and rejected of men, a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief. . . . Surely he hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows, yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God and afflicted. But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed. All we like sheep have gone astray: we have turned every one to his own way: and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all." (Isa. liii. 3-6.) No sublimer words than these were ever written, and under their spell surely every responsive heart must melt. What is important for us just now to note is, that for the prophet himself and for those who understood him, there already existed in that God upon whom they had cast themselves, the great principle of sacrifice which was to be fully revealed on Calvary, it is true, but which was already in operation in the heart of the great Jehovah, upon whose mercy they had thrown themselves.

When, now, we turn to the second part of the present question—that spiritual attitude which the prophets urged upon the people in order to make this salvation their own—we find a more varied answer. One of the important elements in a true approach to God must be, they taught, evident sincerity. It is a serious charge when the prophet reproaches the people in saying, "This people draw nigh

unto me, and with their mouth and with their lips do honour me, but have removed their heart far from me." (Isa. xxix. 13.) But he who would have salvation must turn to *God*, and in those appeals that are made to influence the wills of men, the pages of the prophets are rich and from them we may and do still draw. It is easy to remember the strong persuasiveness in those passages that exhort men to come to the waters, to seek the Lord and live, to turn that they may not die. These exhortations all apply to the turning of the helm of life in the right direction, and they all imply the need of confession of guilt.

Another class of passages have to do with the spiritual cleansing that is needful: "Wash you, make you clean; put away the evil of your doings from before mine eyes; cease to do evil: learn to do well; seek judgment, relieve the oppressed, judge the fatherless, plead for the widow." (Isa. i. 17.) "Wash thine heart from wickedness, that thou mayest be saved." (Jer. iv. 14.) These passages show the strong ethical sense of the prophets, and they constitute one of the most prominent factors in prophecy, and raise some of the most interesting questions in regard to our subject. For the prophets themselves place these ethical requirements in contrast with sacrifice and offering, and we, on our part, cannot help raising the question as to their relation to the doctrine of justification by faith. One of the O. T. passages most frequently on the lips of our Saviour was that from Hosea, where the Lord says: "For I desire mercy and not sacrifice: and the knowledge of God more than burnt offerings." (Hos. vi. 6.) And like to this is another passage: "But to this man will I look, even to him that is poor and of a contrite spirit, and that trembleth at my word. He that killeth an ox is as he that slayeth a man; he that sacrificeth a lamb, as he that breaketh a dog's neck." (Isa. lxvi. 3.) Nor are these isolated deliverances, for all through the prophets are protests against sacrifice, and some of them go very far indeed: "I spake not unto your fathers, nor commanded them in the day that I brought them out of the land of Egypt, concerning burnt offerings or sacrifices: but this thing I commanded them, saying, Hearken unto my voice,

and I will be your God, and ye shall be my people." (Jer. vii. 22.) Some scholars maintain that such passages imply that the whole system of sacrifice was a human intrusion, without divine sanction at all. With this, however, it is not likely that many who are here will agree. But all will admit that the fact that our Saviour quotes these words with approval, shows that He believed that the prophets, in so speaking, stood for a great truth, to which the ears of all seekers after salvation should be turned. And the theological position of those against whom Jesus quoted these words will give us a clue to their real meaning. Christ contended for inwardness in religion, and a change of heart that would show itself in renewed conduct. In defence of this He quoted the prophets as being on His side. The inference, then, would be that in speaking as they did, the prophets did not oppose sacrifice as such, but only the misuse of it that lent itself to externalism. What they insisted upon was, that the great religious change must touch and quicken the centre of life.

But if we have disposed of this, there remains, as we have already said, the question as to the relation of this doctrine to that of justification by faith taught in the N. T. Some are disposed to think that such words as the following teach salvation by morality: "Wherewith shall I come before the Lord, and bow myself before the high God? Shall I come before him with burnt offerings, with calves of a year old? Will the Lord be pleased with thousands of rams, or with ten thousands of rivers of oil? Shall I give my first-born for my transgression, the fruit of my body for the sin of my soul? He hath showed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" (Micah vi. 7, 8.)

If we were to forget the circumstances in which these last words were spoken, we might perhaps be led to think that they teach salvation by morality. But we must ever remember that they are a protest in favour of inwardness against mere externalism as a means of salvation, and that they emphasize the need of conduct and character as against form and ceremony. This means that the prophets were ranged

on the side of those who, to-day, maintain that what men need is a change within themselves, and not a submission to some form that is purely external. This is indeed the view that the apostle Paul took of the matter, for where Habakkuk said: "The just shall live by his faithfulness" (Hab. ii. 4), Paul quoted him as saying, that the just shall live by faith, in the Pauline sense. And this was quite allowable, because the great spiritual entity represented by *faithfulness* in the days of the prophets, is that represented by *faith* in the days that have followed Calvary.

The results to which our enquiry, then, has led us, are that the prophets taught that salvation has its ground in the mercy of God, and that a few of them went further and saw that this implied that God is a sufferer: we have seen also that the prophets exhorted the people to turn to God, to cast themselves on His mercy, and to seek from Him the new life that He was both ready and willing to give.

7. Its Results. The last point of our enquiry has to do with the standing and the life of those who are saved. The saved man is put into right relations to the universe, for of the righteous it may freely be said, that it is well with him. (Isa. iii. 10.) He is kept by a strong hand that is able to support him, for the Lord whom he trusts "is good, a stronghold in the day of trouble; and he knoweth them that put their trust in him." (Nahum i. 7.) His future is assured, for he it is that is able to dwell with the devouring fire, and with everlasting burnings. (Is. xxxiii. 14.) He is kept by a Power that is greater than himself. "He is near that justifieth me: who will contend with me? let us stand up together; who is mine adversary? let him come near to me. Behold, the Lord God will help me; who is he that shall condemn me?" (Isa. l. 8, 9.) And this mighty God will never forget his own, for He says: "Behold, I have graven thee upon the palms of my hands; thy walls are continually before me." (Isa. xlix. 16.) And, further, for each task the saved man shall have strength: "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary, they shall walk and not faint." (Isa. xl. 31.)

Those who have received so great grace are expected to deal justly with God and man. To rob God of what is due is a serious offence (Mal. iii. 8), and to execute true judgment and to deal honestly and to be kind and helpful to those who are in need, are duties that are but reasonable, in view of all the circumstances. (Zech. v. 9 ; Isa. lviii. 10.)

The possessor of such a God may well joy in the God of his salvation, even if vine and fig tree produce no fruit, and flocks and herds no longer low and bleat on the farm. (Hab. iii. 18.) And for all the religious work that has to be done there is but one source of power ; for it is " not by might nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord." (Zech. iv. 6.)

This closes the treatment of our present subject. We must confess that we have looked at it only in a very general way, and that we have been compelled to assume, without proving it, that there is a general religious and theological atmosphere in which all the prophets moved. That there was such an atmosphere we believe. At the same time we must remember that all the prophets did not see each aspect of the truth with equal clearness, but that some had a very clear view of one side of God's nature and of His ways with us, and another of another. And yet no one prophet could have been an entire stranger to the ideas of another, if these had been presented to him ; and so we may rightly claim that we have a proper foundation for the discussion of the " teaching of the prophets regarding salvation." This paper has attempted to treat a question that is seriously agitating some minds : How men were saved before Christ came. It has also taken us into one of the most fascinating of fields, whether we regard it from the standpoint of literature or of religion. We trust that our treatment has not been altogether without interest and profit.

J. L. Gilmour.

A CELESTIAL SYMPHONY.

From the Spanish.

It was Christmas Eve, and the metropolitan cathedral of Madrid was brilliantly lighted. The rays of light from the altars were reflected in starry gleams from the sparkling diamonds of the ladies of the court who, kneeling upon velvet cushions, formed a glittering circle around the chancel grill. Behind the lattice stood the royal guards, clad in gorgeous uniforms—a living wall to keep these patrician dames from contact with the populace. The latter, assembled in thousands at the rear of the nave, broke forth into shouts of joyous greeting as the Archbishop, Don Pedro de Trecordo, seated himself on the episcopal throne near the high altar.

It was time to commence the mass, yet the organist did not appear. The worshippers began to murmur and show signs of impatience; the archbishop sent an attendant to enquire the reason for the delay.

"Senor Bocardo is ill, very ill, and cannot come to midnight mass, my lord bishop," said the attendant, as he returned from the sacristy. The people as the news was spread began to lose patience, and the disturbance became so great that the officers of the guard were compelled to enforce silence.

Suddenly a door opened and some one cried, "He is here! Bocardo is here!" The cry was repeated throughout the vast throng, and the sound rolled in waves across the aisles and under those venerable arches, like breakers on a sea-beaten shore. All the people turned and looked around.

Senor Bocardo, the greatest musician in imperial Spain, wan and frail, was being carried in on a sedan chair. His physician's commands, the tears of his daughter, the prayers of his wife—nothing had been able to restrain him. "No! *carissima*," he had said, "this is my last mass. I wish to visit my organ once again, this Christmas Eve." He was borne to the organ loft, and mass began.

The introit came, then the Gloria and the Gospel, then the offertory, and the moment came when the celebrant took

the sacred wafer in his hands to elevate it. Clouds of incense filled the cathedral and floated round the arches and chapels in bluish waves of undulating smoke. The little bells tinkled in shrill accord, and Bocardo placed his wasted fingers upon the keys.

The voices of those metal throats breathed forth a majestic chord, whose sound gradually died away as if its last sweet echoes had been borne afar by a gentle zephyr.

To this great burst of melody a sweet and distant note made answer, which went on ever increasing in power till its harmony became overpowering; it was as the voice of a mighty angel traversing space and reaching to our world.

Then the sound of far-off Latin hymns was heard, a thousand voices at once, yet so mingled as to form but one, though this was but the accompaniment to a strange harmony which seemed to hover over the sea of voices, like morning mists over the pathless waves of the rolling sea.

One hymn after another died away. Two voices alone were now heard; these blended, and one alone sustained a note as radiant as a thread of light. The priest bowed low, and above his tonsured head appeared the sacred host. Just then that wonderful note which Bocardo was holding began to swell and swell — an unspeakable joy filled the huge cathedral.

Upon each of the notes of that mighty chord, a separate theme was developed; some near, others far, far away, these brilliant and clear, those indistinct; one would have said, that angels, and archangels, the waters of ocean, birds, forests, earth, and heaven were chanting, each in its own language, a mighty pæan, a song of glory in honor of a Saviour's birth, till the people listened amazed and the priest's hand trembled; for him the heavens seemed opened and the host transfigured; he seemed to hear the heavenly choir chanting in majestic chorus the Benedicite.

The organ still pealed, but its sound gradually died away, like a tone that flits from echo to echo yet dies as it goes, till a breathless silence seemed to hold the audience spellbound,

as if all were still endeavoring to catch the last waves of the wondrous music.

A groan, deep and despairing, was heard in the organ loft, and the archbishop was about to call an attendant to ask the cause, when the many voices of the metal tubes gave forth their song once more; louder and clearer swelled the chorus of the pipes, a hymn of praise and adoration, majestic yet one that touched the heart, beautiful and yet terrible in its intensity, glorious and more glorious in its chords, till the people broke into weeping, and as the final note of triumph died away, the faces of those sinful men and women, high and low, those weary toilers and courtly nobles, seemed to be illumined with some of Heaven's radiance.

The people, too, sped to the organ loft to give the great musician an ovation. A confused murmur was heard. On all sides men were asking eath other, "What has happened? what is the matter?" The confusion grew ever greater and threatened to disturb the decorum due to the sanctuary. "What's the matter?" asked the court ladies, of the personal attendant of the bishop, who had just descended from the organ loft. Pale and grief-stricken, he was making his way to his master, who, like the others, was anxious to know the reason for the disturbance. "El Senor Bocardo is dead. His body is quite cold."

Who, then, had pressed the keys of the great organ after the deep groan had been heard? By whose hand was evoked that great triumphal chorus of which Bocardo's wasted fingers had played the prelude? Poets tell us that the universe is filled with music, but certain rare spirits are created with the power to call it forth for man. Perhaps it was that radiant spirit, that universal soul of music, which took the place of her servant who had passed away. Perhaps it was a miracle. Who knows?

G. H. Campbell.

THE SILENT HILLS.

The wintry tempest rousing from its sleep
Gives forth its voice in mighty giant roar;
Old ocean thunders by his sandy shore;
The mountain torrent pouring down the steep
Makes fierce wild music in its dizzy leap;
All nature has a voice; and, great rivers pour
Their vast libations down to Neptune's floor.
The hills, the hills alone deep silence keep,
They cannot rend that Titan bond that bars
Their granite lips, nor answer that great sea
That calls and calls in vain. The stars
They cannot greet, nor planets dim, ah me!
What cries from out their iron throats will break
In that Last Day when all the sleepers wake!

SILVA.

FEATHERED FRIENDS.

The early frost and snow have disappeared, followed by such mild days and tender skies that one might imagine bleak winter in the far future. These are the hazy days of Indian Summer, when nature seems to make a last struggle against the encroachments of the stern north wind.

The bee comes forth again, lingering at the orchard and down by the cider-press, or paying a last visit to the lone dandelion who has mistaken these mellow days for springtime. The cricket awakens to new life, chirping as merrily as though he had never experienced a frost. Here and there the trees still remain in their autumn garb. But the glorious tints of yellow and crimson are fast changing to the seared brown of a dying year.

As I pass through the fields in my walks, I miss many friends of the summer. The swallows no longer skim over the meadows, but by this time have reached their winter home, to flash and twitter beneath a West Indian sun. The fall of

leaves from yonder elm reveals to me the deserted home of a family of Baltimore orioles. During the early summer days the lively song of the male bird made the orchard a gladsome spot. The Indians call him the fire-bird, and this seems very appropriate. As he flies from you, against a green background, the bright orange surrounded by jet black appears like a glowing coal. Often as I saw a flash of flame disappearing in the foliage of the large elm, I suspected that from some sheltered twig hung his pensile home, a veritable "castle in the air." My suspicion was well founded, for later, during the long summer days, I have listened to the monotonous cry of the young for food. Indeed, one has well named them "the cry-babies of the bird world." Their endless cry for food is as familiar a voice to summer as the plaintive song of cicadas.

However, the fields are not deserted in these autumn days. As I pass some ploughed land I am attracted by the flight of a small, loose flock of prairie horned larks. These are interesting birds, there being only two representatives of the family known in America. These were formerly placed in the family of sparrows and their relatives, but now stand with the lark family. In the Old World about one hundred species are found, of which the skylark is the best known. The two representatives in America, the prairie horned lark and the shore lark, are much alike, the latter being only a winter resident.

The prairie horned lark is somewhat larger than our common sparrow and of a similar color. It has markings which make it easily distinguished from any of the sparrow family. Two erectile tufts of black feathers above each eye, from which it partly receives its name; on each cheek a long black patch, a triangular black spot on the upper part of the breast, throat tinged with yellow, wings tipped with black and a tail of the same color, make this bird appeal to the eye of the observer.

This lark has changed its range since the settlement of America. It is properly a bird of the prairies, but has made its appearance in the east wherever open country is found. It is strictly a ground bird, never being known to perch except as it alights on fences or such level surfaces. It is often met on the roadway and will run before the pedestrian as the vesper

sparrow. Rising with an undulating flight, it usually utters a soft whistle as it passes to the fence or adjoining pasture.

This bird breeds very early in the spring, and remarkable incidents are recorded of its hardihood. An observer in the neighborhood of Buffalo, crossing a field after a snowfall of some two or three inches, startled a female lark which flew from under the snow at his feet. He discovered the nest with four eggs, still warm, so that the mother bird had remained to protect her charge even though buried alive.

The English skylark has been immortalized in verse, and there are few who are not familiar with Shelley's poem to the skylark. Yet how many have listened to the ærial song of our lark. One frosty March afternoon, I walked out to the fields expecting to meet some early migrant. Hearing notes of bird song I was perplexed at not being able to locate the author. Now it seemed to be at one side and now at another. Presently I located the songster, high in air, moving in short curves up into the deep blue till almost lost to view. Then down to earth it came with a sudden dash, resuming its lowly position, in which I recognized it as the horned lark. I suppose the song of our bird cannot compare with the wonderful song-flight of the European skylark, still the effect is very pleasing and proves the relationship of the two species.

Soon the southward migrations will bring to us, from the frozen North, the shore lark, the other American member of the lark family. Audubon has observed this bird in its arctic home and states that its song flights are remarkable. Far away in the northland breeds this hardy bird, differing from our lark in being larger and having deeper yellow markings on throat and breast.

I cross the fence, entering the well-worn footpath leading down to the lake. Although footpaths are not considered sacred in this country, still this one existed before my memory and seems to be a permanent part of the local geography. On leaving the village it crosses some farm lands, then down a lane, over a stile, and through an old orchard; then crossing a meadow and passing through a small wood, it brings us to the lake front. This rural path is fraught with many memories. In summe

was the nearest route to the swimming grounds, and many truant steps have passed that way. In its neighborhood were to be found rare birds' nests. In autumn I returned this way from successful nutting expeditions. At night it guided weary steps, returning from happy hours spent at the lake. This old path is still fascinating, and ever invites me when I wish to get away from care and feel the heart of nature.

As I pass through the old orchard, I find that the winds have wrecked one famous tree which contained for many years the home of the bluebirds. Year after year they used to return to this tree, but the past few seasons I haved missed their tender warbling in their usual haunts. I had thought that the ravages of the English sparrow might account for this scarcity. An American observer accounts for their disappearance, stating that thousands of bluebirds perished in the South in the winter of '92.

Leaving the orchard and crossing the meadow I put up a bevy of quail. This is one of our game birds *par excellence,* and is in such a demand that only rigid protective laws keep it from becoming almost extinct. In early summer while mating the male bird has a call so distinctive that it has given rise to the name Bob White, common to sportsman and farmer. Up from the meadow comes the love-call, *Bob White, ah ! Bob White,* also challenging any rival to do battle. When two males meet at such a time they fight like two diminutive game cocks, till the victor drives his opponent to other fields. The female prepares a nest on the ground composed of grasses. The eggs, ten to fifteen in number, are white. Upon leaving the shell the young are very active, running about almost immediately and remaining in one flock till the following spring, when having acquired their full beauty they pair and breed.

The quail has a peculiar manner of resting at night. The bevy form a ring by moving backwards and facing outwards. This position enables them, upon being disturbed, to scatter in every direction without interfering with each other's flight. When surprised they fly a short distance and then hide so perfectly that they cannot be seen, till one by one they start up

almost from under foot. In the phraseology of the sportsman, "they lie well to the dog."

Few have more enemies than this innocent game bird. Being a ground bird, of field and orchard, and unsuspecting, their nests are subject to the ravages of snake and weasel. The hawk, with unerring swoop, carries off many of the brood. Sly Reynard, with epicurean taste, also knows how delicate is the flesh of this bird, and many tragedies are enacted during the long winter days, leaving only a few scattered feathers and a red blotch on the snow to prove his guilt. Remaining huddled together in a warm retreat beneath some fallen tree or amongst the tall grass, they often are buried in the snow, the spring thaws revealing their sad story.

Having escaped the many dangers of vermin and the elements, Bob White has still to meet his greatest enemy. When the harvest is in and the corn stands in the shock, the sportsman goes forth with dog and gun to satisfy an ancient instinct to kill. Surely this is the most winning game bird in our land. It is strange that men should kill them merely to tickle the palate or indulge in what is termed sport. The unsuspecting quail is an easy victim for the hunter with a good bird dog. Entering their haunts, he puts up a bevy, bringing down some in his first shots. Those escaping shelter in all manner of places, but a good dog soon points them out and flushing one at a time, it is possible to bag the whole bevy.

Overhead I hear the whistling notes of the killdeer, the best known plover. A small flock, high in air, are passing in their southward flight. Among the earliest arrivals in spring, they are amongst the last to leave. This migratory movement of the birds is one of nature's mysteries. How the arrival and departure of countless flocks of feathered tribes modify the landscape. All through spring and early summer, almost imperceptibly, the land is filled with numberless arrivals. Field and meadow throb with life. Then after the long and trying days of summer they vanish as mysteriously as they came. Listen to *killdeer! killdeer!* With what joy we greeted those stirring notes in the early spring morning! How they suggest

to us young meadows, early cornfields and sunny uplands with all the freshness of young summer. And now they are passing to southern plains, leaving this land "of wailing winds and naked woods and meadows brown and sere."

EDMUND J. ZAVITZ.

CANADIAN INTER-COLLEGIATE MISSIONARY ALLIANCE, THIRTEENTH BIENNIAL CONVENTION.

I.

The Thirteenth Biennial Convention of the Canadian Inter-Collegiate Missionary Alliance, was held in McMaster Hall, November 22-25. The sessions were suitably opened by Rev. S. D. Chown, D.D., who believed that there was no need for taking a pessimistic view of the work of the Christian Church, either at home or abroad. Old methods were being discarded, new ones adopted. The churches were organizing their forces, and the day was not far distant when a revival of true religion would follow.

The first speaker was Dr. R P. McKay, Secretary of Presbyterian Foreign Missions, his subject being, "Christ, the Missionary." He remarked that just as the chemist and philologist found the basis of their respective sciences in simple elements, so by a careful analysis of Christ's character we could discover the qualities which make a true missionary. Seven of these elements he enumerated. First, Christ's Father was a missionary; second, Christ was a volunteer; third, He was also sent; fourth, He received the Spirit without measure; fifth, He was mighty in the Scriptures; sixth, He made Himself of no reputation; and lastly, He always had a vision of the new heaven and new earth. The Doctor was listened to with marked attention, and the address formed an admirable opening for the Convention. The Rev. Charles Eaton then gave an inspiring address on "Christ Sending Missionaries." He took the Apostle Paul as a concrete example of the missionary, Called, Sent forth, Blessed in his work, and Rewarded. Paul's life was

regenerated, readjusted, and made universal in its sympathies. Preaching to him was a necessity. All racial pride was forgotten. His message rang with authority, and glowed with personal experience. This was the kind of missionary that was needed to-day to grapple with the sin and darkness of the world, and it was a mistake to place any confidence in anything outside of an experimental knowledge of the saving truths of the Gospel and the power of the Holy Spirit.

The evening session was presided over by Rev. John Potts, D.D., who contributed a few valuable remarks. The Doctor observed that the spirit of foreign missions was one of the best signs of the times, and the chief business of the Church, and to-day Christian people were beginning to support this work from principle. The spirit of Christian stewardship, and self-sacrifice was coming to the front, and hazy and romantic conceptions of missions were being discarded. This was a distinct gain and a cause for thankfulness. Chancellor Wallace then gave the address of welcome to the delegates, after which Rev J. Goforth, M.A., gave the address of the evening, his subject being "The Problem of China."

Mr. Goforth, who is an able and interesting speaker, has spent nineteen years among the "celestials." Any one listening to him could not but feel that he spoke with authority, conviction, and breadth of sympathy. The question was raised as to the cause of the recent uprisings in China. He believed they were threefold, namely, the greed of great nations, the missionary methods of Roman Catholicism, and the opposition to the truth as represented by Protestant missions. Before the complications in China began the outlook religiously and educationally was bright. The fruits of much and varied enterprise were beginning to manifest themselves. Even the educated classes were wakening up to Western thought and life, and as in Paul's day, the Emperor's palace was being influenced by the truth. Favorable decrees were from time to time issued forth, calculated to strengthen the "new movement" and advance the interests of truth and education, but the horizon so bright was soon clouded. The European nations allowed the Emperor to be put out of power, and put the reins of government into the hands

of the unscrupulous Dowager and her conservative advisers, who hated Western civilization and Christianity. Soon there came from the Chinese government adverse decrees aimed directly at Western life and Christianity, and the reaction had its logical culmination in the rising of the Boxers. But as to the real difficulty, the avarice of foreign nations in appropriating and using China for their own selfish purposes had a great deal to do with the trouble. The Boxer movement was partially the result of this. The Boxers were not mere fanatics. They had a sense of patriotism, and resented the bold intrusion of the "foreign devil." As to Roman Catholicism, Mr. Goforth believed that its priesthood, with their officialism, and interference in legal affairs, its system of philanthropy, and its priestly confessional, were all powerful factors in disturbing and corrupting the Chinese. Rome did not seek the regeneration of the people, and had nothing to give them but perverted truth. Speaking of Protestant work, Mr. Goforth pointed out the great work done by the medical missionary, and that of teaching performed by faithful men on evangelical lines. Personally he had witnessed many examples of the saving power of the Gospel, despite the opposition which we are to expect in preaching the truth. The address was a masterly presentation of the subject.

On Friday morning the Convention was opened by Rev. John Neil, M.A., and a discussion on methods employed for promoting the religious life in our Colleges was entered into. All the delegates took part, and many useful suggestions were made. The afternoon session was begun by Rev. T. H. Hyde, who contributed a strong address, after which Mr. W. T. Halpenny, B.A., of Victoria University, gave an able paper on "The Problem of Latin America," in which he pointed out the insufficiency of the teaching of the Roman Catholic Church, in Spanish-speaking countries, and the crying need for real evangelical work in the "neglected continent" of South America. "The Problem of Money" was then taken up by Dr. Harley W. Smith, a well known and true friend of missions. He pointed out that it was a shame to the Christian Church to-day, that there was not money enough to carry on its greatest work. Systematic giving was needed, and means such as the dissemin-

ation of literature, employment of returned missionaries, and utilization of students. Believing prayer should be used in order to educate and enlist the sympathy of that large body of Christians in every Church who practically give nothing to missions.

The evening was presided over by Rev. Provost Street Macklem, D.D. Mr. Thurlow Fraser, B.A., Queen's University, read a well prepared and highly instructive paper on "The Problem of Africa." Dealing with the work among the Mohammedans, he said they were impervious to ordinary Gospel methods, and that educational and medical forces had to be used. Mohammedanism was on the wane, and this had been materially helped by British rule in Egypt and Soudan, and French domination in Algeria. But Central Africa, with its vast negro races blighted by heathenism, and now cursed by the drink traffic, was the great field for missionary enterprise. That part of Africa had been sacred to us by such names as Hannington, Moffat and Livingstone, and it was our duty to carry forward the great work so nobly begun by these sainted and martyred pioneers of the Gospel.

The address of the evening was then delivered by Rev. Elmore Harris, D.D., on "Preparation for Service." This consisted in a clear conception of the work of Christ. There was a tendency to-day to put the emphasis on the outward instead of the inward side of the Gospel. It should be remembered that Christ always began at the centre, not the circumference. A great deal was made of character building, but this apart from the work of regeneration was useless. Then secondly, an adequate knowledge of the Word of God was needed. The Bible should be studied and mastered book by book, and in this way it would become most fascinating, and the Christian worker would be "thoroughly furnished." But next to that, a proper attitude toward the Spirit of God was essential. The Spirit was for "all," not merely the minister or evangelist. To be filled with Him, was to have a fullness of love *for* the world, to be possessed with the spirit of goodness and generosity, and the graces of humility and courage, such as would reach the hearts and consciences of men. As believers this was our privilege.

We were purchased for possession, but in order to know the infilling of God's Spirit three things were indispensable: The motive had to be pure, prayer must be real, and the giving up of sin absolute. The address created a profound impression, and will long be remembered as a powerful and spiritual message.

DAVID ALEXANDER.

II.

The chief feature of Saturday morning was an address by Chancellor Wallace on "Dangerous Tendencies of our Day and their Correction." The reality and intensity of present dangers were unsparingly exposed, accompanied by most solemn warnings not to be deluded by the subtle evils of our social atmosphere. The baneful influence of materialism, commercialism and worldliness, and that as related to the schools, was first pointed out. The present day tendency toward Hedonism is also to be deplored. The truth is that pain rather than pleasure fits for highest service. Another characteristic of the age is ethical doubt, which threatens the subversion of the old foundations. Many hold fast no longer to the old moorings of clear conception between right and wrong, the consciousness of sin, holiness and of God. Every phase of life is stamped and modified by the influence of evolution. Learning is unduly emphasized to the exclusion of light and love. In our theological schools missionary appeals are wrongly based on compassion rather than obedience. The whole address was delivered with intense earnestness.

On the evening of Saturday two soul-stirring addresses were delivered by missionaries who had experienced the dense darkness of heathen ignorance. Rev. J. G. Brown, B.A., representing India, spoke on "The Training of Native Workers." In graphic style he portrayed a young man's expectations, contrasting it with the actual experience of the mission field He showed the absolute need of a native ministry, showing this to be the established policy of the Baptist Foreign Mission Board.

The method of the missionary on the field is that he has to begin by taking the material right at hand—and what wretched material it is, humanly speaking! The missionary has to play

the role of teacher, frequently beginning with a cow-stable for a schoolroom, and the sand for a blackboard. Finally, some of his scholars go to the University, and by the time they return to the missionary a complete transformation is wrought in this rough, raw material.

The native Christians surrender themselves wholly to the missionary, and he has to be to them lawyer, doctor, magistrate and everything else. The natives who go forth to preach just become perfect incarnations of him by whom they have been instructed. The training commonly consists of a monthly visit to the missionary, and when they come they stay about four days. It is hard to keep them at work, but the missionary may make a double point by making them work on such a text as "Cursed be he that doeth the work of the Lord carelessly." After the study of one such text for a month, a certain native said, "That sermon was just like a cannon ball struck me."

Rev. J. Goforth, B.A., returned from China, related his experiences in escaping from Honan where he was beset by the Boxers. It is impossible in short space to summarize his thrilling experiences. Miraculous is the only word that can express the feelings of those who listened to the account of such marvellous adventures. Indications of the gathering storm were evident, and when it burst, its fury knew no bounds. All China was in a furore. A party of sixteen set out on a journey of four hundred and fifty miles to Hankow, and that through a frenzied population of two thousand to the square mile. Numerous assaults were made upon them. They were stripped of their goods. The strange fact is that they escaped with their lives. For several days two were missing from the party. Bruises and cuts in the case of nearly all were sustained. Yet, in the kind providence of an over-ruling God, the entire party came safely through that never-to-be-forgotten crisis. The enthusiastic spirit of that missionary party for China's welfare is undaunted, and as soon as circumstances permit, all will return to continue the heralding of the glad news of the Kingdom.

The closing session of the Alliance was on Sunday afternoon. Chancellor Wallace led the Devotional Exercises. Words of parting counsel on the "Inner Life," on "Character and Conduct," and on "Responsibility and Purpose," were spoken

by the Rev. Principal Sheraton, the Rev. Principal Macdonald, and by the Rev. Chancellor Burwash, respectively. Truly, it was a meeting of close spiritual "hewing to the line," and a large part of its power lay in its reiterated return to fundamental principles. The inner life, for its source and sustenance depends upon faith. Faith that leads to fellowship with God is that which is exercised in the incarnate and crucified Son of God. Faith is not simply the reception of a doctrine, it is the acceptance of a person. Humility and knowledge are the two concomitants of faith, and, particularly in the student, all three inter-work with and nourish each other. Indispensable are the two agencies of faith and prayer for real spiritual advancement.

God's ideal in character, in dignity, grace and tenderness is revealed in Jesus Christ, and in Him alone. We aim to build up character, yet it is accomplished only indirectly. In the doing of duty, in the taking of right relations, character is formed within. "Do you your duty," said Wilberforce to a woman who thought he was neglecting his soul in the great slave question—his soul was taking care of itself. Conduct will be the index of character, yet it only imperfectly reflects you. When you have painted your best picture you have not painted the picture you see. When you have run your fastest race you have not made your quickest time. The marbled figure of the sculptor but "half reveals and half conceals" his inner life. So men are often better than their deeds. Ancestry must be taken into account. Yet in the long run, the real man expresses himself in the life.

The world waits for the man who has had the open-faced vision of the Christ at first hand, and having the impress of the real Christ comes back into the "streets of men." This it is that makes and shapes character. Dr. Young has said: "The motive to the volition is implied in the volition, and makes it to be the volition which it is." So character is involved in the act, and makes it to be the act which it is.

Responsibility, to be of value, must be felt, must be laid upon the conscience. Purpose to be of any value, must be the great spirit of responsibility within working itself out in the future life. Life is a great earnest reality, and he will build best who forgets himself in great service of God.

J. H. Hannah.

Editorial Notes.

We wish all our readers and all friends of the University, a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Our readers will be interested in the photogravure that appears in this number of The Monthly. It is taken from a picture of the delegates to the convention held at Ingersoll in 1867, when our denomination decided to inaugurate a mission to the Telegus and designated Americus V. Timpany as its first missionary. So far as we know, this picture has never before been published in a magazine or newspaper, and we are glad that The Monthly should be the medium through which it first reaches the present generation of Canadian Baptists. For all concerned in our denominational activities it will have an historic interest and value, and for many it will have in addition a direct personal interest. We are under obligation to Dr. H. E. Buchan, of London, for the loan of the picture and for permission to publish it. We are likewise indebted to Rev. Dr. McLaurin, Rev. J. L. Campbell, D.D., and Rev. Dr. Stewart for their articles on the meeting recalled by the picture.

In an article in *The Varsity* on "The University Question in Ontario," Professor A. B. Macallum makes use of the following argument against the right of Queen's University to share in a provincial grant in support of education: "If Queen's gets provincial aid while remaining independent of provincial control, then eventually the University of Ottawa, McMaster University, and the Western University must receive provincial aid, and the charters now not in operation will be made to do service again." We do not intend to dispute the professor's logic, but we venture to predict that he will never live to see McMaster University asking for or accepting money at the hands of the Provincial Government. It may be that some time Canadian Baptists will give up their long-cherished belief in the principle of separation of Church and State, but at present we see no signs of such a change in Baptist polity. Holding such views we can, consistently, neither accept state aid nor agree that the state can properly devote the money of the people to the support of denominational universities.

Book Reviews.

SONG WAVES.

This is the poetic and appropriate title given by the late Dr. Rand to a lyrical poem of 78 stanzas which he left in manuscript and which now, along with several other poems, is published by William Briggs. In a future number of THE MONTHLY we hope to give this volume worthy treatment. For the present we can cordially commend the book to all lovers of poetry. It is daintily bound and would make a fitting gift for the holiday season. We trust that it may have a large sale.

CANADIAN COLLEGE CALENDAR.

The Grip Publishing Company, of this city, have issued a handsome calendar, each page of which gives a cut of a Canadian college with its seal and colors. The idea is a good one, and the calendar ought to have a large sale among college men. Its interest to McMaster students is lessened by the omission of our own college. Such a calendar might profitably be issued every year, and if so we trust to see the lack in the present issue supplied by a good cut of McMaster Hall with our new library and chapel. As it is, the calendar is one of the finest of the season. We know of none likely to be of more interest to our students and their friends.

THE LANE THAT HAD NO TURNING.*

This is the title of a story which gives its name to a book of short stories, taken from life in French Canada, by Gilbert Parker. It has been said that in Quebec there was a "lead of gold" for some story writer, and a perusal of Parker's book will convince the reader that though he may not have staked off all the claims, he still has "struck it rich," The excellences of this work are many and varied. The present reviewer, a French-Canadian himself, was fascinated by the pictures which so distinguished an English countryman and sympathizer has drawn. As one reads, however, there is the feeling that much in the stories is put in to French-Canadian life rather than taken

*The Lane that Had No Turning. By Gilbert Parker. Toronto: George N. Morang & Co.

from it. Here are characters which, to say the least, would be regarded as strangers and curiosities in any village of the Province of Quebec. "A Son of the Wilderness," the "Young Worker in Stone" and the Doctor in "An Upset Price," are of that class. On the other hand, Parpon, the dwarf, is as familiar as can be, and Mathurin a perfect type of his kind. The art that can draw such lifelike figures is worthy of the highest praise. Such excellence of portraiture denotes the sympathetic observer and skilled artist. Mathurin is the village school-master, respected and loved by all. Ten patriots are to be shot as rebels. The priest has left to go to another village that day. The English commander of the shooting squad arrives, and when about to execute sentence, gets hurt by his horse in some supposedly unexpected way. Mathurin appears to him dressed as a priest; uses his assumed office to exact the release of his convicted townsmen and then confesses and absolves the dying commander. When all is done the parish priest returns and imposes upon Mathurin, as a penance for his sacrilege, that he shall never again teach a child. That was to crush the life from his heart. After long months of waiting, pardon comes from the Pope, but Mathurin has now only an hour to live. The description that follows is one of the finest things in the volume. Supported by the curé's arms he says:

"De children . . . . let dem come to me dat I teach dem before I die." An' all the chil'ren in de church dey come close to him, and he sit up and smile at dem, and he say: "It is de class in 'rithmetic! How much is three times four?" And dem all answer, "Three times four is twelve." And he say, "May de twelve apostles pray for me!" Den he ask, "Class in geography! —— how far is it roun' de world?" And dey answer, "Twenty-four thousand miles." He say, "Good; it is not so far to God! De school is over all de time," he say. "And dat is only everything of poor Mathurin. He is dead."

L. A. T.

College News.

AROUND THE HALL.

EDITOR: C. C. SINCLAIR, '02.

MERRY Xmas! Happy New Year!

THE laying of the foundation of the new chapel is still in progress.

WE were pleased to welcome back to the Hall W. C. Gordon, '01, who has suffered from an attack of typhoid fever.

PROFESSOR—What are the two sides of perception.
Student (sharply)—Inside and outside.

TROUBLED student to professor: "What became of the first five books of the Old Testament at the time of the flood—did Noah take them into the ark with him?"

A NUMBER of those interested in astronomy were recently treated to a view of the moon through Professor McKay's telescope. They expressed themselves as greatly pleased with the lunar prospect.

IT is with great regret that we chronicle the departure of W. E. Robertson, B.A., from the Hall. He was a willing worker and a great favorite, and will be much missed by the students. Mr. Robertson was compelled to cease studying owing to ill-health.

HERBERT PIERCY, the well-known elocutionist, formerly of Woodstock College, and now residing in Toronto, was a visitor at the Hall one evening last month. After tea he gave two readings entitled "Love in a Balloon," and "Rubenstein," which called forth much applause.

"PUNCH," the veteran English humorous paper, has appeared in our reading room, and the students are beginning to wear a care-worn expression, caused by seeking the points to its jokes. *Judge* was formerly provided for the Theologs. and others inclined to levity, but this year *Punch* has taken its place.

THE Glee Club is making splendid progress, and holds two practices a week. Their invitation to "Come, oh Come" no longer drives persons with sensitive ears to the peace and quiet of their own rooms, and they also can now very successfully "Bury Poor Willie." It is supposed that this gentleman had been previously murdered.

On Tuesday evening, December the fourth, Mrs. Goodspeed held an At Home, when a number of Theological students and friends spent a most excellent time. There was no formal programme and everybody entered freely into the spirit of the gathering. After refreshments the company left, all feeling that they had received a "Highland Welcome" and that Dr. Goodspeed's home was a place of genial warmth and hospitality.

Rugby football is booming here this fall, and from all appearances in another year McMaster will be able to put a very creditable team in the Inter-Collegiate League. There is abundance of good material and practices are being held almost every afternoon. '04 and '03 played a match with '02 and '01 on Thursday, December 6th., the latter winning by a score of 10 points to 5. There was some talk of playing Woodstock College, but considering the great expense attached to the match, the matter was dropped.

At the Tuesday evening prayer meeting, November 20th, the Rev. W. H. Porter delivered a stirring address to the students. Mr. Porter emphasized the fact that we should endeavor to find the path which God has designed for us, and submit ourselves entirely to His leading. It is our duty to be successful in our chosen vocations, and also to be happy therein, remembering that we are an object of interest to God. We must be humble, not wrongfully ambitious, that God's spirit may come into our lives, and flow through us to bless others. The church must separate itself from the world in order that God may bless it. All present thoroughly enjoyed Mr Porter's address.

The Sophomore class held their Rally at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Newman, Friday evening, November 30th. The President's address by Dr. C. C. Lumley was followed by a varied and interesting programme. The music was furnished by Mrs. J. H. Farmer, Miss Fox, and Mr. E. J. Farmer. A selection was rendered by the "Symphony Orchestra." Mr. W. S. W. McLay made a short speech, thanking the Sophomores for electing him as their Honorary President. A very enjoyable feature of the programme was the acting of a number of charades. After refreshments were served, Dr. Newman in replying to a vote of thanks, extended an invitation to the Sophomores to hold their Rally again next year at his home. A most enjoyable evening was brought to a close by the singing of "Auld Lang Syne."

Theology Society.—The first regular meeting of the Theological Society was held in the chapel on Thursday evening, Dec. 6th. President A. B. Cohoe, B.A., read a most inspiring paper on "Jesus as a Soul-winner." Mr. Cohoe first pointed out very emphatically the characteristics of true discipleship, showing very clearly that we could be true disciples only as we follow the true Jesus. Next was shown how Christ gained the attention of His hearers, and finally how Jesus

led them to a reception of Himself. This paper was followed by a very instructive one by Mr. J. H. Hannah, B.A., on "The Apostles as Soul-winners." Mr. Hannah claimed that the preaching of the apostles was distinguished for three things: (1) a surrender of the apostles to God; (2) a surrender on the part of God to the apostles, and (3) a surrender of the apostles to their work. Both papers were carefully thought out and well written. Those present were amply repaid. It is hoped that the papers will appear in the MONTHLY at some future date.

IT is to be regretted that such a small audience greeted the introduction of a new plan of debating, on Friday, November 30th, in the Literary Society. This plan has much of the impromptu nature in it, and has been tried in American colleges with pronounced success. A subject is given to certain men, and they are required to prepare arguments both pro. and con. Shortly before the meeting commences at which they are to speak, the speakers are informed as to which side they shall take; and thus a few minutes are allowed to them to get their points in order. Upon the occasion of this introductory debate, the subject was: "Resolved, That the Large University Offers Greater Inducements to the Development of an Undergraduate than the Small." Messrs. Bowen, Lailey and Janes upheld the affirmative; and Messrs. Hindson, Bellamy and Campbell, the negative. Prof. Ten Broeke, the judge, applying the eternal laws of logic to the debating, found that the arguments of the negative were the most convincing.

THE weekly meetings of the Y. W. C. A. are increasing each week in interest and helpfulness. On Nov. 19th, the subject was "Christian Service," in which all joined in the discussion. Many helpful thoughts and broadened ideas of our life-service were given to us. On Nov. 26, short sketches were given by a number, on the women of the Old Testament, from which can still be taken many lessons for our lives. But the interest of the month's meetings seemed to culminate in the missionary meeting of Dec. 3rd, when Rev. J. G. Brown spoke to us of the work which is being done by our single lady missionaries in India. He told us of the hardly-won entrance but encouraging reception into the zenanas of the caste women; of the terrible ignorance of the outcast women, and yet of their joy to find something to lighten their lives; of the Mohammedan women still more difficult to reach, and yet needing quite as much our Gospel. The educational work of the Girls' Boarding Schools was also spoken of, the brightening and cheering of the girls' own lives, and the almost unmeasurable influence these educated Christian girls exert in their own homes. It was a meeting inspiring us all to deeper interest and more earnest prayer; and, it may be, some have listened to the call to go themselves to this work.

DEBATING CLUB.—The regular meeting of the Debating Club took place on the 17th ult., when the subject "Resolved, That War is Detri-

mental to the Advancement of Civilization" was discussed. The affirmative, led by J. G. White, '04, secured a few more points than the negative, led by I. L. Dodds, '03, and was given the decision. . . . Somewhat before the usual time on Saturday, Nov. 24th, the members met to discuss the subject, "Resolved, That State Colleges and Universities should be Preferred to Those Under Denominational Control" The leaders were, A. R. Girdwood, '02, for the affirmative, and L. A. Vail, '04, for the negative. The critic, Mr. A. B. Cohoe, B.A., made some very practical suggestions on debating, after which the judges gave their decision in favor of the affirmative. A new feature of this debate was that it gave to each member the privilege of choosing which side he should support. . . . "Resolved, That a Limited Monarchy Better Secures the Happiness of a People than a Republic," was the subject for debate on Saturday, 1st inst. D. C. McIntosh, '03, led the affirmative, and L. C. Fraser, '03, the negative. Mr. W. P. Reekie, B.A., did duty as critic, and Mr. J. A. McDonald, '01, gave the decision in favor of the affirmative.

Open Meeting.—The Literary Society's public meeting, Friday evening, November 16, was a good one. The chapel looked quite attractive, with its tasteful decorations, and everyone seemed in the best of humor, especially those students at the rear end of the hall who kept things going with snatches of college song and sallies of wit. The first number on the programme was an indication of the general tone of the meeting. Miss Sangster delighted everyone with her playing of the piano; there was music in her touch, and mastery in her technique Miss Beatrice Wilson sang a "Lullaby," from Jocelyn, arranged by Godard, which won her audience. Miss Wilson's attractive and striking presence, her rich voice, and faithful expression of feeling, were no small factors in the success of the programme. Later in the evening she sang again, giving "A Dream," by Bartlett, and Dudley Buck's "There's a Merry Brown Thrush," each in the spirit of its theme; and responded to encore, with a very appreciative rendering of "Oft in the Stilly Night." And then Mr. John E. Mills made everybody present feel younger, (I fancy laughter was Hebe's secret), for he gave a couple of humorous readings in good mirth-stirring fashion. Mr. Miles can get the *Deutsch* accent real *goodt*. Mr. H. H. Bingham sang "Her Majesty" rousingly. He had a patriotic audience. True that wasn't the only reason he had to give an encore. It, too, was patriotic, "Johnny Canuck's the lad," and so he is!

That ended Part I. Then came the Debate, and it was one of the best the Lit. has heard for some time. Mr. Everton, B.A., and Mr. J. A. McDonald, '00, strove to show "that it is desirable that the integrity of the Chinese Empire be maintained, and her ports thrown open to the world's trade." while Mr. R. E. Sayles, '01, and Mr. J. A. McLean, '02, argued out the negative side of the question. Mr. Everton is a debater of the first rank, very clear in his thinking, cool, collected, very impressive in his style; while listening to him, one thinks of the pleader at

the bar, earnestly, calmly, ably defending his client, and believing in his cause. We had heard glowing accounts of Mr. Everton's ability; we were not disappointed. Then came Mr. Sayles' enthusiastic, dashing oratory; his voice was full of earnestness and determination, his manner carried conviction, his words were eloquent, the spirit of his speech rhetorical in a high degree. Mr. McDonald "got into the game" in a manner that would have done great credit to a speaker of long experience of the Forum; the same "stuff" that makes "Oligos' a star in Rugby or Association, made his support of the affirmative a very telling speech. Good material, well arranged, well delivered, he played a "great" game. And Mr. McLean's speech for the negative—well, we expect to see him in the "House" some day, piercing his opponents with the sharp arrow of his logic. First of all "Mac" is *dead in earnest* —that's the way it strikes one—and he has a way of his own of summarily dealing with an opponent's arguments and of putting his own into clear logical form that is most effective. Altogether it was a strong debate. Each speaker was distinctly *sui generis*—so that, though many have praised them all, few have attempted to say which was the best.

The Society was fortunate in having Mr. D. E. Thomson, Q.C., as judge of the debate. Mr. Thomson's summing up of the arguments of both sides, and his characterization of the speakers' respective style of delivery showed clear and keen appreciation of "what is what" in debates. Subject matter counted 60%, and delivery 40%. Mr. Thomson's decision was that the affirmative worsted the negative, in a ratio of 15 : 14. Well, everybody says it was a good meeting.

The Inter-Collegiate Debate.—The first debate in the first series of the Inter-College Debating Union, was held on the evening of November the 29th, at Trinity College, between representatives of Trinity and McMaster. Convocation Hall was well filled with friends of both colleges. A large contingent from McMaster occupied the ground floor, and gave audible signs of their presence, while the Trinity men and a number of the ladies of St. Hilda's College gave encouragement to their representatives from the gallery. The subject, "Resolved, That the Development of the Canadian Klondyke by the Government would have been more advantageous to Canada than by the present method of Private Enterprise," proved to be very interesting, and both sides advanced strong arguments. Messrs. E. W. Parsons, B.A, and T. H. Cornish, B.A., upheld the affirmative, while the negative was supported by Messrs. E. M. Wright, B.A., and G. G. Ballard, B.A., of Trinity. Mr. Cornish made an eloquent address which was heartily applauded, and Mr. Parsons did much to bring the decision the right way in his masterly summing up in the last five minutes. Trinity's representatives both made strong addresses, and all the mathematics of Mr. Cornish were needed to show the disparity in some of their arguments. A very enjoyable programme, consisting of music and readings, was rendered both before the debate

and while the judges, Professor Alexander, Professor Ballantyne and Professor Reynar, were considering their decision. Professor Alexander did not keep the audience long in suspense, and the decision in favor of the affirmative was received with tremendous cheering by McMaster men. Messrs. Parsons and Cornish were borne out of the hall on the shoulders of enthusiastic supporters.

Our next debate is with Varsity and will take place in the early part of January. Of course, everyone will be there to encourage our representatives.

Our representatives to the various College functions in the city all report a very enjoyable time.

Football.—McMaster II team won the championship of A series of the intermediate Inter-Collegiate Football League. Of the four games which they played, they won three and drew one. The members of the team deserve much praise for their diligent training, which eventually resulted in their taking such a high standing. The last game —that with the School of Practical Science—on November 20th, resulted in a draw, neither team being able to score. It was keenly contested and the play was brilliant. Students of their respective Universities turned out in large numbers in order to cheer their men on to victory. Both teams worked in some very fine combinations, and made some very accurate shots on goal. However, owing to the phenomenal goal keepers, who were practically invincible, neither team scored. The following teams contested in the series: 'Varsity II, Dental College II, Normal School, and School of Practical Science II. On the 30th of November, they played College of Pharmacy, winners of B series, and were defeated by a score of 4 to 1. The day was clear, although slightly cold, and the wind prevented, to a great extent, accurate kicking and long combination playing. A large crowd of students turned out; among them were the McMaster ladies. Although the score would indicate a one-sided game, such was not the case. Our boys played very brilliant ball, but they were taken off their guard in the first ten minutes, allowing their opponents to score three goals. That seemed to dishearten them, but before long they got into the game in earnest, and from then to the finish played magnificent ball. The Pharmacy defence was almost impregnable, and it was not until a few minutes before half time that our boys scored. The last half was exceedingly interesting, both teams exerting all possible energy Pharmacy scored their last goal in the middle of this half, which ended the scoring.

The third match in the inter year series was played on Saturday, November 17th, between '01 and Theology, the former winning by a score of 2 goals to 0. A large number of students turned out and were thoroughly pleased with the game. Both teams worked hard and checked very closely. The day was not an ideal one for football, being a little cold and windy, but these disadvantages did not retard the play very much. Theology played a very good game on the defence, but were weaker than their opponents on the forward line. The

final game of the series was played between '01 and '02 on Monday, November 26th, under very unfavorable conditions. There was a drizzling rain and the ground was muddy and slushy, caused by the snow which fell a few days previous to the match. The game resulted in a score of 2 to 1 in favor of '02, which makes them champions of the Hall. The game was very fast and some exceedingly clever work was indulged in by both teams. All honor to '02.

OUR GRADUATES.

Mr. W. S. Fox, B.A., '00, is teaching Classics in Brandon College, Manitoba, and Mr. J. J. Nicole, B.A., is on the teaching staff of Grande Ligne, Que.

Mr. W. P. Cohoe, B.A., '96 ; M.A., '98, and M.A., of Harvard '99, is filling the position in McMaster University, left vacant by the resignation of A. B. Willmott, M.A., B.Sc.

Mr. F. N. Goble, B. A., '00, was fortunate during the summer months in securing a position as superintendent in the construction of some large buildings for J. D. Rockefeller, Pocantico Hills, New York State.

Owing to sickness at Professor McKay's home, Mr. H. E. Jordan, B.A., '00, is taking part of the mathematical work in McMaster Hall. Current reports speak well regarding the teaching ability of Century's mathematician.

Rev. A. G. Baker, B.A., '96; B.Th., '00 ; and wife, and Miss Bertha E. Gile, B.A., '00 ; left the city on Nov. 6th, for Bolivia, South America, where they will engage in missionary work. Our best wishes and prayers follow them to their fields of labor.

We extend our hearty congratulations and best wishes to graduates who were married since May last. Among the number are Mr. M. C. McLean, B.A., '98, of Crystal, N. Dakota ; J. C. McFarlane, B.A., '99, of Port Perry ; H. C. Newcomb, B.A., '00, of Sawyerville, Que.; W. B. Tighe, B.A., '99, Stonewall, Manitoba ; J. S. LaFlair, of Gobles' ; C. E. Scott, B.A., '96, of Ft. William ; A. R Park, of Ailsa Craig ; and D B. Harkness, B.A.

Among those of '00 Class who are pursuing further courses of study are the following : At the Normal College, Hamilton, A. C. Newcombe, D. W. Gunn, E. E. Wood ; at McGill Medical College, Montreal, J. A. Faulkner, L. C. Lauchland ; at Newton Theological Seminary, E. N. Armstrong ; at Harvard University, Cambridge, F. R. Crosby, G. H. Campbell, G. H. Grant ; at McMaster, C. J. Triggerson, W. E. Robertson, T. H. Cornish.

THE following were ordained to the Baptist Ministry since last spring: A G. Baker, B.A., '96, B.Th., '00; E. W. Brown, B.A., '97, B.Th., '00; A. G. Campbell, B.A., '97, B.Th., '00; J. I. Manthorne, B.A., '97, B.Th., '00; John McIntosh, B.A., '98, B.Th., '00; D. B. Harkness, B.A., '99; A. Imrie, B.A., '96, B.Th., '99; C. H. Emerson, B.A., '00; S. E. Grigg, B.A., '00; J. M. Cornwall, B.A., '00; J. T. Marshall, B.A., '00; H. C. Newcomb, B.A., '00; G. R. Welch, B.A., '00; J. H. Cameron, B.A., '97; J. S. LaFlair; A. J. Saunders.

MOULTON COLLEGE.

EDITORS { MISS A MCPHEDRAN.
MISS M. A. YEIGH.

ON the evening of Nov. 16th, we had the pleasure of listening to a very interesting and instructive lecture by Dr. Taylor, of Boston, His subject was, "The Scientific Side of Temperance."

WE have been pleased to have with us at chapel service, Mr. Weeks, Dr. Thomas, and Chancellor Wallace, and at prayer-meeting, Rev. Mr. Hincks and Mrs. Armstrong, a returned missionary from Burmah.

WE were very sorry to bid farewell to Mrs. McMaster in November, but are delighted to hear that she is again in the city and we will once more have the pleasure of seeing her and listening to her interesting and helpful talks. The McMaster students are to be congratulated on having Mrs. McMaster to lay the corner-stone of their new chapel.

WE were very much pleased to have Mr. and Mrs. Eaton take dinner with us on Friday evening, Nov. 16th. As would naturally be expected, Mr. Eaton was very much embarrassed (?) but managed to recover his equanimity by the time we reached the drawing-room, and added greatly to the success of an impromptu concert which followed, by rendering a piano solo.

FRIDAY evening, Nov. 23rd, a meeting was held to re-organize our Heliconian Society. A new constitution, which had been drafted by a committee previously appointed for this purpose, was brought before the meeting and adopted. The following officers were then elected: President, Miss Edith MacGregor; Vice-President, Miss Edith Oliver, Secretary, Miss Maud Throop; Editor-in-chief, Miss Emma Vaux; after which the meeting was adjourned and the evening closed with an informal masquerade.

A VERY enjoyable evening was spent on Nov. 30th, when we took a two-hour journey into the land of Hiawatha, our guide being Miss

Craig, who has recently been adopted as an Indian princess into the tribes of two famous Indian chiefs. As she had previously taken the journey, her company proved very interesting, for she was not only well acquainted with the grandest scenery, but she had a fund of traditions and Indian lore for every island, waterfall and beach.

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

EDITORS, { MR. A. M. OVERHOLT, M.A.
MR. F. S. BEDDOW.

THE new College sweater of dark blue ornamented with white and bearing "W. B. C." on the breast is worn by a number of the boys.

THE Judson Missionary Society meeting was addressed during November by Rev. Dr. Gordon, of Montreal, and Rev. W. T. Graham, of Brantford.

OUR prayer-meetings are well attended this term, and we look for good results from the quiet work done in these gatherings. God has been good to us as a college in years gone by, and we have faith to expect even greater blessings this year.

SEVERAL of our boys recently figured prominently in the Collegiate Athletic sports. L. Proctor, E. Hunter, and J. McGillivary took the first three places in the half-mile race, in the order named. In the 440 yards race E. Wiard got first place and N. S. McKechnie second. M. Van Velzer also made a good record for the school in the pole vault.

AFTER tea on the evening before Hallow-e'en, we were startled by the sight of a line of fire-hose, a hose-cart, and a number of firemen ouside the front door. Rushing out, the old "Commercial" was discovered to be ablaze. The fire was soon under control however, and though the upper part of the old building was gutted, nothing of value was burned as the place had been for a long time in disuse. The cause of the fire is unknown.

WE had oysters instead of brickbats in celebration of Hallow-e'en this year. The entertainment last year was provided by the town roughs; this time by the College Faculty. In great expectation all met in the dining-room at 9.30, and after a great supper, found amusement in a programme of speech and song. Principal McCrimmon addressed the school in a humorous strain, and acted as master of ceremonies. Mr. D. K. Clarke, representing the Faculty, opened out his stock of well-selected Scotch stories. A well-written paper, entitled "Reminiscences,"

prepared by Messrs. Grigg and Buchanan, recalling the now famous adventures of last Hallow-e'en, was read by Mr. Grigg. Mr. Dadson and Mr. Cameron impersonated the characters mentioned in their readings, much to the amusement of all, and Mr. Light and Mr. Eakins, a former student, sang for us Our college cartoonist, Mr. Beddow, brought an excellent programme to a close by several good local hits, and all felt that an ideal way of spending Hallow-e'en had been found.

Much interest was shown in the inter-year Rugby games this year. The series ended with the fourth year in the lead, followed by the first year. The graduating year was remarkably successful, scoring in all 83 points with no points scored against them. The following table will show the standing of the teams at the close of the season :

	W.	L.	Points	Points against.
Fourth year,	3	0	83	0
First year,	2	1	36	45
Second year,	1	2	25	40
Third year,	0	3	4	50

The winning team challenged a picked team from the remaining years of the school, and rather a wild game gave 7 to 2 in favor of the champions.

An important change has just been made in the Literary and Debating Societies in regard to the attendance, which is now made compulsory. The Faculty was asked by the Societies to bring about this alteration, and already it has proved a wise course by greatly enlarging the attendance, and therefore the value of the work done in the societies. Perhaps the most pretentious meeting this term was a Mock Parliament, in which both the societies joined. Various matters connected with the College were humorously dealt with under the name of legislation. The leading characters were :—Governor-General, Mr. A. M. Overholt ; Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod, H. S. Coulter ; Sergeant-at-arms, G. F. Stephens ; Speaker, W. J. Smither ; Clerk, Kenneth Clarke ; Pages, C. Hilton and W. Cherry. Government—Premier, F. S. Beddow ; Minister of Agriculture, W. A. Cameron ; Minister of Public Works, J. Telford ; Minister of Internal Supplies, J. H. Cranston. Opposition Leaders—T. Dadson, N. Burke, W. J. Grigg, W. E. Matthews.

The societies are preparing for a debate with the local Y. M. C. A. and the annual fall open meeting.

The Open Meeting.—The chief event at the College Literary Societies, for the fall term, the open meeting, took place on Friday evening, December 7th. A larger number than usual of the friends of the college met in the chapel to hear a programme which represented the combined work of the junior and senior societies.

Mr. W. J. Smither, president of the senior society, occupied the chair, and stated briefly the work of the college societies. For outside help we were indebted to Miss Creighton, of the First Church, for a solo. Mr. Coulter favoured us with an overture. Mr. "Tom" Dadson recited the humorous "Lady Jane" in his usual clever way. The applause showed how well he had entertained his audience. A sketch on the life of Mr. Gladstone was given by Mr. Overholt, critic of the senior society. The *Oracle* and *Maple Leaf* papers, edited by the members of the senior and junior societies respectively, were read. The *Oracle* showed careful preparation and selection of material by its editor, Mr. Cranston, and the sub-editors, Messrs. Grigg and Buchanan. Mr. Coulter is the editor of the *Maple Leaf*. The evening's programme was brought to a close by a talk with "Heads and Faces." illustrated by a series of charcoal sketches given by Mr. Beddow, who never fails to entertain with his cartoons.

GRANDE LIGNE.

EDITOR: E. S. ROY, B.A.

OUR boys are looking forward in anticipation to the time when our skating-rink shall be covered with ice instead of the snow that is found there at present.

ALREADY the thought of "examinations" is troubling the minds of many. Some say they are "abominable things." But another thought generally connected with "exams." that gives pleasure, and perhaps helps one to face them more bravely, is that they are usually followed by a holiday. This latter is much deserved by many, not so much by others, but fully enjoyed by all.

GRANDE LIGNE is noted for its strong winds, but the storm which struck us lately was so furious that it created an unusual commotion about the place. We at the Institute had an accident which might have ended fatally for two of the teachers and one of the boys. They had gone on the roof when all at once several yards of it was uplifted and carried over their heads. The noise was heard all over the school but no panic ensued. The roof has since been repaired and we are again under safe cover.

OUR Temperance Society is again at work. Since the beginning of the year a number of new members have been enrolled, many of them for life, one for the long period of two months, and four only from the whole school who have not joined. On the 7th inst., an interesting meeting was held. The programme, prepared by Miss H. Bullock and Mr. Nicole, was both enjoyable and profitable. We trust these meetings may tend to develop that strength of mind and character that will

enable one to stand in times of temptation. At this meeting the society expected a treat when the president announced "We will now be favored with a mixed quartette by the ladies."

A PLEASANT break in the regular school life was made on the 29th ult., by a social gathering at the church. In the early part of the evening an interesting lecture on a popular subject, was given by the pastor, Mr. Parent. Following this, and appreciated by all, was a bountiful supper prepared by the ladies of the church. In connection with this, but not ending with it, was the social time with the "demoiselles." This also was appreciated, especially by those whose election to a seat at their side proved successful. The nice little sum of $43.80 was raised for the church.

F. I. A. A. A.—On Wednesday afternoon, Dec. 5th, some of the Feller Institute athletes gave an exhibition in the gymnasium. Seats were provided for the ladies, who most gladly responded to the invitation, as entertainments of an athletic nature have been very rare at Grande Ligne. The new president of the association, "Professor" Nicole, has reason to be proud of his society, and we hope that he will continue to encourage physical exercise among the young men and boys, until they all learn to appreciate its value From beginning to end the exhibition was a success. The performers were Messrs. Viens, Cole, Brouillet, Corbin, Auclair, Charon, Lyon, Vendette, Walder and Helie. One of the most interesting items on the programme was the trapeze exercise by Viens, who balanced himself most adroitly in a variety of positions. He, Brouillet and Auclair also distinguished themselves in a post-climbing contest, which is supposed to be very difficult for amateurs. Lyons' clever feats on the bicycle elicited applause, and Charon's performance on the punching bag was encored. Brouillet's long legs proved to be particularly adapted to high kicking; Corbin showed himself quite an expert acrobat, and Helie, as clown, was decidedly at home. He added much to the amusement of the spectators. The exercises on the horizontal ladder, parallel bars and ropes, were also very well done. On returning to the house, all those who had taken part were invited to an impromptu snack, which seldom comes amiss except to dyspeptics.

Here and There.

EDITOR : A. B. COHOE, B.A.

IN the beginning of the century there were only 170 missionaries in all the world, with hardly 50,000 converts and an annual expenditure of only $250,000. Now there are 4,694 mission stations, with 15,200 out-stations, 11,000 missionaries, and associated with them 65,000 native Christian assistants, 17,441 mission schools, 1,500,000 native Christians, and annually $15,000,000 is spent in the work.—*Ex.*

FROM a somewhat large number of exchanges it is difficult to select those most deserving of appreciative comment. The *Presbyterian College Journal* maintains in its initial number for this year its usual high standard. We know of no review column more interesting and instructive than the "Talks about Books" by the Rev. Professor Campbell. The *Acadia Athenaeum*, always a welcome exchange, is doubly so this month because of the appreciative sketches of the life of our late Dr. Rand. The *Sibyl*, published by the students of Elmira College, is artistic in its design and matter. The short sketches under the heading "The Study Fire," are worthy of special note.

We wish to acknowledge the receipt for the first time of the *Seminary Magazine*, the *Harvard Monthly* and the *University of Toronto Monthly*.

THE early numbers of our exchanges present the usual revival of the discussion of the true function of college journalism. Perhaps no more timely article has been written than that appearing in the October number of *Acta Victoriana*. In the opinion of the writer the function of a college magazine is "to aid directly the students and the institution." The dangerous tendency manifesting itself in too ambitious attempts is well stated. "Last year one of the advisory members of the Board urged us to make *Acta* representative of Canadian literature; but is not that entrenching on the sphere of other publications, while giving very poor encouragement to struggling authors, since we can give little financial support? With more reason we might be expected to foster the talent now left undeveloped among us, that when students leave the college halls they may have served their apprenticeship in writing." It is further pointed out that the interest of the graduate and undergraduate body will be better retained by a discussion of topics of vital interest than by making the magazine "a mere waste-paper basket for Canadian authors."

A SONG FOR AUTUMN.

Deep-brimming the sunlight thrills
Far over the golden hills,
And the autumn splendor dies away
In the silent sinking of the day ;
Far over the purple hills
Slow-darkening the meadow fills,
Down where the ships lie in the open-bosomed bay.

Far-echoed from lonely dells
Solemnly the music swells,
And the treasured love of former days
Is remembered at the parting ways ;
Plaintively the music swells,
Mournfully as evening bells
Toll through the dusk out of the tender twilight haze.

—R. M. GREEN, in *The Harvard Monthly.*

The following is a quotation from a volume of Oxford verse :

I met a man by Isis' stream,
Whose phrase discreet and prudent,
Whose penchant for a learned theme
Proclaimed the Serious Student :
I never knew a scholar who
Could more at ease converse on
The latest *Classical Review*
Than that superior person.

He spoke of books—all manly sports
He deemed but meet for scoffing ;
He did not know the Racquet Courts—
He'd never heard of golfing—
Professors ne'er were half so wise,
Nor Readers more sedate !
He was—I learnt with some surprise—
An undergraduate.

Another man I met, whose head
Was crammed with pastime's annals,
And who, to judge from what he said,
Must simply live in flannels ;
A shallow mind his talk proclaimed,
And showed of culture no trace ;
One " book " and one alone he named—
His own—'twas on the Boat-race.

" Of course," you cry, " some brainless lad,
Some scion of ancient Tories,
Bob Acres, sent to Oxford *ad*
Emolliendos mores.
Meant but to drain the festive glass
And win the athlete's pewter ! "
There you are wrong : this person was
That undergraduate's Tutor.

THE
McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY
JANUARY, 1901.

"EYES, BUT THEY SEE NOT."

Poor purblind eyes, that can only see
Where a great soul limned its reverie,
A painted picture upon the wall,—
A painted picture, and that is all!
A blending of billow and rock and tree,
A struggling sail on the tide, maybe,
Two forms abroad on an anxious quest,
Two faces torn with a wild unrest;
Poor eyes, untaught by the white waves' roll,
The vivid dream of the painter's soul!—
Eyes blind to the castle framed in the agate,
To the face in the fire, and the fane in the fagot.

"EARS, BUT THEY HEAR NOT."

Poor ears, that never from tone or strain
Can catch the measure of joy or pain!—
To which the twitter along the eaves
Is one with the 'plaint of the wind-swept leaves;
To which the lips of the pink sea-shell
Have never a secret tale to tell;
That list alike to the pæan sung
And the moan from the heart of the captive wrung;
The wordless world might appeal as well
To the padded doors of a padded cell;
Poor ears, that only their portals open
When lips of men have their "sesame" spoken!

M. A. MAITLAND

NEW TESTAMENT THEOLOGY: GOULD.*

The relation of Professor Gould to the Baptist body as a former member of the staff of Newton Centre Theological Seminary and his removal on account of doctrinal considerations to the Protestant Episcopal Church and its Divinity School at Philadelphia, together with the fact of his decease since the appearance of this, his chief literary product, impart to us a kindly and pathetic interest in this book. For compactness and for succinctness and clearness of statement, I do not think it has been paralleled in the literature on the subject. On this account and because the views presented throughout, though strongly objectionable in the opinion of many evangelical Christians, represent a very influential school of present-day thought, the book ought to be widely read and studied. Its excellent marginal notes make it very handy for reference. All that can be attempted in this brief review is a very bald outline of its contents and a few remarks in criticism of its main positions.

The aim of the author is "to do for a student of the N. T. what the higher criticism has done in the O. T.—enable him to find his way" through it; *i.e.*, to present the teachings of the N. T. in their historical connections and unfoldings.

The books of the N. T. are, the author says, in the first place, the product of antagonisms which have their roots in the O. T., especially that radical opposition between prophetism and priestism and the two conflicting Messianic ideals, the conquering prince and the suffering servant; secondarily, they arose out of the contact of Christianity with Alexandrianism—*i.e.*, Judaism as modified by Greek culture, of which Philo the Jew is the representative *par excellence.*

Jesus takes his stand squarely with the prophets against the priests: the law is inward and obedience is free and spiritual; principles are substituted for special enactments; God's

* The Biblical Theology of the New Testament, by the late Ezra P. Gould, D.D. New York: The MacMillan Company. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company (Ltd). 1900; pp. xvi. + 221; price 75 cts.

nature is ethical, his chief quality is his graciousness (Father); sacrifices and ritual ordinances are mere human commands; the result is emancipation. An ideal ethical and spiritual order (Kingdom of God) is latent in humanity and is sure to be realized. "Jesus proposed to himself, therefore, to conquer the world by teaching the world the truth about God and his will."

The primitive disciples accepted Jesus as Messiah, but not in the sense he intended. His death was a stumbling-block to their faith, which they did not attempt to rationalize, but overcame by their unconquerable certainty of his resurrection and their assurance of his future return to follow the *role* temporarily interrupted. A reaction set in. They returned to the common Jewish conception of the law and the Messiah. Paul's conversion, owing to his inside view of Judaism, wrought a revolution. He interpreted the emancipation effected by Jesus as absolute freedom from the law. "Our Lord, following in the line of the prophets, proceeded to idealize and spiritualize the law; Paul proclaimed the abolition of law, not merely the ceremonial requirements of Mosaism, but law in general." He also retained the priestly element, discarded by Jesus, and exhibited it in his attempt to rationalize the death of Jesus: it is a general expiatory offering for sin to be appropriated by the individual in the act of faith, "an offset to his own freedom from penalty. Also through his death Christ is able to come in the Spirit, which is himself, into such relations with the believer as to make him inwardly righteous also. This 'inferior' righteousness of faith God accepts in lieu of the real righteousness of obedience."

The controversies which arose out of Paul's attitude produced most of the N. T. books. The N. T. is thus made to circle round Paul and not Jesus.

The Gospel by *Mark*, which underlies *Matthew* and *Luke*, is Peter's narrative, produced as a "corrective" of anti-legal Paulinism on one side and Christian Judaism on the other. He attempts to restore the teaching of Jesus to its place of authority. Acts gives a substantially historical account of the primitive church and of Paul. In *Rom., 1 and 2 Cor., Gal., Phil.,*

Philem., and possibly *1 and 2 Thes.*, Paul sets forth his views. At a later date, as "the result of the great debate on justification," *James* and *1 Peter* were written by the men whose names they bear, far developed beyond the James and Peter of the Acts. Both are Pauline and yet anti-Pauline in doctrine. James, like Paul, eliminates ceremonial Mosaism, but openly disputes Paul's doctrine of justification by restoring Jesus' doctrine of justification by ethical obedience. *1 Peter* is Pauline in its universalism and its mystical view of the death of Christ, but it is anti-Pauline in its omission of, and real opposition to, Paul's doctrine of justification by faith. Both James and Peter are an answer to Paul from the standpoint of prophetic Judaism. Paul's absolute freedom from law is met by James's conception of the law as itself a law of freedom, and by Peter's freedom from human law owing to subjection to the higher, the divine, law. The *Apocalypse*, though of composite authorship, represents in its main portion, "an unqualified opposition to Paul, which does not exist among the apostles themselves, but only among the extreme members of their party."

The other books of the N. T. represent the contact of Christianity with Alexandrianism. *Eph.* and *Col.* (pseudonymous and probably composite) confute the Alexandrian doctrine of emana tion and subordination of Jesus to higher "æons" by presenting him, like Philo's Logos, as containing in himself the powers of the universe, subordinating all other "powers" to himself and finally reconciling a discordant world. The *Pastoral Epistles*, *Jude* and *2 Pet.*, all pseudonymous, appeal to the authority of doctrine and rebuke gnostic excesses and philosophy in general. *Heb.* is consistently Alexandrian in its doctrine of divine ideas or images, in its method of reasoning and in its allegorical interpretation. It rationalizes and idealizes the place of faith in Christianity. The Johannean writings (Gospel and Epistles), both in their doctrinal treatment of Christology and in their spiritual method, have their roots in Alexandrianism. The Son of God is an incarnation of the Alexandrian Logos. In contrast to the Synoptics, John is pessimistic, viewing the great mass of mankind as incapable of receiving the truth.

In a brief magazine article it is impossible to criticize a

work like this in detail. I shall content myself with a few general remarks.

Professor Gould has certainly rendered a service to students of the N. T. by his presentation of those contrasts and peculiarities which are likely to be overlooked by the traditional method on account of the view of revelation on which it reposes. If the task he has attempted can be successfully carried out, the N. T. will become to most of us a far richer book than it has ever been. Such an attempt will inevitably be characterized by hypotheses which further study will correct. In the case of the work under consideration, to put it as briefly and bluntly as possible, I believe that both the author's point of view and his conclusions are fundamentally wrong.

His method is intended to be inductive, but turns out to be really deductive. It rests upon the Hegelian hypothesis that human development (religious development included) consists in the unfolding of mental conceptions, and that in this process progress is made from the thesis through its corresponding antithesis up to a higher synthesis in which the opposites are reconciled. When the author attempts to apply this philosophical position to the books of the N. T., it becomes necessary, in order to square the facts with the theory, to make some such division of the books as he has done. Another result is, that the eye is sharpened for the discovery of antagonisms, at the cost of losing sight of an underlying harmony. And so *Eph.*, *Col.*, the *Pastoral Epistles* and possibly *1 and 2 Thes.* are taken from Paul, and James and Peter are made to oppose him. That there is a contrast in style and cast of thought between these and the acknowledged epistles of Paul is not to be denied, but comparing, for example, *Phil.* with *Eph.* and *Col.*, much is accounted for by the difference in Paul's personal relations to these readers, in their circumstances and in his aim in writing. There is no greater difference in mental quality between *Eph.* and *Col.* and the contrasted epistles of Paul than between the 13th of *1 Cor.* and other portions of the same epistle. The man who could write *Rom.* vi. 1-5; *1 Cor.* xv. 35-49 and *Phil.* iii. 1-15, could also write *Col.* ii. 8-15; *Eph.* i. 15-23 and iv. 11-16. Again, the author sets James against Paul, at a loss to both. It

is true that Paul proclaims absolute freedom from law, *but only as a saving energy.* He honors the law as a statement of spiritual principles of which Christ is the highest interpretation, love the fundamental character and the believer through Christ the possessor. See *Rom.* iii. 31; viii. 1-5; xiii. 8-10. The righteousness of faith is not with Paul an inferior righteousness accepted by God in lieu of the righteousness of obedience, but is itself the supreme righteousness and in its nature the root of true obedience. See *Phil.* iii. 8-12; *Gal.* ii. 20, 21.

I do not think it is a true interpretation of James which makes him controvert Paul's doctrine of justification by faith. James is controverting a false conception of righteousness with which was linked a false view of faith, a perversion of Paul's. Professor Gould does not seem to me to have entered very fully into Paul's thought.

The author's treatment of his subject is also affected by what seems to me an erroneous conception of the nature of the Christian revelation. Like the particular traditional view he combats, his view of the Christian revelation seems to be that it is primarily doctrine. Hence the attempt to make the utterances of Jesus the original source and to test all other teachings by his as the standard. In this way the secret of all the N. T. books is partially hid, namely, *the personality of Jesus—what he is to the believer.* In this way also the various attempts, mostly of an unscientific nature, to present that reality, which appear in the N. T., are imperfectly apprehended and inadequately described, because the emphasis is mainly laid upon the intellectual side of their teachings, *i.e.*, the mental conceptions they utilized And though Christianity was a new thing in the world, it did not bring with it at once a new mental furniture or a new set of theological or philosophical terms, but had to make use of such as were ready to hand, and had gradually to infuse a new meaning into them.

The importance of this fact will appear in a close study of those books which are marked by the Alexandrian cast of thought. For instance, the epistle to the Colossians and the Gospel of John are cast in the mould of that philosophy, to some extent at least; but they are not built upon the presup-

position of the truth of that system. The reality and truth of the life in Christ is their presupposition, and the philosophical conceptions derived from Alexandrianism are some of the means used to present the Christian truth. I think Professor Gould's failure to give due weight to this consideration has led to his giving us a radically defective representation of the teachings of these books. A similar error is made in his representation of the doctrine of the primitive church. The faith of the early church is expressed through Judaistic conceptions, but is never to be so nearly identified with Judaism, as seems to be done by our author.

Notwithstanding all this and much more that might be said along a similar line, the work under review is a very powerful treatment of the subject, and no thoughtful student of the N. T. can afford to ignore the positions it assumes. The times demand of all ministers in particular a thorough and painstaking study of N. T. theology.

GEORGE CROSS.

LA CRAVATE ROUGE.

A French-Canadian Sketch.

On the low-lying sandy shore of the river St. Lawrence at the town of S——, twenty or thirty clumsy French-Canadian row-boats were drawn up high and dry out of the water. To and fro behind them walked a man, who so frequently directed an anxious gaze townwards that he left no doubt in the minds of those who noticed him, that he desired to be ferried over the river, and that without delay.

A grating sound caused the stranger suddenly to face riverwards, in which direction he saw a young man of the oddest, gawkiest figure imaginable, beaching his boat. He stepped rapidly towards him, and, extending a coin in his right hand, requested to be rowed down to a small island lying well out in the stream. The young fellow reached out his hand mechanically to take the coin; but suddenly, as he looked at

his passenger, his face assumed a look of mingled terror and surprise. A stupor seemed to rivet him and his gaze to the same spot for an instant; then with a sudden wheel he pushed his boat into the water, leaped therein, and grasped the oars to pull away, leaving the stranger not only in utter consternation, but also in anger and indignation. But ere he had taken three strokes, a vein of self-consciousness returned, for he dropped one oar to allow him to toss the coin back to its owner.

The disappointed passenger scowled angrily, and was on the point of emitting through his lips—the safety-valves of the feelings—a portion of the indignation distending his heart in the form of a very energetic and significant expression, when he was met by a kindly-looking, but crude, old boatman carrying a loaded basket to his boat from the market. Under the influence of the simplicity and inoffensiveness manifested on the old man's face, the intended words of vexation were converted into a welcome.

"Bon jour, Jean. How are you?"

"Very well, Monsieur," responded the other in a broad *habitant* accent.

"Plenty of room for me?" he asked, pointing with the thumb of his left hand down stream, and inserting with his right a piece of money in the corresponding hand of the other.

"Certainly, Monsieur," was the prompt answer of the habitant, completely won by the *ad captandum* argument "Get in." But the stranger had already embarked, having read an assent in the old Frenchman's eyes, before he heard it fall from his tongue. They had pulled but a short distance from the shore, when the passenger re-opened the conversation.

"Who is that young chap yonder?"

The boatman shrugged his shoulders several times without speaking, but finally said, as he tapped his forehead significantly.

"A little off, Monsieur. Maxime Rondeau."

"Born that way?"

"Non, Monsieur. We call him Cravate Rouge—Rouge for short. Funny story about how he got it—about a red necktie. Why, Monsieur, that one of yours would scare him like the *loup garou*. Oui, Monsieur, it would. I've known him to turn and ———."

"Do you know the story yourself?" the stranger interrupted.

"May be I do, and may be I don't. Have you any *tabac*? My pipe's empty, and I can't remember the story unless it is lit." The old habitant had a trap laid for some fragrant city tobacco.

The passenger handed him a well-filled pouch from which he filled his capacious pipe to its fullest capacity. He then began his narrative, feeling that his story-telling machinery was sufficiently lubricated.

Eleven years before, two stylishly-dressed young men hired Maxime to ferry them over the river to the island opposite this same town of S——. The two passengers being from the city, as their attire testified, endeavored for amusement's sake to arouse a conversation with their juvenile ferryman; but in vain. The boy's taciturnity was not due to timidity in the presence of strangers, for he was rude rather than timid. His gaze had singled out the person of one of his passengers as its continual target. Nothing could induce him to direct his eyes elsewhere, when he did not have to employ them in looking behind to see where to guide his craft. The object of all this could not but feel somewhat uncomfortable, and at the same time somewhat flattered; but he was in a state of uncertainty as to whether it arose from admiration or from mere curiosity. At last he inveigled himself into believing that the former was the source, his myriad guesses and suspicions having never approached the real case—that a red necktie, faded, soiled, worn and out-of-date, was the innocent cause of Maxime's rudeness and taciturnity.

The very last thing that Maxime beheld as he landed his passengers, and, for a few days, the brightest, most attractive and dearest figure reflected in the crowded, bewildering mirror of memory, was this red necktie—this *cravate rouge.*

Maxime Rondeau was known to all the little fishing community as an *original* in every respect. He was moody, impressionless, uncommunicative, and solitary. His neighbors could never be induced to believe that he had one redeeming quality, their opinion being fostered by the boy's physical

appearance. A pair of exceedingly large feet, a pair of somewhat bandied legs, and an abnormally long body supporting on a short thick neck a normally shaped cranium—was Maxime. There was nothing unusual about his facial features in respect of formation; but still a strange, haunted look generally brooded over them, and dulled them, as a lowering cloud dulls the sparkling waters of a meadow brooklet. When his face was thus clouded the people never ventured to twit him, a feeling akin to fear restraining them. That look of Maxime's was the result of the dense accumulation in that one cranium of twelve years' secrets, not incommunicable, but uncommunicated. His relatives had never encouraged him to be other than secretive, yet blamed him for being so, meting out to him censure and contempt in equal proportions. So it is said: "Familiarity breeds contempt." That depends—on the charity of the one and the faults of the other.

As Maxime had no sisters, he had to perform all the work of the house—an ancient log-cabin whose remaining days were numbered—except the bi-weekly cooking, an insignificant item. He had a father—one who went by that name—and two brothers at home; at least, they came home every night to lounge and smoke before going to bed. The image of another brother, drowned three years since in Lac St. Pierre, occasionally rose in his mind surrounded by a faint halo. He had once helped Maxime to carry an armful of wood. Being thus compelled to act as man of the house, chore-boy, scullion and floor-scrubber at once, he had no opportunity of mingling with the boys of the vicinity. An ignorance of even the small, unimportant world around him—an innocence, we would say—was the natural result.

Can we wonder that a red necktie could so bewitch the boy?

When Maxime returned home that night, a decision had taken up a permanent residence in his mind; that, come what would, he would earn a *cravate rouge*, and wear it like the man from the city—with a pin in it, perhaps. His evening's work slipped through his hands like water through a basket. His movements were marked by an unusual alacrity. His answers to

the infrequent questions put to him were characterized by an unaccustomed length and warmth of expression. A reflection of his heart's smile glimmered dimly over his features. But still his mother attributed it all to a mood, and passed it by with a kind of a "laissez faire" sneer.

His tasks were so quickly completed that evening, that he withdrew to his favorite rock overhanging the river to ponder in freedom and quietness. Nearly every phase of nature seconded his thoughts, and seemed appareled in red neckties, for Maxime regarded nature as almost human. The clouds in the west slowly and mysteriously assumed the ill-defined shape of a huge man, whose legs were raised aloft towards the zenith, and whose head rested on the horizon. The setting sun stained with red a small cloud somewhere near where the giant's neck would be. It was not difficult to convert this into a red necktie. A cardinal flower that raised its elongated head above a mass of less showy blooms, now dreamily dusky in the evening sun, served the purpose of a red necktie to its surroundings. An ocean steamer majestically and ponderously passing up stream towards Montreal, possessed that evening a charm hitherto unknown to Maxime. How strange that he had never noticed the red strip on the funnel.

To be brief, every thing seemed steeped and dyed in red. Red, then, was the favorite color of nature; also of man. It was, therefore, the only suitable color. He would have a red necktie. This was Maxime's untutored logic.

He silently returned home and retired, only to dream of a beautiful, bewildering country clothed in red; where the waters ran scarlet, and the trees rustled a vermillion foliage. Even the birds' songs seemed tinged with this all-pervading color.

The next morning being Sunday, he followed his mother to mass. We say followed, because he always preferred to walk behind his company. Half of the twenty *arpents* separating their house and the church had been covered, when Maxime suddenly blurted out:

"Ma mere, do they wear fine clothes in heaven?" That was all.

"Keep quiet, do!" replied his mother, without turning

around, "Of course they do!" A silence then ensued, the mother attributing the question to a mood.

A little farther on he again blurted out:

"Ma mere?"

"Well?"

"Do the angels wear——" Here he again checked himself and became silent. "This also is a mood," thought his mother.

The church steps were reached. As they were on the point of ascending them, Maxime suddenly burst out speaking without any introductory *ma mere*, as if it were his heart's desire to be disembarrassed of a load, before the solemnity of the church could prevent it.

"Do the angels wear *des cravates rouges?*"

"Keep quiet, Maxime! Ask Monsieur le curé. I don't know."

What the boy's thought were during the service we know not, but could divine, if called upon to do so.

After mass his mother betook herself home alone, leaving him on the church steps. There he sat down waiting for Monsieur le curé, having taken his mother at her word. A footstep roused him from a deep reverie. He turned and beheld Monsieur le curé, and before the latter could utter his customary "Bon jour, Maxime! Comment ca va?" unceremoniously began to address himself to the priest in that untactful way peculiar to young people of a secretive disposition.

"Monsieur le curé, do the angels wear *des cravates rouges?*" The speaker drooped his head as if in shame, and fumbled uneasily with his apparel.

"Why do you ask?" kindly questioned the curé, patting Maxime's head.

"Because——"

"Do you like *les cravates rouges?*"

"Oui, Monsieur le curé," half boldly came the answer of the questioned questioner.

"I suppose, then, that they do," said the curé.

This sufficed Maxime whose wits were not keen enough to notice the tactfully inserted *then*, and he went away literally smiling.

All through the succeeding week his thoughts reverted to red neckties, though not so often as before, since the first ecstasy had enfeebled itself. When Saturday came he rowed over to S——, and loitered around the beach in the hope that some passengers might be forthcoming. Suffice it to say, that before two o'clock he had been placed in the financial position he so longed for, at the expense of three trips across the river.

When he left his boat drawn up on the shore his heart was palpitating like an aspen-leaf in the breeze, but ere long that wore off, and an unusual sense of calmness, assurance and deliberation took its place. He threaded his way through the throngs of fishermen, peasants and townspeople, proudly thinking, this poor, simple boy, of the impression his new article of apparel would make on these people who now despised him or did not even know his name. The moth-pupa never entertained such sanguine hopes of the impression its gaudy wings would make upon the world outside.

He arrived before the store where he contemplated making his purchase. His hand tightly grasped the money in his pocket, while his eyes were as firmly fixed on a handsome *cravate* in the window. In a dreadful fear lest passers-by should divine his thoughts, he delayed but long enough to assume an off-hand air before entering the shop. He then walked in composedly, pointed out the tie he wanted in a very ordinary way, and paid for his purchase. A neat little parcel was handed to him by the clerk who pleasantly asked:

"Any thing else?"

"I meant to put it on here," came the firm answer.

"Very well. Here's a mirror," said the clerk, doing his best to repress an irrepressible smile, when he observed that Maxime wore no coat over his cheap, coarse shirt, without collar or other means for hanging a necktie. However, to avoid giving offence, he directed this unsophisticated customer to the mirror, where an adjustment was effected between that individual and the necktie with a great deal of difficulty and ostentation. Then, oblivious to the absolute incongruity between the flaming red silk and his own person and apparel, he walked out into the street.

Up and down through the market he went under the happy impression that he was the central figure of all the crowd. Where he was; there was the throng. Where he was not; there, no throng. There was a certain exhiliration in the feeling, but he was subtly tortured by an unceasing, insatiable yearning. Already his two brothers had passed him by without a word or look of recognition. This had stung him to the quick. But now he spied the elder one conversing with some young men down the street. He approached, feigning attention to the conversation, but really cogitating how he might best display his neckwear. The speakers were engaged in an animated repartée. A lull came, and the brother casually noticing Maxime, said unconcernedly: "Well, Maxime," and proceeded with the discussion, after which the discomfitted boy moved slowly away without betraying his feelings in the least.

Wearily, hopelessly, he paraded the streets and market-hall till six o'clock. At times he thought he heard people who had just passed him comment favorably on his *cravate*, and turned around to find them admiring some article in a shop window. At other times he felt convinced that people approaching him fixed their eyes in admiration upon it, and, casting his own gaze into theirs to determine its direction, found that it was projected either into nothing or else into something more remote than his *cravate*. Once a man coming towards him stopped short about six feet away, and—Maxime's heart leaped—appeared to regard the necktie admiringly, until a question revealed his real thought.

"My boy; I am a stranger here. Can you tell me where the town hall is?" Maxime, partly to accommodate the gentleman, and partly to thrust an opportunity before his eyes of seeing the *cravate*, accompanied him to the very door, receiving for his pains a very warm "Thank you."

Eight o'clock had struck, and the boy gave up all hope. He went down to the water's edge, and sat on the prow of his boat, as the events of the disgusting day he had just passed came before him in memory, which proved vividly and cruelly faithful. It was quite dark. A storm was heralded in the west by an approaching mass of black cloud. He knew it was un-

safe to attempt to cross the river, but could not overcome a resolution that had rooted itself in his mind so firmly that it checked his nascent instincts of caution. He was determined to cross, and perhaps—it was a vivid *perhaps* to him—perhaps his mother, when all others would not, would notice his *cravate rouge.* He pushed his boat into the water and jumped in.

One-third of the watery way had been traversed, when, without a moment's notice, a storm of wind and rain burst. Maxime pulled hard to keep himself from drifting into Lac St. Pierre; but his efforts were as useless as they were feeble. A new course was adopted—to attempt a landing at any place whatever on the opposite shore, and thence to walk home. So attentive was he to this plan for safety, that he failed to see the lights of a large ocean steamer which was beating against the storm right across his path. Its advance was slow, but swift enough to cut in twain the small craft of Maxime when it struck it square amidships. The boy's scream was drowned in the tempest. Instinctively he grasped one of the parts of his broken boat, then felt himself rub and thump alternately on the iron sides of the liner, and finally found himself drawn down, or else raised up in the churned-up wake of the steamer. After a violent tossing and racking he stupidly realized that he had been thrown up on the shore, where the inrunning waves swished near him, and repeatedly bumped against him the fragment of the boat to which he still clung tenaciously. Then he knew no more, until he saw standing by him in broad daylight his relatives and several neighbors.

His first thought was not on his own safety or his immunity from wounds and bruises, but on his resolution of the night before. Expectant, at last, of some recognition of his cherished possession, he cried out as a smile illumined his face:

"Ma mere! I have it! I have it!" He looked into her eyes with a longing that felt confident of satisfaction.

The mother answered with another question, saying simply: "What?"

Weak from lack of nourishment, sore from his battering in the storm, and desperate, because not even his mother had noticed the *cravate,* he tore it from his neck, and tossed it con-

temptuously away, crying out bitterly, "That!" That! and fell back unconscious.

His bruised body was carried home, and a doctor was summoned from S——. In several hours Maxime came to himself, not as from a refreshing sleep, but in a wild delirium. He would sit up in bed, and scream out with a yearning voice that was answered only by the breezes sighing in the trees, "What? What?" This he repeated many times a day for many days.

At times his life was despaired of, but at other times he rallied so much that strong beliefs in his ultimate recovery were entertained. At last, after a lingering convalescence he became well—in body, not in mind.

Ever since, his actions had been very eccentric. A shimmer of red made him visibly shudder, a full blaze of it made him wince as if subjected to some painful operation, while the sight of a red necktie always put him to utter rout.

W. Sherwood Fox, '00.

Brandon, Man.

"THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN."*

There are greater poets than Rudyard Kipling. And yet few poets, in any age, have had his genius in speaking to the hearts of men and stirring them to action. Herein lies his power. He is an open-eyed prophet with a world-wide vision, and his martial notes ring out with no uncertain sound. Last year, when our American cousins were just emerging from their chrysalis to take a hand in the shaping of the world's destiny, Kipling wrote his famous poem, "The White Man's Burden." Few poems have ever met with such a reception. It met with much criticism, favorable and otherwise, and numberless minor poets found in it a well of inspiration. What was the reason of it all? Was it not that it struck a responsive chord in the heart of the Anglo-Saxon race, and they realized that the voice of the poet was the voice of destiny?

* Prize Oration at the Annual Oratorical Contest of the Literary Society, March, 1900.

But I am not going to speak on Kipling, nor on his poem. I shall simply borrow his subject, "The White Man's Burden."

I. Who is the White Man? Our imagination pictures the blue-eyed Celt, the fair-haired Briton, or some other Northern race. But the White Man is not necessarily the Circassian; the whiteness goes deeper than his skin. The "White Man" is a "Man," with all that that majestic word implies.

In our society we have many false standards by which we classify our fellows. We divide them according to color or race, religion, social standing or education; but the only true standard is that of innate worth. A Circassian may have a very fair face but a very black heart. Such a one is not a true "White Man." He may have the yellow skin of the Mongolian, or be sun-kissed like the Indian, or have the ebony hue of the Ethiopian, but if his heart is pure he is worthy to be called "white."

The White Man is strong and brave, open-minded and large-hearted; he does not pour the rebellious liquors in his blood, nor defile himself with aught unclean. He is a nineteenth century Galahad. He is seized with the world-problem and is purposeful; he looks abroad and says, "All men are brothers," and his sympathy and helpfulness are only measured by his fellows' need. These, these are the white men; and though perhaps different in color, tongue, creed and nationality, yet a common love and a common purpose makes them all akin. He is not confined to one place, one age, or one condition in life. He is the darling of the hall and the mainstay of the cot. He treads the halls of learning or lives in haunts of savages. He wields the sword or drives the pen or guides the plow; but wherever he is or whatever he does, he is always "every inch a man."

He does not necessarily stand in the gaze of multitudes; indeed he often performs his day's work in obscurity. It is comparatively easy to be a hero when the world is looking on and its hurrahs are sounding in one's ears. But it is much harder to do one's best when there are none to see and none to commend; where there is no possibility of distinction, recognition or reward. In a sea-fight every one praises the captain for his courage, coolness and dash. But who ever thinks of the fire-

man down in the bowels of the ship. Stripped to the waist, with rivers of perspiration running from his reeking brow, blinded and choked with coal dust, he works like a fiend in the midst of a very inferno of flame and heat. He knows not how the battle fares above, but he does know that any moment the ship may go to the bottom and he with it, without a chance to draw a single deep breath of the sweet air above or get another glimpse of the clear blue sky. But what cares he? He scorns the thought of reward. He knows that his comrades trust him, and his country has reposed her honor in him, so sink or swim he sticks to his post, even if he is "only a stoker." This is the spirit of the White Man.

II. But the White Man has a burden to carry. He is not the child of luxury and ease, but Atlas-like he bends beneath the tremendous weight of the world. His burden is two-fold—there is the home-problem and the world-problem. As we look about us in the Anglo-Saxon countries where the best conditions prevail, what do we see? Corruption and selfishness in high places, poverty and wretchedness in low. In business the individual soul is being rapidly swallowed up in trust, combine and corporation, and these irresponsible bodies ride roughshod over the prostrate forms of their weaker and more honorable competitors. In the luxurious West End there is the sound of incessant high carnival; while the toilers in the East End worry out their hateful existence in an environment of poverty, squalor, hopelessness and crime, such as causes the very stars to tingle with shame and pity. Bitterness, hatred and vengeance smoulder in the heart of "the man with the hoe," and arrogance, pride and greed, all too often, lurk in the heart of the so-called upper class. The home problem, the labor problem, the drink problem, the war problem—these send forth the agonized cry to the White Man to come and lift the burden.

But these are common things. These do not harrow our souls, for familiarity has bred contempt for them, so we turn to the larger and less familiar world-problem—the problem of those

> ". . . . . new-caught sullen peoples,
> Half devil and half child."

The white races are just awaking to a realization of the vital

relation between their own lands and the tropics, the home of the savage tribes. Especially is this true with the English-speaking peoples. Their trade with the tropics last year was no less than upwards of £200,000,000, or 44% of all their foreign commerce. The temperate countries are becoming more and more dependent upon the tropics for the necessaries and luxuries of life. This means that the respective peoples will increasingly come into more vital touch with each other, and we must lift them up or they will drag us down. What is the prevailing condition in the tropics at the present time? Anarchy or savagery. With one notable exception, the European nations have looked upon these tropical countries merely as exploiting grounds. They have portioned them out among themselves, and they call them plantations or possessions. They have felt no obligation whatever to civilize the children of nature who inhabit these southern climes and whom they have been systematically robbing of their inalienable rights. Consequently these natives have learned the white man's vices and very few of his virtues. Steeped in ignorance and habituated to vice, Kipling correctly describes them as "half devil and half child." This is the condition of the so-called colonies of most of the European countries.

But as I have said, there is one glorious exception to this. I refer to Great Britain. Her colonies are colonies indeed. Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, India and many others—these are jewels in Britain's crown, than which no brighter ever shone. It was not always thus, but England has learned her lesson and learned it well. She has realized that there is a burden to bear and faithfully has she borne it. What has she done for India? Brought it out of savagery to a high civilization. She has built roads, bridges, railways. She has developed India's resources, until that country almost leads now in many of the staples such as tea and cotton, and it ranks third among the contributors of commerce. She has brought about great sanitary reform and established many educational schools and colleges. She has poured out her best blood in India's defence and is even now, with prodigal hand, spending her gold for India's need. She is obeying the call to duty,

"Take up the white man's burden
The savage wars of peace—
Fill full the mouth of famine
And bid the sickness cease."

What has Britain done for Egypt? In thirteen years the national debt of that historic country increased from £3,000,000 to £89,000,000, or nearly thirty-fold. Bankruptcy and ruin stared it in the face, while the people cowed like slaves before the onslaughts of the fanatical dervishes. To-day, Egypt is more than solvent, her arable land has been greatly increased and also her products, while the people have gained their freedom and self-respect.

What is Great Britain doing to-day for South Africa? An ignorant, arrogant, seventeenth century people have dared to oppress the Queen's subjects and some others, and are desirous of throwing back that great country into the twilight of mediævalism. But at tremendous cost of men and treasure, the "Soldiers of the Queen" are beating back the oppressor, and the sword will not be sheathed again, so long as there is a man and a shilling left, until the flag of freedom waves triumphant over every kopje, and the principle of equal rights, liberty of conscience to all men, is firmly established.

And all this is not done for national aggrandizement or profit. England throws open her ports to the world. A fair field and no favor is her motto. Her gain is always the gain of civilization. As Sir Alfred Milner has truthfully said, "Neither directly nor indirectly has Great Britain drawn from her predominant position any profit at the expense of other nations." She has the true conception of the responsibilities of colonization.

This two-fold problem is a herculean task for the white man. A burden means aching backs and sweaty brows, but it also means stalwart frames and the bread very sweet. And as he bends to his work, the burden will grow lighter and the task more joyous, until at last it will be as pinions to help him soar to higher things.

It is a glorious privilege to live in these closing days of the nineteenth century. The world has always needed true men, but never was the need greater than now. All the great

humanistic problems have not been solved by our forefathers. There is ample scope to-day for all that is best in a man. If one is not great it is not because there is not abundant opportunity. Away with the cry that every place is filled! There never was a time when there was a surplus of good men and true; and to-day this old world is hungry for more. It is a sight most pitiful to see the great horde of humanity looking on, grunting and finding fault, while the noble few are lifting, tugging and straining at the burden till they almost break down in despair. It is easy to criticise, but it takes a man to lift.

III. But I would speak also of the White Man's Reward —for he has a reward. It is not altogether just what he would expect or what he deserves. In the fairy books the prince generally marries the princess and they live happily ever afterwards, but in real life things do not always work out so. smoothly. The return to the white man for his unselfishness and self-sacrifice is base ingratitude from base souls. England, at the present time, is reaping the old reward,

> "The blame of those she betters,
> The hate of those she guards—
> The cry of those she humors
> (Ah slowly!) toward the light:—
> Why bro't ye us from bondage,
> Our loved Egyptian night?"

And as England looks round upon her unnatural foes, every one of whom she has benefited—well might she say with King Lear:

> "How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
> To have a thankless child."

But happily. all men are not base, and part of the reward is high appreciation from great souls. In every community there are a few choice spirits whose commendation one well might covet, and if one gets that, one need care very little about the opinion of the unthinking rabble. Again we turn to Britain and her colonies for an example of this.

Now that she has her hands tied by one of the most difficult wars that she or any other nation has ever had to wage, France says, "Now is my time to get sweet revenge for the humiliation of Fashoda"—and the Russian Bear says, "This is

my opportunity to snatch away India, the brightest jewel in Britannia's crown," while Germany and the other nations are waiting to take a hand in the game of grab. But from Canada and South Africa, India, Australia and the West Indies, there comes a lusty shout, "Hands off! Unless you are prepared to fight the whole family you had better keep your distance." And the hostile nations conclude that it would not be healthy for them to run up against this old Mother and her appreciative children. Was there ever a grander sight than that we now witness—this great outburst of spontaneous loyalty and devotion to the Motherland—a loyalty that does not consist in mere empty words but in unsolicited deeds? "Take our sons, take our money, we are with you to the end, for your cause is just and in the interests of humanity." An empire that is bound together with this spirit can never fall.

And what great comfort the Motherland is taking just now in the affection of her lusty children! How proud she is of their deeds! What a glad shout went up the other day in the House of Lords when it was announced that the Lion's whelps from Canada had rushed old Cronje's stronghold—bold, crafty Cronje, the pride of the Transvaal! And by-and-by when the war is ended and the dove of peace coos her love-song over the battle-field, we'll gather round that common grave where rest our hero slain, to drop a flower and tear together. Then we'll clasp hands again,—Old England and her Colonies, a united people, again we will renew the covenant to bear the White Man's burden until there shall be no more oppression and ignorance, and it shall be possible for all men everywhere to live the full, free, rational life. Then shall we say, "It is enough. This goodly fellowship and the inspiration and dignity of a holy mission are reward sufficient."

No small part of the White Man's reward lies in the development of his better self. All that is highest and noblest comes to the surface. As he faces the world-problem he cannot be narrow in his thought and activity. It cannot be said of him that he,

> ". . . . made for the universe, narrowed his mind,
> And to party gave up what was meant for mankind."

He is a citizen of the world, a man of conviction and with the courage of his conviction, a man who does his own thinking and puts his thinking into practice. His task developes all his latent heroism and makes all the glorious possibility of his character blossom into flower and beauty. He cannot be commonplace; he is magnificent.

The need of the world to-day is for more such men. A myriad voices on every hand are calling for volunteers to take up the White Man's burden. The vagrant winds from every quarter are heavily laden with the woes of humanity; and as they sigh through the forests and moan about the gables, the burden of their song is, "Take it up! Take it up!" As we pass along the street the haggard form and haunted look of the drunkard's wife make the same mute appeal. The awful wail for bread that comes over the waters from India's coral strand repeats the same sad refrain, while the blare of the trumpet, the rattle of musketry, the boom of artillery, the curses, the shrieks, the groans of the wounded and dying, thunder forth, "Take it up! Take up the White Man's burden."

And many have hearkened to the cry, and though their names are not in the mouths of the multitude, though the record of their deeds is not blazoned across the sky, though, perhaps, failure seems written across their lives, yet their day's work and sacrifice has not been in vain, nor shall it be forgotten. Even now, could we see it, the battlements of Heaven teem with the shining forms of other heroes who wait to welcome them to their high reward.

We should not be behind our brave countrymen whose names to-day are in the mouths of all men because of their noble deeds and fidelity to duty. Let us strengthen ourselves against the temptation to live the little life, to be satisfied with being less than our best, by praying the Recessional prayer,

"Lord God of Hosts be with us yet,
Lest we forget! Lest we forget!"

G. R. Welch, '00.

THE LAYING OF THE CORNER-STONE.

On Founder's Day, December the twentieth, the corner-stone of our new Chapel was laid. The weather was beautiful, and the ceremony was fittingly performed, in the presence of a large assembly, by Mrs. McMaster, who came all the way from New York to show her unwavering interest in the University which proudly bears the revered name—McMaster.

In the centre of the stone were deposited two bottles containing the following documents :—A Calendar of the University, a Baptist Year Book, The Canadian Baptist of that date, The Morning Globe, Mail and Empire, The World, The McMaster University Monthly of December, Menu and Programme of Christmas Dinner, the names of the architects and contractors, and an historical sketch of the Forward Movement of 1899-1900.

When the stone was pronounced well and truly laid, the company assembled proceeded to the present Chapel, which was soon filled to the doors. Telegrams of sympathy were read by Professor Farmer from Principal Massé of Feller Institute, President Trotter of Acadia, and Dr. McDiarmid of Brandon. Principal Whitley of the Baptist Theological School, Sydney, Australia, was also present and made an appropriate speech on the power of education when imbued with the spirit of true religion. We are sure that Dr. Whitley will carry back to Rev. A. N. Marshall, B.A., whose church he attends, the news that his Alma Mater in Toronto is growing in influence and service. Dr. Newman, whom the Chancellor introduced as the incarnation of all history, but especially Baptist history, also contributed a valuable address, dealing with the early struggles and growth of our present educational system. The Doctor remarked that it was refreshing after so much toil to find ourselves in such happy circumstances. Perfect harmony characterized all our work, and he felt that the University was prospering under the able and wise administration of Chancellor Wallace.

Another interesting feature was the address of Mr. A. T. McNeill, '01, President of the Student Body, during which he

handed over to the Chancellor a silk bag containing one thousand dollars in gold. This was the free-will offering of the students, and $325.00 would yet be added to this amount. Mr. McNeill assured the audience that the students had done this because they felt the need of a new Chapel, and also because they believed in the ideals of McMaster, and were confident that a bright future was in store for the University.

In addition to the addresses to which we have referred in passing, others were delivered by D. E. Thomson, Esq., Rev. P. C. Parker, Rev. J. L. Gilmour, and Principal McCrimmon of Woodstock College. We are glad to be able to print digests of the interesting remarks of these gentlemen.

Mr. D. E. Thomson, Q.C.

A Retrospect.

Those who place special emphasis on individual rights, and individual responsibilities, can ill afford to disregard the significance of the education of the *individual* under the best and highest influences. The few scattered Baptists of these Provinces early realized this, and more than sixty years ago opened their first school of the prophets in Montreal, calling it "The Canada Baptist College." But mechanical science had not yet overcome geography, and just fifty years ago this premature enterprise collapsed. As associated with it we may head our honor roll of departed leaders in educational work, with the names of the sainted John Gilmour, and the two scholarly principals of the College, Dr. Davies and Dr. Cramp.

It was just fifty years ago too, that the first attempt, associated with the name of the Rev. James Inglis, was made to establish a similar school in Toronto. That scheme never got beyond the paper stage. Forty-five years ago a second attempt having the same object and associated with the name of Dr. Maclay reached its climax without practical result.

Just forty years ago was opened the Canadian Literary Institute, now Woodstock College. Unlike its predecessors, this enterprise contemplated something broader than a mere theological school. It recognized an obligation, to the extent of our

ability, to provide the higher education under positive religious influences, for all who would avail themselves of its advantages. Many in the denomination had always thought the school should have been located in Toronto, and before Dr. Fyfe's death in 1878, a considerable sentiment had grown up in favor of the removal of the Theological Department to this city. Immediately after Dr. Fyfe's death this movement assumed more definite form, resulting in a special convention held at Guelph in 1879, when such removal was decided upon, the determining factor in the choice no doubt being the expressed purpose of the Hon. William McMaster, who had all along been a liberal contributor to the work, to do yet larger things in Toronto. There was wavering in some other quarters about the mode of carrying out the convention's decision, but Mr. McMaster was never diverted from his purpose, and just twenty years ago was erected, at his personal expense, the building in which we are met. Not the least enthusiastic and influential of his counsellors at this stage was his wife, whom we are fortunate enough to have with us to day.

In passing from Woodstock we add to our honor roll of departed leaders the names of Dr. Fyfe and Principals Torrance, Wells, Huston and Bates. Without going too far afield, we may also add the name of Dr. Crawford, who passing from the Woodstock staff, represented in the new West the same irrepressible purpose of our people to found educational institutions.

Thirteen years ago it was decided to unite Woodstock and Toronto Baptist College and to add in due time an Arts course. A full university charter was procured from the Legislature, and twelve years ago another educational meeting was held in Guelph, when it was decided that the institution should be organized and developed as a permanently independent school of Christian learning, and that the Arts college should be established in Toronto. The same year co-education was abandoned at Woodstock, and through the munificence of the widow of Senator McMaster, Moulton Ladies' College was established as another academic department of the University.

Twenty years ago this building was dedicated with twenty

students in theology in its classes. Ten years ago the Arts college was opened, with a class numbering thirteen. The average enrolment during the last three years in Arts and Theology combined has been about 200.

During these latter years, the work has been carried on at great inconvenience by reason of the inadequacy of the building. The generosity of our people has made it possible now to take another step in advance, and to-day we lay the corner-stone of another building to answer the combined purposes of library and chapel.

The library was started by the contribution by the trustees of Woodstock College of more than 1,000 volumes belonging to the Theological Department, by Mrs. McMaster's gift of $2,000 cash and by the contribution of some 500 volumes of works of standard English literature by the late Thomas Lailey, Esq. Other friends have since added their quota. No doubt beneficence in this direction has of late been checked, through lack of space to accommodate further gifts. This impediment will soon be removed, and in the new Library empty shelves will shortly yawn for fresh benefactions.

The new Chapel will give added emphasis to the fact that this is a *Christian* school of learning. Friends who still think that in the language of the Guelph Convention it should be developed as a *permanently independent school of Christian learning* must not assume that its struggles are ended. Those who are alive to present currents and under-currents will not lightly assume that the vigilance of its supporters is no longer necessary to ensure its development along its chosen lines.

As we stand on the threshold of another century we need trust in God and confidence in our principles and in ourselves if we are to prove worthy of those who have gone before. Confining ourselves still to the departed we may close our honor roll to date with the names of McMaster, Castle, McGregor and Rand.

REV. P. C. PARKER.

The greatness of a nation does not consist in its natural resources, but in the character of its people. They may be few,

but they must be mighty. The educational institutions of a country are the great factors for carving this character and uniting this mightiness. It speaks volumes for the future of our denomination that our children are crowding into our halls of learning until we have not sufficient room to receive them. We have a magnificent educational inheritance but we must be sure to make it ours by assimilation as well as by assumption.

Ajax and Ulysses contended over the armour of Achilles. Ajax boasted in his ancestors, Ulysses said they were nothing to boast about, but he also might say he was as nobly born and had as richly inherited as Ajax, but, says he, *vix ea nostra voco.* "I scarcely call these things our own."

We have pardonable pride in our inheritance, but if our boast is simply in the fund of the Founder we have missed the meaning of McMaster. The Founder was a man of intense energy, and we can only really enter on our inheritance when we have become patterns of progressive labor and of progressive character. Nature is always equal to itself, there are rarer roses blushing on our bushes than those which captured the zephyrs as they floated over the gardens of Gul, and charmed the eye and gladdened the nostrils of the gods of old. Mankind is always equal to itself and will reproduce itself; it did not exhaust itself in Moses and Miriam, in Samson and Samuel, and the prophets and sages of old. There are Spensers and Shakespeares and Bacons and Byrons in our college halls, and McMasters and Moultons in our cottage homes, but they can only reach their gifts and graces by the assimilation of knowledge and development of character that come through enduring labor. The message of McMaster is labor, and it is a good one for a University to have, as there is no new method to attain the scholar's standing. When we begin to rest on our honours and history, our names and members, our opulence rather than our operations, we shall begin the day of our decay.

At the battle of Cadesia when the Persian monarchy was overwhelmed by Saracens' might, Rustum, their king, was reclining in a cool shade with his mules near at hand laden with gold and silver ready for flight. The standard of monarchy was overthrown and captured on the field, it was the leathern

apron of a blacksmith who in ancient days had arisen the deliverer of Persia. But this badge of arduous labor was disguised, yea almost concealed, by a profusion of precious gems. They had forgotten that their country had been won by sweat and struggle and could only be maintained by the same. So the sons lost through enervating wealth what their sires had won by energetic work, and the powers that wait on noble deeds cancelled a gift unused.

The sons of McMaster will enter on their inheritance when they stand in the heart of commerce energizing it, in the economic conditions of the country rising to rightly adjust them, in politics purifying them, in the prayer services of our churches with pious devotion and in our pulpits with the prophet's heart and tongue of fire. Then we can improve upon the dictum of Ulysses by abbreviating it. *Ea nostra voco.* "I call these things our own."

Rev. J. L. Gilmour.

Mr. Chancellor, Ladies and Gentlemen:—My right to stand on this platform does not arise from anything I have been able to do for education, nor from anything I have succeeded in leading others to do. Had this been the ground of the invitation to speak I should have felt it needful to decline. But I am here for the sake of my honoured grandfather who did so much in the early days in the cause of ministerial education. It will be more becoming on my part, in responding to the request to say a few words about him, to let others say what he achieved, and to confine myself to a few remarks about the character of the man himself. With this in view, there are five characteristics of his that are worthy of mention.

He was a man of *piety.* It was always his aim to keep his heart right with God whatever else he left undone. I have often been deeply moved in looking over his private papers to see how earnestly he sought to cultivate in the inner sanctuary of the soul that devoutness that is so easy to miss. Again, he was a *hard student.* He believed that the mind was given us to use, and he believed that our reason should be trained for the service of the Lord. The large library that he collected shows

the wide range of his reading, and the notes that he made in the books show his care in reading. In the third place he was a *cultivated man.* He ever sought to bear himself as a gentleman in his deportment and in his intercourse with men. And he sought also that æsthetic culture which comes from a developed and trained imagination. Further, he had *practical gifts.* He had power to transact business in a thorough way, and he had capacity for administration and management of no mean order. In the last place he was a *missionary.* In days when travelling was a much more formidable thing than it is to-day, this man of wide outlook and cultivated taste made his way to almost all parts of the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec, to tell the story of the Cross and the power of the Saviour. These were the ideals which he sought to realize for himself and which he sought to make possible for the men of the coming generations.

PRINCIPAL MCCRIMMON.

This occasion calls to mind the laying of the corner-stone of the Dining Hall of Woodstock College fourteen years ago. Certain features of the programme to-day are similar to those of the programme of 1886. Then the opening hymn was read by Professor Newman, the prayer was offered by Rev. A. P. McDiarmid, and the corner-stone was laid by Mrs. McMaster. To-day Dr. McDiarmid and Professor Newman take part and Mrs. McMaster sees that the corner-stone is well and truly laid. We are pleased to know, that notwithstanding the many years which intervene our friends remain true to our educational work and continue to express their confidence in the power of our University to so influence men and women that in their lives will be exemplified the principles of Christian education.

A comparison of these two occasions not only brings to us congratulation on the bonds which bind the present to the past and on the fact that we remain true to the aim and scope of our educational system, but it also teaches us lessons which only the lapse of time can teach. I suppose there should be no sorrowful recollections of the departure of souls who have lived well and lived much in this earthly life. There is, however, a

solemn phase in our comparison when we remember that in 1886 Dr. Rand presided at the proceedings and that Senator McMaster honoured them with his presence. These brethren have been called from us and their lives and work we hold in loving remembrance.

The lessons which history teaches remain with us:

I. The workmen pass away. Their deeds live.—No man need be afraid of large-hearted, generous actions being forgotten. Deeds of self-sacrifice and self-abnegation are written indelibly upon the history of life. Philosophy and statesmanship are replete with instructive examples. The history of education in all parts of the world proves that men worthy of remembrance are remembered. Our own educational history furnishes us with examples both in the active administration of affairs and in the hearty financial support which is imperatively required. No man need be ashamed of an ambition to enlarge the minds and educate the hearts of those in whom he is specially interested. It is an ambition to be aroused and fostered.

II. Men pass away. Others must continue the work.—If one generation were to monopolize the opportunities, the next generation would not have the privilege of showing what it could do. As one generation passes away the opportunities of development present themselves to its descendants. The work comes to us to-day in large dimensions. The horizon widens; the opportunities increase. More men have to be touched and touched more deeply. We all have our responsibilities and we must all do our share. We may not have the strong, manly personality of a Fyfe or the wealth and generosity of a McMaster but we can exercise our gifts as God has bestowed them upon us and thus be true to the call of responsibility.

III. The workmen pass away. The work goes on.—The great purposes of God will be carried out though the individual falls by the way. Christian education is no abortive attempt. If it is in line with the will of God, as we believe, it is destined to live and the blessing of God will be upon it. And God has blessed our educational work.

Our educational work is supremely important because our educational system is the heart of our denominational life

You weaken the heart beats or allow the heart to remain small as the body enlarges, and you will have an enervated, anæmic condition of the denomination. Strengthen the educational work — and by that I mean education of heart or will as of mind and body—and we will have a strong denomination. Weaken that work and we will have a denomination a prey to superstition, agnosticism and all the pestilential school which grow up from the spawn of ignorance, ignorance of heart and ignorance of mind.

Editorial Notes.

As we are about to go to press the sad news comes that our beloved Queen is dead. Immediately on receipt of the intelligence all lectures were stopped, and in a few hours the students gathered for a short service in memory of the gracious woman we all loved so much. Appropriate hymns were sung, and the Chancellor paid a touching tribute to her life and character. Unfeigned grief is ours to-day. We loved our good Queen and venerate her memory. May God bless our new King is the prayer of our loyal hearts.

Our space this month is so fully occupied with other matter that we are obliged to omit most of our usual editorial comment. At some future time we shall have some remarks to make on the growth of the University as indicated by the laying of the corner-stone of our new Library and Chapel, of which we give an account in another portion of The Monthly. For the present we rest satisfied with congratulating Chancellor Wallace on the successful outcome of his arduous labors in behalf of the interests of the University, and beg to assure him that he has the grateful thanks of all who love McMaster. We also desire to express our hearty appreciation of the generous action of the students in presenting the University with $1000 in cash, and particularly of the spirit of devotion to their Alma Mater that prompted such a striking expression of loyalty and confidence.

Book Reviews.

RICHARD III IN FICTION.*

If Canadian poetry has produced few new names this past decade, the same cannot be said of Canadian fiction. One by one new stars are bursting into our literary firmament and our galaxy is growing brighter day by day. The year of grace 1900 has added at least three new names to our fiction writers, Miss Milicete, Miss Laut and Mr. Knox Magee. The first is from Montreal, while the two others are of our own province. To Miss Laut's book, Lords of the North, I cannot forbear my testimony of appreciation. It is one of the strongest pieces of Canadian fiction I have read.

Mr. Knox Magee set himself a difficult task in his novel, "With Ring of Shield." His hero, Sir Walter Bradley, lives at the court of Edward IV, during that heroic but licentious monarch's dying days. Those days were full of intrigues and the period following the death of Edward was dangerous and sad. Sir Walter is loyal to Edward and his Queen, and the little princess, and espouses the cause of Henry of Richmond. His adventures in love and war and intrigue, involving the frequent appearance of Richard III, are related by himself, and constitute the book. The great difficulty in treating this period lies not in the historical setting, but in the linguistic. Our earliest prose literature and the invention of printing go back to this period; the English sentence had not yet been wrought into its present ease and grace; and an accomplished scholar might shrink from the attempt to write in fifteenth century English.

It must be said, however, that Mr. Magee has accomplished this part of his task with fair success, at least so far as the general reader is concerned. In other respects, he has done his work well. The plot of the story is simple, but effective, the dialogue bright and easy, the incidents plenty and of good quality. Mr. Magee has the story-teller's gift; he has dramatic power and his characters live. There is great promise in this story, and if Mr. Magee will take a theme from Canadian annals, he should score a triumph.

The publisher deserves a word of praise. The design for the outside cover-page is striking and artistic, quite in keeping with the

* With Ring of Shield: By Knox Magee. Toronto: Geo. J. McLeod.

felicitous title; the paper and typography are all that could be desired; and the illustrations, though not very well drawn, are very clearly printed and much more firmly inset than is customary.

E. A. Hardy.

WORLD WIDE.

This is the name of a new weekly magazine which we take pleasure in heartily recommending to readers of The Monthly. The fact that it is issued by the publishers of the Montreal "Witness" is a guarantee of excellence, for no Canadian journal has a more honorable record than the "Witness." "World Wide" is a "weekly reprint of articles from leading journals and reviews reflecting the current thought of both hemispheres," and as such ought to fill the proverbial "long-felt want." Few of us can afford to subscribe for more than one or two of the great reviews or weekly journals, and many have not even convenient access to them. "World Wide" will give its readers every week sixteen pages of well-selected articles and all for the absurdly small sum of seventy-five cents a year. The selections are grouped in four divisions, political (including social and economic), artistic, literary, and scientific. The second number contains no less than twenty-nine articles chosen from such standard English and American journals as The Spectator, The Saturday Review, The Speaker, The Academy, Truth (London), Literature, The London Times, The Daily News, The Manchester Guardian, The Nation, The New York Times, and the New York Tribune. Just imagine enjoying such an intellectual treat for the paltry sum of a cent and a half a week. It is almost too good to be true. Moreover, the value of the paper is largely increased by the fact that the selections are made from the Canadian point of view and for Canadian readers. In this respect "World Wide" should prove more useful and interesting to Canadians than even such excellent magazines as "The Review of Reviews," "Public Opinion" and "The Literary Digest." We think we are doing a real service to our students and graduates by calling their attention to so valuable a medium of current thought as "World Wide" bids fair to be.

A Chance for Canadian Talent.—With a view to encouraging the development of a literary spirit in Canada, "The Ladies'

Magazine," Toronto, is offering cash prizes for the best short stories by Canadian writers. The competition is well planned, and further particulars are given in the January number of the Magazine. A photographic competition is also announced, and cash prizes offered.

THE DRIFT OF BIBLICAL RESEARCH.*

This is a rapid sketch of the course of Biblical Criticism up to the present time, with a brief summary of the chief results and a forecast of its future progress, by a moderate conservative. C. C.

CHRIST'S MISSIONARY METHODS.†

This sermon is marked by all that pith, point and power for which Dr. Gifford has become noted. Christ's Missionary Methods are two, the proclamation of the truth and the sacrifice of the life. To these Dr. Gifford summons his brethren.

J. H. F.

College News.

AROUND THE HALL.

EDITOR: C. C. SINCLAIR, '02.

IT is said that the graduating class is going to have no(ugh)t one photo. taken this year.

WE are sorry to note that Professor Campbell is suffering from the prevailing winter malady and has been unable to take his classes for a few days.

MR. A. C. WATSON, who has been suffering from an attack of fever, is now recuperating at his home in London. He will receive a royal welcome on his return to the Hall in a few days.

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*The Drift of Biblical Research, Past and Present. By Ira M. Price, Professor Chicago University. American Baptist Publishing Society, pp. 32. Price, 10 cents.

†Christ's Missionary Methods, A Sermon preached before the combined Baptist National Societies, at Detroit, Mich., May 27th, 1900. By O.P Gifford, D.D. American Baptist Publication Society. Price, 10 cents.

THE class of '02 has received reinforcements by the arrival of several of its old members, who did not find it convenient to return during the first term.

A BRIGHT student recently discovered a happy coincidence. While passing the corner-stone of our new chapel, he remarked that the Roman numerals on it,—MCM,—stand not only for the year 1900 but for McMaster also.

A MEETING of the Debating Society for the election of officers for the ensuing term was held on the 12th inst. The following officers were elected: Chairman, J. W. Hotson; secretary, H. C. Feast; committee, I. L. Dodds, A. Campbell and J. L. Mitchener. The meetings will be held as usual on Saturday of each week at 1.30 p.m., and it is hoped that they will meet with as much success as heretofore, and even more.

THE Y. W. C. A. was very pleased to have, on January 7th, an address from Mrs. Howard Taylor, for so long a worker in the China Inland Mission and a member of the famous Ginness family. Mrs. Taylor spoke with great earnestness and power on John xiv: 19, telling of the close fellowship and intimate knowledge that Christ has promised to His people. She also told us much of her work among the Chinese. Her missionary zeal and intense earnestness could not fail to place higher ideals of life before all who heard her.

ON Saturday, Dec. 8th, the regular meeting of the Debating Club took place, when the subject, "Resolved—that banks, telegraphs and railroads should be owned by the government rather than by private corporations," was discussed. The affirmative was represented by Messrs. Carpenter, Allan, Werden and Welsh, and the negative by Messrs. Bingham, Harkness, Blackadar and McLaurin. When the eight debaters, who were allowed five minutes each, had spoken, the meeting was thrown open. The critic, W. E. Robertson, B.A., made some unusually good suggestions, after which the decision was given by the judges to the negative.

THE Third Annual Rally of Class '02 was held on the evening of Jan 10th, at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Smith. The President's address by Mr. Meldrum was followed by a class history, read by the class historian, Mr. Reid, and by a poem composed by the bard, Mr. Bury, both showing forth to the fullest extent the excellencies of Class '02. Dr. Smith, the Honorary President, gave an address telling of the value he attached to the intimate associations of college life and what might be gained therefrom. Mr. Demill the representative from '02, Victoria University, brought the greetings of his class from that college. A very pleasant evening was brought to a close by refreshments and the singing of "Auld Lang Syne" and "Thy praises, McMaster."

On Friday after dinner we were favoured with a visit from Dr. Howard Taylor of the China Inland Mission, who has spent ten years in the "Celestial Empire." Touching on the causes of the recent troubles, he thought the greed of the foreign powers was largely to blame. The Chinese had sinned, but they had been sinned against very grievously. Still he felt that a great future was in store for China. It was estimated that 15,000 Chinese Christians had lately laid down their lives for the truth. Their blood would yet be the seed of the Church; besides, during the last eight years, the number of Christians had doubled, while very large numbers were intellectually convinced of the truth of Christianity. As to the action of the Dowager, Dr. Taylor characterized it as folly as great as that of King Canute in trying to keep back the sea. Despite all, the truth would yet prevail in the ancient land of "Simin."

On account of the severe illness of his little boy, Professor McKay was obliged to reside in the Hall for a few days. He inadvertently remarked to someone that there seemed to be no "life" at the Hall. To prove to him that we were not yet quite fit for the undertaker a general pow-wow was arranged in which the resident students took part. About 10.30 p.m. a grand procession stopped at the Professor's door and after a serenade resembling in tone a battle with modern weapons of war we were favored with his presence. His appearance was hailed with loud and prolonged cheering and by the singing of "He's a Jolly Good Fellow." In response to such a kind invitation the Professor gave some interesting reminiscences of his college days, and after an impromptu programme of songs and speeches the students dispersed. Though in itself, a comparatively unimportant event, yet it testifies to the esteem in which the Professor is held by all.

The opening meeting of the Literary Society on January 11th inst., was very creditable to the programme committee. Mr. Triggerson gave a vocal solo; Prof. Tracy lectured on Plato's "Republic"; and Dr. Lumley executed a violin solo. The lecturer first gave a brief outline of Plato's style, and the characteristics of his philosophy. He showed that the Republic was his greatest work; and that it is still of interest to those who study sociological problems. The subject of the "Republic" is justice according to the Socratic definition of the word, Dr. Tracy discussed the treatise from two standpoints—first, the relation of Plato's psychology, ethics and sociology; second, Plato's communism. He made the criticism that the philosopher lost sight altogether of the producing classes; and advocated inhuman treatment of the old, infirm, and weak. A brief synopsis of the myth of Er, in which is found the doctrine of the transmigration of souls, brought the lecture to a close. The Society extended a hearty vote of thanks to Prof. Tracy, and expressed the hope that he would soon honor it with another lecture.

The meeting of the Literary Society on the fourteenth month besides being the last of the century was also one of the most interesting. After a song by J. A. McDonald, the prizes won on Field Day were presented. Chancellor Wallace made the presentation to the champion of the season, Mr. R. E. Sayles, and our star athlete was loudly cheered as he accepted the Chancellor's medal and the McNaught cup. Prof. McKay, Honorary President of the Athletic Association, then presented the two prizes given by the Athletic Association, a handsome brooch and gold cuff links to Mr. A. B. Cohoe, B.A., and Mr. C. C. Sinclair respectively. The rest of the programme was then proceeded with and was much enjoyed. It included the following :— Reading, Mr. J. L. Mitchener ; song, Miss Phillips ; mandolin duet, Messrs. Lailey and Thompson : reading, Mr. D. J. Welsh.

Hockey is the predominant feature in athletics this season, and the University will undoubtedly put an exceptionally strong team on the ice. There are only two of last year's expert team absent ; and there are numerous aspirants for positions on the senior team, most of whom will be worthy acquisitions. A number of practices have already been held and a good showing has been made. The forward line will be exceedingly fast, as last year's men are all present and most of the new men are capable of filling positions on the line. The Athletic Executive has made satisfactory arrangements with 'Varsity, whereby the students may have the privilege of skating on the 'Varsity rink. The schedule of practices for the Universities has not been completed yet, but the teams are working on a temporary one for the present. Until this year McMaster has not been able to show its greatest ability in hockey as the team has never been in a league. However, this year it is its good fortune to be in the Jenning's cup series, which includes 'Varsity and its affiliated Universities. Heretofore the University has held its own with other teams and this year will make a creditable showing and endeavour to keep up the high standard in athletics, which the University has attained in previous years.

Professor Whitley, Principal of the Baptist College in Melbourne, Australia, favoured us with a visit on December the eleventh. In a few brief and well-chosen remarks, he threw a good deal of light on educational matters in his own country. It seems that in the "Lesser Britain" they are much less advanced than we are in Canada. He described education in Australia as being in a physical stage. People sought education simply as a means of acquiring money, not for the mental and spiritual culture which it should bring. The principle and spirit of the universities was secular, and this was even true of the public schools, where the Bible had no place, and where all religious training was forbidden. Dr. Whitley said that such a university as McMaster was an unthought of combination, and no outside denomination need apply for an independent charter. To him it was refreshing to come to a city swarming with colleges and universities,

and during his travel among us he hoped to get some clue which would help them in Australia to solve the problem of religious education. Mr. Whitley's visit was all the more interesting as he came from the church over which Rev. A. N. Marshall ministers. He was asked to carry home with him the greetings of the students to his pastor, an old McMaster boy, a graduate of '96.

On December 13th a keenly interesting meeting of the Theological Society was held. Consistently with the outlined policy of the Society, it was made practical rather than popular. Mr. J. F. Ingram, B.A., read a paper on "Modern Evangelistic Methods." It was characterized by directness, aptness, and common sense. Three matters were frankly and suggestively considered: the means adopted by the evangelist to attract large audiences; the nature of the evangelist's preaching; and the methods employed by the evangelist in personal work. This was followed by a question-drawer, kindly conducted by the Chancellor. Valuable gems from experience were thrown out as numerous thoughtful questions were propounded. So profitable was the gathering that it was decided to consider the topic more fully next term, and that the Chancellor then have an opportunity to complete his address, and give us more of his gathered gold.

Christmas Dinner.—"Hail fellow, well met!" was the appropriate greeting on the menu card at the students' eleventh Christmas dinner, given in the college dining-hall on December 19th inst. About one hundred McMaster students, with representatives from the Senate, the Board of Governors, the Faculty, and from sister institutions, sat down to an excellent and well-served banquet. The neatly decorated dining room gave the scene the necessary comfortable and luxurious appearance; so that when the repast was finished, everyone felt willing to sit back and listen to the speeches. A large number of colleges were represented by our guests. Woodstock sent Mr. Dadson; Normal College, Mr. Wood; Varsity, Mr. Shenstone; Queen's, Mr. Wallace; Trinity, Mr. Rolfe; Victoria, Mr. Daniels; Knox, Mr. Robb; Wycliffe, Mr. Wilkinson; and the Dental College, Mr. Chambers.

The "feast of reason, and the flow of soul" now commenced, when our worshipful High Kakiak, and chairman of the evening proposed a patriotic toast to Queen and Country. It was responded to right loyally by the singing of "God Save the Queen." In calling upon the other speakers, he requested them to be brief, as he deemed it undesirable to keep the Faculty up late. J. W. Hotson, '01, proposed the toast to "McMaster University." He gained the sympathy of the students at once by pointing out the crying need of a reception-room within our halls. Another point which he brought up—viz., the necessity for more specialization in our course—formed the nucleus for much subsequent discussion. Prof. McKay spoke first in reply, giving an interesting history of McMaster, and eulogizing her general course. He hoped that her faculty, alumni and undergraduates would ever be

characterized as those of the youthful heart. Prof. Dale also responded. He favored specialization as a better preparation for active life; and regretted that universities in many cases had to go abroad for their teachers.

In speaking of "Our Alumni,' W. H. Augustine, '01, advanced the high ideals which should ever inspire that august body. Rev. W. S. McAlpine, B.A., responding, said that each alumnus would do his duty if he worked out the principles received at McMaster. The strain of the preceding serious speeches was now relieved by H. Proctor, B.A., who toasted the "Learned Professions" in a witty and sprightly manner. Dr. C. L. Starr and W. A. Lamport, LL.D., defended their professions of Medicine and Law against the merry attacks of Mr. Proctor. A. E. Brownlee in "Sister Institutions" extended a hearty welcome to the representatives, and spoke of the common aims of students. The representatives in turn declared their pleasure in being present; and expressed the kindly feelings existing between their several institutions and McMaster. To J. E. Pengelly, '01, fell the happy lot of proposing the toast to "The Ladies." He and his seconder, R. D. Echlin, '01, spoke eloquently of the womanly woman as their ideal. "Athletics," too, came in for a toast for the first time. We feel safe in saying that the speech of A. E. Haydon, '01, on this subject will not soon be excelled. W. E. Robertson, the president of the Athletic Association, responded in happy terms, summing up the progress of athletics in McMaster.

At the end of the programme Chancellor Wallace was called on for a speech. He promised the coveted reception-room, so that students might entertain guests properly. The curriculum of McMaster, he said, did not exclude specialization, but was opposed to premature specialization. So long as McMaster retained her present policy, confederation with other universities was impossible.

The singing of "Auld Lang Syne" brought this memorable occasion to a happy close.

Ladies' Literary League.—The open meeting of the Ladies' Literary League was in every way a decided success. At an early hour the audience began to gather, and the prettily decorated chapel was soon filled with an expectant crowd who were kept in good humor by the jests and songs of a number of university men at the back of the room. The programme began at 8 o'clock and as an opening number Miss Clara H. Strong, A.T.C.M., rendered a delightful instrumental solo. Miss Sanders, to whom to a large extent the success and enjoyment of the evening was due, was received with applause as in the capacity of President of the League she welcomed the friends of the University. Her address included also an interesting outline of the work and aim of the League. The third number, a vocal solo by Miss McNichol, received a hearty encore. Oratory also found its place on the programme. Tho life of Madame de Stael was given in a very interesting manner by Miss J. M. Norton, and it was regretted that the

number could not be encored. She was followed by a chorus, "The New Kingdom," rendered by the Ladies' Chorus Club. Miss Edith R. Delmage then gave an oration on "Madame Guyon," and the pathetic incidents of this life were given in a manner which immediately won the sympathy of the audience. An open debate, "Resolved, that it is more of a gain than a loss when a woman enters public life," proved one of the most interesting events of the evening. Miss M. C. Blackadar led the affirmative and Miss M. O. Ardley the negative. After the eloquence and arguments of both sides had been heard, Chancellor Wallace called for a popular vote. The ballot as given by the audience decided in favor of the affirmative. A vocal solo, "Good-bye," by Miss McNichol, closed the programme, after which all were invited to spend a social hour in Room 5, which had been specially decorated for the occasion. While light refreshments were being served the various pianists of the evening kindly gave some selections, and shortly before midnight the company dispersed. The ladies are to be congratulated on the success of their efforts to entertain their friends.

The "At Home."—At the dawn of a new century a radical change was effected in the social functions of McMaster. In previous years the Students' Annual Xmas Dinner has been immediately followed by a social evening at which the friends of the University have been entertained. The celebration of Founder's Day, December 20th, 1900, introduced the new order of events. The dinner was served on the previous evening, thus leaving Founder's Day free for the laying of the corner-stone of the new Chapel and Library and giving the committee more time to prepare for the "At Home" held in the evening. In brilliancy and perfection of organization the function surpassed all previous efforts. For several weeks committees had been preparing with thoughtful foresight every detail, with the result that the six or seven hundred guests were entertained without any of the overcrowding which sometimes occurs on such occasions. The chapel had been transformed into a drawing-room, at the door of which the guests were received. The following ladies kindly acted as patronesses, and their presence added much to the success of the evening:—Mrs. Wm. McMaster, Mrs. D. E. Thomson, Mrs. A. R. McMaster, Mrs. John Dryden, Mrs. John Stark, Mrs. T. M. Harris, Mrs. Elmore Harris, Mrs. Wm. Davies, jr., Mrs. Rand, Mrs. O. C. S. Wallace, Mrs. R. C. Matthews, and the wives of the members of the Faculty. The guests were welcomed by Chancellor Wallace, representing the Faculty, and Mr. R. C. Matthews, President of the Literary Society, representing the "Lit." A delightful informal programme was given between eight and nine o'clock, in which the following took part:—Mrs. Farmer, Miss Clara Strong, A. T. C. M.; Miss Blackadar, Mr. A. J. Thomson, Mr. Brownlee, Mr. Coltman, Mr. Lumley, Mr. Ernest Farmer, Mr. J. E. Thomson, Mr. Lailey, Mr. Miles, Mr. J. A. McDonald. Mr. Whittemore also gave gramophone selections in room 5, which were much enjoyed.

The halls looked very pretty with their draping of bunting and flags, a particularly striking decoration being the arrangement of a large Union Jack on the second floor. A feature always interesting to the friends of the University is a glimpse into the homes of the students, and nearly all the rooms, gaily decorated and fitted with cosy corners, were thrown open. Promenading began at 9.30 o'clock, and for a couple of hours the halls were filled with a merry throng who strolled from floor to floor enjoying the various sights of interest or perhaps testing the capabilities of some secluded cosy corner. Some special attractions won comments of admiration. A "plugger's den" realistically illustrated one side of student life, a side which seemed almost as unfamiliar to most of the students as to those who do not have the pleasure of attending McMaster. The top flat also boasted a "Museum," and the stupendous aggregation of rare exhibits collected in room 31 was viewed with mingled pleasure and admiration by everyone. The dining-room also received its full share of attention, dainty refreshments being served there during the evening. Dispersing time came all too soon, but everyone voted the affair a grand success. The committee deserve great praise for the excellent manner in which their work was done. The decorations were in charge of Mr. M. D. Coltman, the serving of refreshments was supervised by Mr. E. W. Parsons, B.A., while Mr. Brownlee was chairman of the Reception Committee.

MOULTON COLLEGE.

EDITORS { MISS A. MCPHEDRAN.
MISS M. A. YEIGH.

ON December 14th, Mr. Eaton came to lead chapel and wished us all the joys of the Christmas season. He is always a welcome visitor at Moulton.

ON the evening of December 14th we had the great pleasure of listening to a very interesting lecture on the life of John Bunyan, given by Canon Welch, of St. James' Cathedral. We were sorry so few of our friends were present to enjoy the lecture with us.

WE judged that Chancellor Wallace had been making New Year's resolutions when he came to chapel Monday, 7th inst. We were much pleased to welcome him so early in the century and hope he will find time to visit us frequently.

OUR Prayer Meeting on Tuesday, January 8th, was of unusual interest. We had with us Mrs. Howard Taylor, a returned missionary

from China. She gave us a delightful little talk on her work there, and succeeded in arousing our interest and sympathy on behalf of the Chinese.

A COURSE of ten lectures on Art is to be given by Mrs. Dignam in the Moulton art rooms. The object of the lectures is to bring her students to a fuller knowledge of what art really is, and thus to help them recognize good productions in art when they see them. Many of the students, as well as quite a number from outside, intend to take advantage of these lectures.

THE Christmas holidays, which were so eagerly looked forward to, and so thoroughly enjoyed when they arrived, are now of the past and the girls of Moulton are back again and hard at work. Even though it is the beginning of a new century and there is much that is pleasant in store for us, especially the Easter holidays and midsummer examinations, yet a few sad faces are to be seen in the corridors. The reason for this is told in one word, "homesickness." We are glad to welcome quite a number of new students, some of whom are resuming work formerly begun at Moulton, others being entirely new students.

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

EDITORS, { MR. A. M. OVERHOLT, M.A.
MR. F. S. BEDDOW.

PRINCIPAL MCCRIMMON is still continuing his Saturday morning Bible study class.

BASKET-BALL in the gym. is about the only game alive just now, and a good many who do not care to join in that, find great difficulty in getting proper exercise.

THE Literary and Debating Societies have organized. The election of the new staff occured last Friday night in both societies. The juniors, however, added to their programme speeches by the retiring and the incoming officers and maiden speeches by the new boys.

THE Philomath organization is as follows: President, N. Burke; Vice-President, W. Cameron; Secretary, F. McKechnie; Editor of the Oracle, L. Buchanan; Assistant Editor, E. Bingham; Marshall, E. Curry; Critic, Mr. Teakles.

IT may be of interest to some of the friends of the school to state that the Woodstock *Sentinel Review* purposes publishing at an early date a History of Woodstock College. Copies may be secured by sending a card to Mr, J. H. Cranston, Woodstock College.

THE Excelsior elected the following officers: President, W. Raithby; Vice-President, G. H. Craig; Secretary, T. R. Nickson; Editor, F. W. Wenjer; Assistant Editors, C. Light, H. S. Ryrie; Marshall, P. Handcock; Janitors, F. Howard, A. Damude; Critic, Mr. Overholt.

OUR last Judson Missionary Society meeting was taken up mainly with a report by the delegate, Mr. F. S. Beddow, to the Student Missionary Convention, recently held at McMaster University. Mr. Beddow gave, in a clear and concise speech, an excellent outline of the work of the convention.

THE holidays are over! This means work and hard work during the next three months. Especially is this true of the graduating class that is now entered on the "home stretch." Let each do honour to himself, his class and his college.

PRACTICALLY all the boys have returned from their Christmas vacation. Although it is hard to find the much enjoyed holiday season at an end, it is pleasant to renew old friendships and wish each other the best of good wishes for the New Year. The roll has lost a few familiar names but new ones have more than filled the gaps.

OUR last term closed with our annual Christmas dinner. The affair was pleasant throughout, as all Christmas dinners are, and was brought to a close by the presentation of some valuable Christmas gifts to several students who had distinguished themselves after an unique fashion.

No hockey has been played here yet owing to the poor condition of the rink. The weather has been so unsettled lately that it has been impossible to get the necessary coating of ice upon the ground. However, we hope very soon to have skating and hockey going at full swing on a good sheet of ice. Mr. J. B. McArthur, our hockey captain, is playing matches with the Bohemians (Woodstock) this term, and has already distinguished himself on their forward line.

GRANDE LIGNE.

EDITOR: E. S. ROY, B.A.

IT is reported that Principal Massé is about to leave us for a short time to collect funds for the new wing. Although his absence will be much felt here, we trust it will mean good things for the "Institute."

"HOLIDAYS!" is a cry of the past. Our school re-opened on the 3rd inst., and the work of the winter was entered upon without any delay. Some of the scholars were slow to return. They were not those who are most interested in their studies.

OUR boys are still looking forward, in anticipation, to the time when the skating-rink shall be covered with ice. Their prayer has been all term: "Oh! if only there would come a thaw and then a heavy frost so as to save us from so much hard work." The prospects are not the best for a good hockey team this year.

THE 10th of this month has been a day of interest to our neighbors, the St. Constant people. It was the day of the dedication of a beautiful little "French Baptist Chapel." Grande Ligne Church is pleased to see the work prosper in this field because of its being a mission of the old mother church.

ON Dec. 14th the inmates of the Institute and a number of invited guests were given a treat by Mrs. A. E. Massé and her music class. It was the evening of her annual concert. We were all expecting an enjoyable evening, and from all reports, none were disappointed.

A THING of interest to the scholars on their return from holidays is to learn who are on the "Roll of Honor." To be on this means that a scholar must pass in all his subjects at the examination, not taking lower than 50% on his paper in each. The following are the names of those who were successful, with the number of subjects taken and their average marks in each. Those who are carrying seven subjects: T. Ringrose, 86%; R. Trudel, 82; P. Roy, 80; H. Fortin, 79; S. Péron, 74; O. Lemoine, 74. Six subjects: M. Savage, 86; Leon. Lévêgue, 72; E. Racicot, 70. Five subjects: F. Therrien, 81; A. Massé, 81; D. Cantell, 79; I. Parent, 68; F. Greenleese, 66; A. Auclair, 64.

Here and There.

VOYAGERS.

I bade two friends of mine farewell to-day.
One sailed at noon; and while the shores around
Echoed reverberant with mingled sound,
Voices and bells and iron-throated bray
Of engineering, the great ship moved away.
And lessening outward passed our vision's bound.
Then while her trail yet stained the skies, I found
A chamber where a wan-faced pilgrim lay,
Bound home. No voices stirred the tranquil air;
In silence loosed he from this alien sod,
And, smiling backward, forth alone did fare,
Yea, while we watched, Death's waiting decks had trod,
Sighed twice, and ere we knew him gone, was there—
So near is Heaven, so short the road to God.

—*William Henry Woods, in Atlantic Monthly.*

"MY LORD AND MY GOD."

Be very sure, Thomas ;
It may have been
Imagination.
Nay, I have seen.

Yet sight is nothing :
One's eyes may be
A pair of tricksters.
He spoke to me.

Only a voice, Thomas,
A floating word ;
No meaning had it—
Christ's love I heard.

What did the Vision,
Then, ask of you ?
'Touch me !' and held His
Torn hand in view.

'Feel me !' and straightway
My trembling pride,
Glad but reluctant,
Found out His side.

You cannot prove, Thomas,
These things are so.
Why should I question ?
I know, I know !

Yet you the Doubter
Were wont to be.
My Lord has answered
All things for me.

—*G. Herbert Clarke.*

THE LYRIC SEER.

The poet is forever young
And speaks the one immortal tongue.
To him the wonder never dies,
For youth is looking through his eyes.
Pale listener at the heart of things,
He hears the voices and the wings :
He hears the skylark overhead—
Hears the far footfalls of the dead.

When the swift Muses seize their child,
Then God has gladness rich and wild ;
For when the bard is caught and hurled,
A splendor breaks across the world.
His song distils a saving power
From foot-worn stone, from wayside flower,
He knows the gospel of the trees,
The whispered message of the seas ;

Finds in some beetle on the road
A power to lift the human load ;
Sees, in some dead leaf, dried and curled,
The deeper meaning of the world ;
Hears through the roar of mortal things
The gods' immortal whisperings ;
Sees the world-wonder rise and fall,
And knows that Beauty made it all.

He finds the faithful witness hid
In poppy-head and Pyramid :
The Golden Heaven or the Pit—
He shakes the music out of it.
All things yield up their souls to him
From dateless dust to seraphim.
He walks the circle of the sun,
And weighs the planets, one by one.
He feels the motion of the sphere,
And builds his song in sacred fear.

—*Edwin Markham, in Saturday Evening Post.*

The following quotation from the pen of Mrs. Clement K. Shorter is a worthy example of the recent revival of the Celtic traditions in English poetry :

THE WIND ON THE HILLS.

Go not to the hills of Erin
When the night winds are about,
Put up your bar and shutter,
And so keep the danger out.

For the good-folk whirl within it,
And they pull you by the hand,
And they push you on the shoulder,
Till you move to their command.

And lo ! you have forgotten
What you have known of tears,
And you will not remember
That the world goes full of years ;

A year there is a lifetime,
And a second but a day,
And an older world will meet you
Each morn you come away.

Your wife grows old with weeping,
And your children, one by one,
Grow gray with nights of watching,
Before your dance is done.

. . . . . .

And all your children's children
They cannot sleep or rest,
When the wind is out in Erin,
And the sun is in the West.

IF THE HEART BE YOUNG.

If the heart be young,
No carping tongue
Can set the world awry ;
The sun will keep his wonted place,
The stars bestow their gentle grace—
The world will show a *smiling* face,
If the heart be young.

If the heart be young,
No dirge is sung
For dead hopes of the past ;
The step is light, though the head be gray ;
Vain cares in sleep fade as dreams away ;
New hope is born with each new day,
If the heart be young.

If the heart be young,
No arrow, flung
From blind hate's quiver vile,
Can pierce the virtue of a friend,
Or put sweet friendship at an end ;
But friends their friendship will defend,
If the heart be young.

—*J. W. W., in Univ. of Virginia Mag.*

A LOST HOUR.

God gave us an hour for our tears,
One hour out of all the years ;
For all the years were another's gold,
Given in a cruel troth of old.

And how did we spend his boon ?
That sweet, miraculous flower
Born to die in an hour,
Late born to die so soon.
Did we watch it with breathless breath
By slow degrees unfold ?
Did we taste the innermost heart of it,
The honey of each part of it ?
Suck all its hidden gold
To the very dregs of its death ?

Nay, this all we did with our hour—
We tore it to pieces, that precious flower ;
Like any daisy, with listless mirth,
We shed its petals upon the earth ;
And, children-like, when it all was done
We cried unto God for another one.

—*Richard Le Gallienne.*

THE

McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY

FEBRUARY, 1901.

A TREASURY OF CANADIAN VERSE.*

This book might be called a grove of songsters who have caught their inspiration from the joy and the light and the life of Canada. It has been brought into being by one whose own voice is now silent and whose notes wake no more the echoes of the hills. This was Dr. Rand's last literary gift to his country, and it is fitting that such should be the tribute that he should place as his last upon the shrine of his devotion. When he was making the selection that appears on page 267, did he know how soon the words would be fulfilled in his own experience ?

> " So I watch for that latest and brightest hour,
> Which my Lord will send to me;
> I know that its voice will be low and sweet,
> And this shall its message be:
> ' Come quickly, and enter thy Home of joy,
> For the King is calling thee. ' "

There is here represented a vast amount of labor. The reading necessary to make these selections must have been enormous, and the toil required to search out and discover what ought to have a place must have been very exacting. But it must be a great reward for any man to have done pioneer work on such an important subject, and to have gathered into one book these selections from the outcome of poetic feeling that has up to the present time made itself felt in our new country. In addition to the selections themselves, the book is provided with a preface setting forth the spirit in which the work was undertaken, with a short series of notes relating to

*A Treasury of Canadian Verse. By Theodore Harding Rand. Toronto: William Briggs.

the authors whose work is found in the book, and with an index of first lines. The notes of authors will be found especially interesting and valuable.

It is quite evident that in carrying on this work Dr. Rand was sustained by a deep and strong love for his country. The song that he hears from the White-Throat is the song of his own heart: —

"I—love—dear—Canada,
Canada, Canada."

This love for one's country has been one of the primary standards that have regulated the right of any verses to appear in this anthology.

But the personality of Dr. Rand is seen here in other ways also. Nothing that is low or animal has been granted a place, for nothing has been allowed to pass whose aim at least was not high. It is much to be able to say this about any book. We see likewise Dr. Rand's love for the rhythmical and beautiful in language. There has been an evident effort to secure what is musical and correct in form.

The range of subjects shows also the breadth of Dr. Rand's ideas. Subjects of the most varied kind have here a place, and we see proof that waves from many shores have broken upon the people of Canada. Great historic scenes of the dim past and of more modern days are here described, and great men of action and great poets of other lands are given their place of honour. The history of our own country marches loudly through these pages, and the life of all sections of the community is set forth—the farms, and the cities, and the homes of the people when the winter snows lie without or when the summer evening comes to woo the household sleep. All parts of the country have their exponents—the provinces where the sounding seas break on a rocky coast, and where the people breathe the bracing salt air; Quebec with its mighty river and bold chain of mountains; Ontario's farms and lakes and brooks; Manitoba's prairies, and the great plains of the West where the snorting express trains break the silence of ages; and the tall mountains and the blue peaceful sea of the far, far West.

The impressions which nature has made upon the children

of this soil are also fully registered here, and it is made clear that we also have felt that spell which she has thrown over receptive spirits since the dawn of history. The voices of the forests and the brooks and the fields and the hills are caught and pressed into the service of the spirit. It is evident that Dr. Rand had much sympathy with words for which he finds a a place : —

> " The strength in the heart of the hills,
> The unmeasured lament of the sea,
> The low, happy laugh of the rills,
> All answer to something in me,
> To something in me ! "

The readers of the McMaster Monthly will have an especial interest in this book for reasons that are too obvious to need stating, and they, with many others, will rejoice that she who so faithfully stood by her husband in all his duties, has the joy of having seen completed before the end came, this monument to Dr. Rand's love of song, to his love for his country, and to his love for his Heavenly Father.

J. L. G.

A SERVICE AT THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

The recent dedication of the new Metropolitan Tabernacle has called afresh the attention of the Christian world to the life and labors of the late Charles Haddon Spurgeon, who under God's blessing succeeded in gathering together the largest Nonconformist congregation in England, and whose singular ability as a preacher and writer has made the Tabernacle with the man famous throughout the whole world. It is with considerable pleasure that I reflect upon a service in the Tabernacle, in which I had the pleasure of participating on Sunday, August the 6th, during the summer of '99. I confess that it was with a rare sense of subdued emotion that I entered the place where his feet, now silent, had often trod, where the walls in imagination might still be heard reverberating the dying echoes of his clarion voice, now heard on earth no more. The atmosphere which that great and good man has left behind him

still casts over the worshipper a sense of his overshadowing presence, the emotions arising from which are easier felt than expressed.

The fact that Mr. Spurgeon's son, Thomas, occupied the pulpit, was in itself a circumstance which somewhat compensated for the loss of his sainted father's presence.

The service was one of deep spiritual interest from the beginning to the end. The opening song service was in progress when I entered the basement where the congregation met. I had often heard of the excellent rendition of sacred song for which this congregation is noted, and that morning's service fully justified all statements of the press and of tourists in this regard. Truly they sang "unto the Lord," unattended by any musical instrument, under the leadership of an able precentor. The service of praise that ascended up to God that morning was as delightful and uplifting as it was simple and unaffected. As upwards of two thousand rose and joined in the opening hymn,—

> "Come Thou Almighty King,
> Help us Thy name to sing,
> Help us to praise,"

I felt, as I have seldom felt, the soul-inspiring of sacred song. The whole congregation seemed lifted up in thought and emotion, and all the while there was stealing over you a deepening sense of the divine presence and the solemnity and grandeur of Christian worship.

The congregation was in itself an interesting study, all classes being represented, from the princely merchant down to the horny-handed laborer. Many tourists and foreigners were in the audience and all mere class distinctions seemed to fade away as the service advanced, while all listened with rapt attention, as God spoke through His servant a message well calculated to help and inspire all present. By looking over the audience, you were at once impressed by the fact that the men and women who frequent this Tabernacle are not mere intellectuals, who had simply an intellectual grasp of the truths of salvation; not mere formalists, who had certain ceremonies to get through; but on the other hand, there was manifest a glow

of deep religious enthusiasm, which revealed itself during the whole service, and especially during the sermon. These people were alive towards God. Worship to them was real, solemn, yet joyous withal, often welling up from hearts overflowing with emotion. As some precious thought was uttered in song, prayer or exposition, came tokens of soul feasting and heart rapture, revealed by facial expression or a whispered "Amen," which furnished one of the delightful features of the service not soon to be forgotten, and which was indicative of a life of fellowship with God and His word which was indeed beautiful.

Being anxious to gain as much as I could from the service, I asked for a seat near the rostrum, which was courteously granted. Here I had an excellent view of Mr. Spurgeon and his diaconate, who sit about him on the platform, many of them being white with the snow of many winters. Mr. Spurgeon is a man of medium age and height, possessing a very fine voice, his enunciation being very clear and forceful. The running comments made during the Scripture reading were particularly fine, being very lucid and proving in every sense a real contribution to the service, the preacher being often as interesting here as at any part of the sermon. Many of his comments were critical in character, often quoting the originals, and while at times comparatively exhaustive, yet never tiring.

His prayer was intensely inspiring. He evidently knows much of private prevailing with God. He is a spiritual wrestler. He rose up "to take hold of God." He did not pray to the "unknowable," but to the well-known; not to the "over-soul," but to the in-dwelling Saviour. God was real, near, able to be spoken to and touched in such a way as to give blessing, and for this sole purpose he was calling upon Him. I never think of his prayer, so reverent, so importunate, so eloquent in sweet simplicity, but I think of heaven opened and the spiritual breezes bearing me on to higher heights of fellowship and vision. During his prayer he lifted the whole congregation heavenward, and during its progress and especially at its conclusion, there were many evidences that he had a rare power of interpreting the needs of his people, and of presenting them in a way calculated to soften the heart and kindle the emotions.

I can say only a little regarding the sermon. There was no effort on the part of the preacher to make a big show before strangers or parade himself before his own people. He honored God and took the place of a true prophet, the deliverer of His messages. His spirit and pulpit deportment revealed plainly the fact that he did not try to be eloquent, but sought humbly and earnestly to give the people what was to him a God-given message. His pulpit utterances evidenced careful and prayerful preparation, and while using a manuscript, he did not refer to it in such a way as seriously to hinder the force of his message. His sermon was full of interjected petition, and if at any time he broke off from the main thread of his discourse, in prayer, you would not have been surprised.

His text was found in John's Gospel, viii. 56, which he rendered as follows: "And Abraham leaped forward to see my day and he saw it and was glad." His plan when viewed from a homiletical standpoint was one, I think, which would puzzle even an eminent professor in that department seriously to criticise.

I. *The eager anticipation of the patriarch.* "He leaped forward to see my day." He pointed out that no word in our language can quite express the force of the patriarch's anticipation, although he believed "leaped" came as near the conception of the original as any. As the trained athlete leaps forward to seize the prize as the all-important object of attainment, so Abraham leaped forward to his certain reward.

The next question which he addressed himself to was, What did Jesus mean by the expression, my day? There was no misunderstanding of Christ's meaning on the part of the Jews. It could not have reference merely to the appearing of Jesus as the Jewish Messiah, but rather to the whole record of his birth, life, death, resurrection and ascension. This vision of Abraham's referred not to a literal vision of the promises fulfilled, but to the spiritual reception of them, if not their obtainment. In Hebrews we read, "he saluted them." As Moses on Mount Pisgah viewed the long promised Canaan without actually entering into it, so Abraham saw Christ's day.

This intense anticipation of the patriarch tells of a life of fruitful meditation. On the hillside, in the cleft of the rock, he pondered on the promises of God. He mused until the fire burned. He waited in strong faith, not fretted in questioning impatience.

In concluding this first section of his sermon, he questioned if any of this interest and faith is known to us. Do we look not in nor about, but ahead? Have we the patriarchal eye of spiritual penetration into days of future revival and spiritual blessing?

II. *The realization of his anticipation.* "He saw it." God does not disappoint. He lights the spark and then blows upon it. He gives the appetite and leads us to the feast. Paul in speaking of Abraham in regard to the promises, says, "he embraced them." Faith annihilates distance. Balaam saw Christ but not nigh, while Christ came near to Abraham. He saw his day in the types and shadows with which he was associated and which he performed. He saw it in the faith and sacrifice of Isaac. "In the mount of the Lord it shall be seen."

III. *The complete gratification which followed that vision.* "He was glad." The word here translated "joy" signifies a calm gladness. It is a restful joy, the ocean-deep peace; to see Christ's kingdom brings joy always; it gladdens both men and angels. If Abraham had just grounds for rejoicing, and that no one will question, how much more have we who see the noontide splendour of the day of which it was Abraham's privilege to see but the dawn? What Abraham standing on tiptoe witnessed, we see in full glory.

The sermon, which was fully fifty minutes in length, was thoroughly good and at points very inspiring. The preacher sustained himself well all the way through. While he who has left behind him such a monument of undying service for Christ and His church, and whose unique personality, pulpit eloquence and literary gifts, caused the power of the Metropolitan pulpit to thrill all the world, is gone to his well-earned reward in heaven, it is not without some degree of satisfaction that one so gifted, so loyal to the Word of God, so earnest and strong in its expo-

sition, the son of the sainted Spurgeon, has been raised up by God to take his father's place. May He who made the man who occupied the old house, make him also who occupies the present, until the glory of the latter shall exceed that of the former.

L. Brown.

Grimsby.

A SAMPLE OF THE HIGHER CRITICISM.

So much is said for, and against, the Higher Criticism, that the people generally are largely in the dark as to what it really is. Even among the readers of the Monthly there may be some who are not aware that the Lower Criticism seeks to determine the true text, and the Higher deals with questions of date, authorship, etc. Since there is doubt about the true text of the Bible in not a few passages, it is certainly reasonable that devout men should do their best to determine the true readings. In like manner, since the authorship and date of some Biblical books is not known, it is surely right that we should do our best to ascertain the facts, for they in turn help to a better understanding of the contents of the books.

Critics may be capable or incapable, wise or unwise. They may be under the domination of some new theory which will warp judgment, or so attached to some traditional view that they fail to be strictly judicial. All should seek to be candid and devout truth-seekers.

My present purpose, however, is not to discuss the Higher Criticism in the abstract, but to give, with a few comments, a concrete case, that the reader may see for himself just how it sometimes proceeds.

In the "Biblical World" of January, 1899, Professor Gilbert attributes John i. 29, "Behold the Lamb of God who beareth (away) the sin of the world," to the evangelist, rather than to John the Baptist. Why?

First of all, he regards the statement as based on Isaiah liii., "where the unresisting servant of Jehovah is likened to a

lamb that is led to the slaughter, and he bears the sins of many." But for three reasons he finds it difficult to believe that John the Baptist spoke thus of the death of Jesus. For

(1) "He thought that the Messiah would at once separate the wheat from the chaff and set up his kingdom (Matt. iii. 12; Luke iii. 17). Hence there was no place in his thought for the death of the Messiah."

(2) "Such an idea of Messiah's death as the foremost of his services for mankind was foreign to the thoughts of the disciples of Jesus during his lifetime, and foreign, too, to the utterances of Jesus himself. How, then, could John the Baptist have such a thought?"

(3) "How should this Jewish reformer, in pointing out Jesus to his disciples, speak of him in relation to the *world*, rather than to the Jewish people?"

In the "Biblical World" for March, 1899, Professor Burton examines these objections and makes the following points:—

1. The Synoptists give John the Baptist's characterization of Messiah before he saw him—his theory of the Messiah based on prophecy. John i. 29, is what he said when he saw him after the temptation.

2. Does this change in his view of Jesus compel him to conclude that after all he is not the Coming One? Answer:

(1) John may still believe that Jesus is the coming Judge of Malachi, so far as the phrase "Lamb of God" is concerned, though he is surprised to find him meek and gentle, instead of stern and severe.

(2) The expression, "that taketh away the sin of the world," if confined to the idea of bearing men's sins in sympathetic grief (though not hinted at in Matthew), is not necessarily incompatible with John's maintenance of his belief that Jesus is the Coming One.

(3) But the expression means more than that, for it involves the idea that "the real sinner is freed from the consequences of his sin." "By his stripes we are healed." That idea is incompatible with John's idea of his coming in swift and irremediable judgment, unless indeed the sin-bearing and the judgment be separated in time, or the latter be a self-exe-

cuting judgment which men pronounce upon themselves when they reject the suffering Saviour. But John apparently thought neither of these things. It seems therefore impossible to suppose that the Baptist used a word intended to express the idea of taking away.

Dr. Burton concludes that "what is necessary to eliminate from the Johannine record any discrepancy with the synoptic account is, apparently, simply to substitute *φέρων* for *αἴρων*, 'bears' for 'takes away' as the word expressing the Baptist's testimony, or to put upon *αἴρων* a sense which it is in itself capable of bearing, but which, we have reason to believe, was not the sense intended by the evangelist." The other alternative, he thinks is, in view of vs. 36, to regard the whole phrase "that taketh away the sins of the world," as an interpretative addition by the evangelist, or a subsequent editor.

Dr. Burton's criticism is keen and luminous, but not wholly satisfactory. His first point, the light given to John by the sight of Jesus, may account for more than he thinks. Does it not make quite probable, what Professor Burton discards as improbable, the fact that John himself now saw what he may not have seen before, namely, that the baptism in the Holy Spirit and the baptism in fire were to be separated in time? It does seem, according to the Synoptist, that at that earlier day John expected the twofold work of the Messiah—the baptism of those who should receive him in the Holy Spirit, and the baptism of those who should reject him in the fire of destruction—to be performed forthwith. From that distance the two mountain peaks seemed together. But when he looks upon the Messiah face to face, he learns that his immediate mission is one of blessing and salvation, and the coming to take vengeance in flaming fire recedes into the future. In harmony with this is the fact that in vs. 33, as in Acts i. 5, reference is made only to the baptism in the Holy Spirit. Would it be strange if John learned at the same time the deeper meaning of Isaiah liii., and should see in this Jesus, already marred by the awful struggle of the wilderness, the one who takes upon himself and bears away the sins of his people?

So even on the naturalistic grounds on which these criticisms seem to go, the objection may be fairly met.

But when we take account of the supernatural and remember that John was a prophet sent from God and full of the Holy Spirit, we need not hesitate to receive this as his utterance and in its largest meaning. Nor need we be surprised if, like other prophets (1 Pet. i. 11), he did not know the times when the two great baptisms of his earlier prophecy should find fulfilment. Revelation has been progressive, not only from generation to generation, but also in the life of the individual prophet.

When John saw Jesus, he learned that there was a gap between the baptisms that at first he may have regarded as contemporaneous. Is it not probable that Jesus recognized precisely the same gap between "the acceptable year of the Lord" and "the day of vengeance of our God," when, in the Nazareth synagogue, he quoted Isaiah lxi., significantly omitting the latter phrase? "This day is this Scripture fulfilled in your eyes," was true only of the part he quoted.

So that to one who believes in supernatural and progressive prophecy, there is no difficulty about accepting John i. 29, in the fullness of its meaning, as the exclamation of John the Baptist. Surely this is better than Professor Burton's view and much better than that of Professor Gilbert. It is certainly in keeping with the New Testament view of Old Testament prophecy.

Permit a word or two additional on Professor Gilbert's second and third objections, which Dr. Burton scarcely touches.

As to the second: Is it true that Jesus himself does not teach such a view of his own death? Matt. xx. 28 is a sufficient answer to that, and abundant evidence can be adduced from the Gospels to show that Jesus did think and speak of his death in a similar way.

As to the third objection: Might not John as well as Simeon (Luke iii. 32) have learned from the Old Testament the world-wide scope of Messiah's work? The promise to Abraham looked to that, as did many other passages, especially in Isaiah. And again, even if he could not gather it from the Old Testament, it might surely have been revealed to him by the Spirit of God.

There is no objection to seeking natural explanations of

Scripture events, provided we are not controlled by an anti-supernaturalism that compels us to do violence to the text with which we are dealing and the plain meaning and implications of the author.

J. H. F.

MADAME GUYON*.

In the reign of Louis XIV., France presented strange phenomena. The King and Court were the most magnificent that the nation had ever seen. The Church of Rome had there as gifted orators as ever occupied a pulpit. Literature had its most honored names. But if it was an age characterized by many noble efforts in literature and the arts, it was an age also that was equally characterized by its unfounded pretensions, its vanity and its voluptuousness. The Court of Louis was the gayest and most profligate in Europe. There, vice was honored, virtue was scoffed at, and religion was dead.

The most severe persecution followed any attempt to break the unity of the church, and the revival of a purer religion among a few in the national church received the frown of the monarch, the condemnation of the Pope, and the strong restraint of despotic power. Yet, amidst the darkness of that night, and the danger of that persecution, some lights shone brightly and illumined many souls. In the person of a woman appeared one of the most remarkable characters that France has ever produced, and one whose purity of life, nobility of purpose, strength of intellect, and abandonment of self-sacrifice, have seldom, if ever, been surpassed.

Madame Guyon was born in Montargis, a French town of some note, in 1648. She was descended from an ancient and honorable family, the Seigneurs de la Mothe, Vergnonville. At the age of four, she was placed in the convent of the Benedictines to receive her education. Although so young, her quick and eager mind grasped many of the deeper truths of

*Delivered at the Annual Public Meeting of the Ladies Literary League, December. 1900.

religion, and her childish zeal longed for the martyr's crown, little dreaming that one day she would be called to wear it.

When ten years of age she was removed to the convent of the Dominicans. While there, she, one day, providentially found a Bible. Young as she was, she seems to have fully appreciated the value of this heaven-sent gift. She spent whole days in reading it, paying no attention to other books from morning to night, and, having great powers of recollection, she committed to memory the historical parts entirely.

It is not strange, however, that these early religious impressions faded away, when, at the age of fifteen, Mademoiselle de la Mothe was introduced to the gay and worldly society of Paris. Young, beautiful and gay, she threw herself entirely into the world. Possessed of an enlarged intellect, a sparkling wit, great powers of conversation, and most fascinating manners, she became the idol of Parisian society.

When scarcely sixteen, she was married, by her father's wish, to Monsieur Jacques Guyon, a man of rank and great fortune, but twenty-two years her senior. She had never seen her husband until three days before her marriage, and their union proved most unhappy. So great was her husband's injustice and cruelty towards her, that she would have welcomed death. But she lived to recognize that "there is a divinity which shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we may," and to see that these severe afflictions served but to fit her for her life-work by turning her mind for refuge to thoughts of religion.

After struggling along in darkness and doubt and despair for more than a year, the great truth of justification by faith dawned upon her soul, and her troubled heart at last found peace.

When only twenty-two years of age, she was deprived of all her matchless beauty by small-pox, and at the same time lost her favorite child. Soon after, her father, mother and another idolized child were carried away by death. But so complete was her soul's surrender to the will of Heaven, that she experienced the most exalted joy in submitting to the Hand which smote her in love.

It was at this period of her life that Madame Guyon began

to write poetry. Her poems occupy four volumes. She does not rank among the great poets, although many of her poems were warmly admired by our own great poet Cowper, and he did not think them unworthy of translation.

In 1676 her husband died. On his death-bed he expressed the deepest regret for his former cruelty to his wife, and acknowledged that she had ever been the most faithful of wives and devoted of mothers.

Left the possessor of great wealth, Madame Guyon now devoted her life and fortune to God, and henceforth her experience became associated with the religious history of France. After much thought and prayer, she decided to leave Paris and reside at Gex. Here, she never wearied in her works of benevolence; she visited the sick, fed the hungry, and taught the great and the lowly the way of life. Her words were simple but powerful. The highest ecclesiastics yielded to her influence; but persecution arose, and the Bishop forced her to leave the city. Alone, persecuted and friendless, she writes:—

> "To me remains nor place nor time,
> My country is in every clime;
> I can be calm and free from care,
> On any shore, since God is there."

Thonon was her next residence. Hundreds here received her doctrine. Her pen was ever active. Here she wrote her famous work entitled "Spiritual Torrents;" but persecution again arose. Driven from Thonon, she went to Grenoble. In this city she wrote her remarkable book called "The Method of Prayer." Five or six editions were rapidly circulated. One person gave away fifteen hundred copies. It produced the greatest excitement in France, and led to a controversy between two of the most distinguished and eloquent prelates in the Gallican Church. Madame Guyon's works number forty volumes, and represent a most marvellous example of unparalleled industry and devotion.

But this mighty movement among the noblest and most distinguished people in France could not continue unnoticed. The King himself was seized with panic. He feared for the unity of the church, and ordered Madame Guyon to be imprisoned

in the convent of St. Marie. Here, she spent eight months in solitary confinement; shut up in a small room, deprived of her maid, separated from her children, and guarded by a harsh and cruel nun. On being examined by an ecclesiastical judge, she refused to sacrifice principle to gain liberty; she was happy to suffer rather than to sin.

In a poem, written at this time, she pathetically describes her imprisonment, comparing herself to a bird, shut from the fields of air and the sunshine. She writes :—

"My cage confines me round,
Abroad I cannot fly,
But though my wing is closely bound,
My heart's at liberty,
My prison walls cannot control
The flight, the freedom of the soul."

By the intercession of Madame de Maintenon, then the wife of Louis XIV., she was released from prison.

Shortly after this, came a crowning triumph. Fénélon, Archbishop of Cambray, became her disciple. What a conquest was this! A man of commanding intellect, possessed of the most splendid talents, of a charming eloquence, of the most winning manners and gracious personality, and occupying the highest rank in Church and at Court. Yet, noblest in his humility, he stooped to learn from a woman, adopted her principles, wrote in defence of them, and suffered for them.

Bossuet, the greatest orator in France and the most sublime preacher of his day, did not think the matter beneath his notice. On several occasions he met with Madame Guyon to learn her opinions, and afterwards wrote against them with the greatest vehemence. The controversy agitated France; it reached Rome, and the Pope decreed the banishment of Fénélon. Madame Guyon was incarcerated in the prison of Vincennes. Here she spent her time in writing religious songs, which she and her maid committed to memory, as fast as she composed them. So rejoiced was she to suffer for her faith, that she said, "The stones in my prison looked like rubies." And she writes :—

"Strong are the walls around me,
That hold me all the day:
But they who thus have bound me,
Cannot keep God away.
My very prison walls are dear,
Because the God I love is here."

After a cowardly and unsuccessful attempt to ruin her character by forged letters, she was moved to the prison of the Bastile. What awful memories this prison awakes in every mind! A fortress of dungeons, with walls twelve feet thick, strongly barricaded, exceedingly cold in winter, with no ventilation and not one ray of sunlight ever piercing its gloomy cells. The cell of the greatest criminal was the only one thought fit to secure this gentle woman. Here she spent four years in solitude.

No one but God knows how she spent those awful years, for every prisoner who entered the Bastile was bound by the most solemn oaths never to reveal the secrets of that dreadful place. Who can conceive the awful experience of those weary years? How to occupy the mind, how to pass away the moments, hours and days that seemed to drag by in slow torture, how to escape the dreadful monotony of that silent and friendless existence—all this must have caused excruciating mental anguish. It was a living death. In 1702 she was released. Old and broken from suffering, she yet lived to be a blessing to hundreds more.

Fifteen years after, God called her home. The crown at last replaced the cross. She rested from her labors and her works do follow her.

In this remarkable woman the world has seen united, the cultured lady, the truest of wives, the most devoted of mothers, the saintliest Christian, the noblest of philanthropists, a gifted poet, a strong and commanding intellect, and a courage almost sublime in its grandeur of endurance, in a word—a queen of womanhood.

"Needs there the praise of the love-written record,
The name and the epitaph graved on the stone?
The things we have lived for, let them be our story,
We, but remembered by what we have done."

EDITH R. DELMAGE, '01.

EN ROUTE TO BOLIVIA.*

Better than my word, I am writing at the end of the first stage of our journey to tell you of the safe arrival at Panama of the Canadian contingent.

In New York, Mrs. Baker was housed with her cold and Mr. Baker had his time fully taken up with the care of freight and baggage, so I was the only one who had any opportunity of seeing the wonders of the great city. I was charmed and bewildered, and enjoyed everything, especially a trip through Chinatown, where a party of us drank tea in a Chinese restaurant in true Chinese fashion.

We sailed shortly after noon on the 13th, and till evening "all went merry as a marriage bell," but, alas! when the sun went down the wind began to blow off Cape Hatteras and the sea became too merry altogether for our comfort. But I found Professor McKay a true prophet. He said I would be terribly sick and would want to die, but afterwards I would enjoy it. Mr. and Mrs. Baker had a similar experience to mine, only not quite so "rending." I shall never forget the pallor of Mr. Baker's face Wednesday morning, nor the generally subdued air he wore for several days, when his one wish was to be "left alone."

After the first night, though, we had unusually fine weather, and when we reached the Gulf Stream and every day the temperature rose ten or fifteen degrees, we began to feel very kindly towards the good ship "Finance" and her jolly captain. We were very sorry to pass San Salvador so early in the morning that no one but the watch saw it; but we had glimpses of the lights of Cape Maysi, off Cuba, and of the distant, cloud-like mountains of Hayti. Early Sunday morning we passed quite near Navassa, a phosphate-bearing island, now deserted, and then we saw no more land till the Caribbean was crossed and Colón appeared, covered with some of the rain-clouds that deck it nine-twelfths of the year. When we landed, Tuesday morning, we began to realize what the British Consul at Colón meant

*Letter written to Chancellor Wallace from Panama Bay, and dated November 24th, 1900. Since that time Miss Gile and companions have reached their destination.

when he kept telling us all the time of the moist heat of the Isthmus. We were glad to stay on board and watch the blacks and Panamanians, the circling turkey-buzzards, the native women bearing great bundles and heavy stone jars on their heads, the curious canopied canoes and fishing boats, and everywhere bales, boxes, barrels and bananas heaped on the piers.

After luncheon we boarded our train—or rather the one car reserved for passengers at the end of a long train of freight cars—and when the captain came on board to see us off, he said he never saw such a mixture in his life. There were Englishmen, one Scotchman, several Americans, a beautiful Syrian girl and her brother, Columbians, Panamanians, Chilians, Peruvians, Barbadians and numerous unclassifiable colored gentlemen, Spaniards of high and low degree, and—the missionaries, all mingled with mountains of baggage and clouds of smoke, for "My Lady Nicotine" has right of way everywhere in South America.

I cannot describe the trip across the isthmus. Sometime, perhaps, I may be able to disentangle a few ideas from the general chaos of brain impressions I received, but now, when I think of it, I want to gasp—palms, ferns, vines and creepers, flaming crimson and flaunting yellow streamers and garlands, mountains, clouds, downpours of rain every half hour, natives sprawling on the ground and engaged in every conceivable occupation on the dilapidated porches before their huts; goats, chickens, lean, shaggy, diminutive ponies and pigs, and the most miserable looking dogs that ever lived. Every few miles for the first half of the forty-seven we caught glimpses of the great canal operations and saw gangs of workmen and an immense amount of machinery, much of it rusted and abandoned.

On reaching Panama, which claims to be the oldest city in America, we had our first drive behind the lean little ponies already mentioned, and over the rattly cobblestones of the narrow winding streets, to the Grand Central Hotel and Plaza. Opposite us was a huge old cathedral with towers decorated with pearl shells, and the *plaza* was another riot of palms and mimosa, oleander and low shrubs. The quaintness and ancient appearance of everything in Panama make it an exceedingly

interesting place; but we like it best as we see it from the bay, nestling at the base of mist-draped rolling foothills, and with its malaria and revolutionary outbursts at a safe distance. We were very glad to leave the great desolation of the hotel and the unspeakable abominations of its dining-room, for this beauful ship and its modern appointments. We were agreeably surprised to find the Pacific coasting steamers much finer than those of the Panama Railroad and Steamship Company, but the secret is the usual one, competition of companies.

On account of the revolution in Columbia and the especially active state thereof on the isthmus, it has been difficult to get the ship's cargo transported from the town to where the "Peru" lies at anchor near the quarantine station, so that, instead of sailing Thursday as we expected, we are barely in hope of leaving to-night. Notwithstanding the delay, we are all in good spirits, for eleven of the acquaintances we made on the "Finance" are with us and the time passes very agreeably with reading, letter-writing, impromptu concerts, fishing, and games. Then there is the ever-changing panoramic view of rolling mountain and drifting clouds of mist, green rippling waves and emerald islands rising cone-shaped in this lovely bay, and when the short tropical twilight fades, the lights gleam forth from the masts and decks of the other ships at anchor, from the quarantine station and along the sea wall of the old town. Then we group ourselves on deck and to the music of Mr. Baker's guitar, sing the old songs of home; while the stars of the Southern Cross—that disappointing, disproportioned constellation—smile down on us and we try not to feel strange in a strange land.

By the time this reaches you we hope to be near the end of the fifteen days' voyage still before us, and if the ocean remains as pacific as it is at present, there will be nothing left to be desired. Mr. and Mrs. Baker join me in sending warmest greetings to McMaster students and professors, for, "though sundered far, by faith we meet around one common mercy-seat"; and when we reach Oruro you shall hear again from us, for we do not mean to give you any chance to forget the McMaster's representatives in South America, not even the least of them.

BERTHA GILE.

JOHN CHINAMAN AT HOME.

It is not necessary to cross the Pacific to see John Chinaman at home. He is at home wherever he happens to be. Every city on the west coast of our continent has its Chinese quarter, known familiarly as Chinatown, and here John Chinaman may be seen buying, selling, working, dissipating and living very much as he would do in his native land. He is notorious for the tenacity with which he clings to the manners and customs of his own people, and though he live in the centre of a Western city he remains thoroughly Chinese in dress, habits and character. To me a walk through Chinatown is always interesting, and I venture some description of what may be seen there.

Naturally, one's attention is attracted first by the people on the streets. Some are loitering, some standing in groups, frequently talking and gesticulating excitedly, others hurrying with business written in their movements and on their faces. All classes are represented, from the hard working coolie to the prosperous merchant, the latter's appearance always reminding me of the adjectives which Dickens applied to old Fezziweg's voice, "comfortable, rich, oily, fat, jovial." All of course wear the inevitable queue, sometimes coiled upon the top of the head, but more frequently hanging in a braid down the back, where it presents an irresistible temptation to the small boy. I sympathize with the boy, for my own fingers are often restless in its presence. John's dress does not differ greatly from that of his white brother, save in the loose tunic which he wears in place of a coat, and which fitting closely about the neck obviates the necessity for collar and tie, and in his absurd footwear. He wears white stockings and low slippers with thick, inflexible white soles, the flip-flop of which can be heard as he passes along the street. But when John's wife appears then is seen a costume which, while shocking to some feminine observers, fills others with admiration, for she has been emancipated from skirts and corsets, or more correctly, was never in bondage to them. A loose flowing robe reaches barely to the knee, and

there exposes great baggy pantaloons, which terminate at the ankles, where they flap listlessly. Many a time I have watched her passing along the street and have admired the grace and freedom of her movements. But she has less fortunate sisters who are unable to walk because their feet have been cruelly bandaged in infancy. We condemn the practice as barbarous, but the Chinese themselves point out that it is less injurious to the health and has less of real barbarism in it than some practices in vogue among the women of our own race. The colours most in use by both men and women are dark blue and black, though the children are dressed in bright colours, and on holidays and festival occasions silk robes of dazzling brightness are worn by all who can afford them.

From the people one looks into the shop windows. A pardonable curiosity always compels me to linger before a Chinese window display. Most interesting, but least inviting, are the windows of provision stores. Here are roasted ducks and chickens, looking as if they had been drowned in grease; pork, cooked and uncooked, in such quantities as to lend probability to Lamb's famous essay on the subject; enormous panfuls of sprouted beans with the sprouts adhering; platters of yellow coloured squares, the composition of which is shrouded in mystery; nuts, confections, chief among which is preserved ginger, fruits, vegetables, and an almost endless variety of things nameless and unknown to us.

Passing on to a general store there is much of a more tempting character. The chief articles displayed are silks and chinaware, and such stores have many patrons from among the English-speaking population. Buying is always an interesting operation. You roam about the store at will until you see something you want. Then you begin a monosyllabic conversation. Indicating the article, you say:

"How much?"

John gives the price in dollars and cents, invariably naming an amount in excess of that which he expects to receive. You answer:

"Too much."

Which always elicits from John:

"How much you give?"

In reply you name a price of course much below John's, whereat he assumes a facial expression intended to convey the impression to you that to sell at that price would mean bankruptcy for him, and makes a pretence of putting the article away. He pauses, however, and finally asks:

"You give——?" naming now the price which he really expects to receive. This is usually satisfactory to a fair-minded purchaser, and the sale is completed.

The operations in a Chinese barber shop always hold the uninitiated spectator spellbound. John visits this haven of all men at regular intervals and relapses into dreamy oblivion while the artist in charge works deftly and speedily. First the face and a considerable portion of the scalp are shaved. No lather is used, and the razor employed is a long slender steel blade. Next, and this fascinates the street urchins who flatten their noses against the glass to watch the process, the interior of John's ears and nose is carefully cleaned. Last of all, the long queue is combed out, brushed, carefully plaited and tied with a new ribbon. This completed, John wakes up and goes on his way rejoicing, with some youngster following after watching his chance at the ribbon.

The Chinese are inveterate gamblers and there are various places of resort where they assemble for indulgence in their favorite sport. Frequently one may watch the games from the street. Many a time I have looked in through the windows at a group too absorbed to notice that anyone was watching. Long narrow cards, dice and dominoes are used. Money is represented by little bits of metal, a pile of which each keeps beside him. As I have observed the long taper fingers, the skill with which the cards are manipulated, the keen, almost ferocious faces, and have learned from time to time of the amounts taken from hard-working sailors, miners and others in these resorts, I have been forced to Bret Harte's conclusion:

> "That for ways that are dark
> And for tricks that are vain,
> The heathen Chinee is peculiar."

John is a heathen and his temple must not be missed by

the visitor to Chinatown. It is known as the "Joss-house." Here John worships and here the object of his worship sits in state. Tapers burn constantly and incense makes the air heavy. Tea is kept before the deity lest he should thirst, and a gorgeous canopy is suspended above him. The spectator gazes in idle curiosity which deepens into sadness as he remembers that what he beholds represents the hope and faith of a fellow-immortal's soul.

Much else might be described, but lest I weary the reader I will hasten to a conclusion. Two questions very naturally arise. The first is easily answered: What does John do? Briefly he does anything he is paid to do and for the most part does it well. He cannot be relied upon to exercise any degree of intelligence in his work, but such is his faculty of imitation that he can do efficiently anything that he has seen done. Much of our roughest work, work which our own people refuse to touch, is done by him, and he also competes successfully with skilled labour. He is quite as good a tailor as his white brother; he is the best cook in the community and is employed as such in our hotels and restaurants; he monopolizes the laundry business, and, perhaps most important of all, disposes of the servant girl problem. Everything about the house from cooking to minding the baby John does patiently and well: he is never slovenly in dress, is seldom bad tempered, does not make friends with the milkman and policeman, stays where he is well treated, and minds his own business. What would not many a worried mistress in the East give for just such a paragon?

The second question is more difficult: What can we do for John? I fear that we can do very little save to treat him kindly and fairly. We can teach him our language, for it has a cash value to him and therefore he acquires it readily. But we cannot make an intelligent and patriotic citizen of him. He knows but one country and he lives in any other simply for money-making purposes. If he cannot in life return to his home-land he hopes and prays that at least his bones may be carried there. The effort to Christianise him seems equally hopeless. Far be it from me to doubt the Gospel's power, but John lives in our midst, sees the vices of our civilization, so

painfully conspicuous in these Western cities, associates them with Christianity, and concludes that he is better without it. In view of these facts many advocate sending him back to China or at least denying entrance to any more of his kinsmen. Perhaps some such course might be wise, but what would we do without him? White men refuse to do much of the work which he does, and then there is the domestic problem. We will keep John for the present and be thankful that we can.

J. F. VICHERT.

Victoria, B.C.

TO THE MEMORY OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

And can it be that our loved Queen is dead!
Has England's jewel fallen in its tower!
The world's best crown could but well grace her head,
And widest empire but extend her power.

'Twas by her sterling *worth* our Sovereign made
Her influence felt on every sea and shore;
And now the universal grief displayed
Tells of the loss sustained the wide world o'er.

From first her fair young temples bore their crown,
Its grandeur from her peerless virtues rose;
Whilst 'neath the stress and burdens of renown,
Her trust in God sustained her strong repose.

Her sway o'er hearts was mighty, for her soul
Loved to relieve the needy in distress,—
And, like her King Divine, she gained control,
From seeking other lives to cheer and bless.

Nor can we grudge her now the well earned rest
From long and arduous service done so well;
Or stay her longer from that noble breast,
That, stricken at her side, so long since fell.

Her heart, so often grieved at others' woes,
More keenly felt from sorrows of her own,
Now tastes the bliss, and shares the sweet repose
Of sainted spirits bowing at God's Throne.

And now, as cease the splendors of the Queen,
Since "dust to dust," 'midst mourning hosts was said,
That which will live with freshness ever green,
Is the undying goodness of our dead.

Then, rest thee, Lady, with thy Lord's "Well done!"
But all the world will long and gladly own,
That of thy works, the noblest was the one
That lifted *duty* 'bove the grandest throne.

W. H. PORTER.

NINETEENTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE FYFE MISSIONARY SOCIETY.*

As McMaster is a Christian University it is to be expected that among its many well-established societies there should be a missionary one. Such an one exists in the Fyfe Missionary Society, which has now for nineteen years been instrumental in fostering and developing a missionary spirit in the many students that have entered the University, and in deepening their spiritual life. The aim of the Society was stated in its first Annual Report. The Society has two objects in view:

1. It endeavors to realize the thought implied in the words of Christ, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." It seeks to come into responsive sympathy with the Master in the largeness of this thought by becoming thoroughly familiar with the needs of men at home and abroad; by considering, and digesting them; by united and fervent prayer that the Master may fit its members for the supplying of these needs, and may bless and make efficient the efforts of all

* Annual Report read before the Annual Meeting of the Fyfe Missionary Society January 24th.

organizations and persons doing missionary service; and by engaging in practical work in the mission field. In all these respects the Society seeks for its members the most thorough preparation for service in the gospel ministry.

2. In seeking to accomplish this aim the Society is now organized with a view of becoming the medium through which the College can efficiently do its work in developing and fostering a true active missionary spirit in its faculty and students; in placing all the members of the College in sympathetic and active relation to the churches in their organized efforts to publish the gospel; in securing in the students a practical knowledge of the best methods of doing the Master's work and developing tact and power in applying this knowledge; and in awakening the students to a full realization of the present condition of the world, as the field of missionary sympathy and effort, of the progress of the Redeemer's Kingdom in all parts of the world, and the obligations resting upon them as servants of Christ to become efficient helpers in the advancement of the Lord's work in the earth.

And how faithful the Society has been to the aim of its founders will be made manifest by this report, which is submitted that you may know the nature and object of the work which the Fyfe Missionary Society is endeavoring to do and to indicate the work done in the College last year, and also the work done by the students on their fields last summer.

The Society is composed of members of the Faculty, the Christian students of the University, and such other persons as the Society from time to time elects. One day each month is devoted to united prayer for missionaries and missions, the discussion of missionary information, Home and Foreign; and the reception and discussion of reports of all missionary work done by members of the Society. This is Fyfe Day—a day much appreciated by all members of the Society—an epoch day in the life of many, for by reason of its existence they have been lead to dedicate their lives to foreign work, that they might lead benighted denizens of the dark lands to the feet of Jesus. As a former secretary has so aptly said, "One day of every month the chapel is the only class-room, the Bible is the only text book, and

spiritual life is the only subject for consideration for student and professor alike."

Some Fyfe Days stand out more prominently than others. Special mention must be made of Fyfe Day of last January, 1900, a portion of which was set apart to observe the Day of Prayer for Colleges. Our esteemed Chancellor delivered an address on "Sin," which led to earnest self-examination and searching of motive on the part of those present. The result was a resolve on the part of all to live purer and more Christ-like lives.

Ever and anon students who have passed through McMaster's halls into the great school of life, bear testimony to much benefit received from these Fyfe Days, and with thankful hearts praise God for their existence. Those who were present at the chapel service on the sixth of last November, when the Rev. A. G. Baker and Miss Bertha E. Gile addressed a few parting words before they left for Bolivia, will remember their loving and loyal tribute to Fyfe Day. One cannot attend the exercises of this day without being immeasurably helped and uplifted by the spirit pervading the various sessions.

We miss this evening one who was wont to attend such a gathering as this. Dr. Rand has left us, but who can forget the great interest he took in every branch of the Society's work? The prayers of the man of God as he carried the cause of missions to the throne of grace—can we not hear them now? The words of love and testimony, the keen delight manifested in all our meetings, the sympathetic attention given to every speaker, by our late president—can we ever forget these? Yes, we miss Dr. Rand this evening, but we shall ever remember him not only as teacher and friend, but as a leader and counsellor of the Fyfe Missionary Society.

We have said that one aim of the Society was the developing and fostering of a missionary spirit abroad. The practical value of the Society is illustrated by the fact that many of its members have gone to the foreign field. Among these, might be mentioned the names of H. F. LaFlamme, J. E. Davis, Robert Garside, George H. Brock, J. G. Brown, J. R. Stillwell, H. C. Priest, J. E. Stillwell, Dr. E. G. Smith, J. Chute and Miss K.

McLaurin, who went to India; Thomas Moody, who went to Africa; Benjamin Davies, who labored among the Indians; A. B. Reekie, Robert Routledge, C. N. Mitchell, A. G. Baker and Miss Bertha E. Gile, who have gone to Bolivia. The latest phase of foreign work undertaken by members of the Society is the Bolivia mission of which A. B. Reekie was the pioneer. God has richly blessed the efforts put forth in His name by our esteemed brother and his noble band of workers. Thus to India, to Africa, to the far West, and to the land of the Southern Cross, consecrated men and women have gone forth from the Society to labor for the Master, and God has blessed their efforts on His behalf.

But the Society also aims to foster and develop a missionary spirit at home. To this end missions have been planted from time to time in different parts of the city and suburbs. This is the voluntary work carried on by our students. Taylor Street mission is the only one at present under direct control of the Society; but there are several missions belonging to the various churches in the city that are frequently supplied by students. A good work was done last summer at Taylor Street by student V. A. Ray; and student J. Janes, who has had charge of the work there this winter, reports increasing attendance at the evening service and a good average attendance at the week-night services and in the Sunday school. A good work is being done at Weston Road, which was re-opened last October after being closed all summer. Moreover, voluntary work is done by members of the Society acting as teachers in the several Sunday schools of the city.

During the past year addresses were delivered on Fyfe days by Baptist ministers of the city, by prominent ministers of other denominations, by returned and out-going missionaries, by representatives of the Home and Foreign Missions Boards and from Grande Ligne, and by different members of the University Faculty. The addresses were of great interest and profit. Students, moreover, from time to time, related their experiences and told of the work done on their fields during the previous summer. The Annual Sermon before the Society was preached by Dr. John McLaurin, in the Bloor Street church.

Owing to the failure of some to answer the request for information sent to all who occupied fields last summer, the following statistics may not represent the actual work done: About 65 students were engaged in preaching last summer. The number of preaching stations supplied by them was 102. Some students had but one church, others two and three, and still others had even more than three, student H. Bryant having no less than five preaching stations. And the churches on several fields were many miles apart, compelling the student-pastor to tramp a very long distance, if he were unfortunate enough to possess neither vehicle nor bicycle. One writes that on muddy days he had to walk ten miles before the Sunday's duties were done. At some of the preaching stations there is a fairly good attendance, while at others only a meagre one. The average attendance was 69; and the number of sermons preached, according to reports received, was 2,144. The number of Sunday schools on the various fields was 64. Compared to the number of preaching stations, the Sunday schools are much fewer, and it seems unfortunate that more were not organized; but perhaps this was not possible. Over 1,300 prayer meetings were conducted, and several thousand pastoral visits were made. A pleasing item of information is that there were 132 professed conversions. The preaching stations may be far apart and the roads muddy and the attendance but small, yet if the student is permitted, under God, to lead men and women to Christ, he is amply repaid, and all these other things are forgotten as he experiences the shepherd's joy. The number of additions to the churches was, by baptism 119, and by letter or experience 62. Students report collections for Home and Foreign Missions, Grande Ligne, Manitoba and North-West Missions, pastoral support, and for McMaster building fund. Debts to the amount of $1,315 were paid off by four churches. East Toronto reports the payment of remaining debts and the purchase of a vacant lot next to the church, costing about $175. A number of the students held several weeks of special meetings, the effect of which was manifested in many cases after they had left. Special mention ought to be made of the work done at

Pigeon Hill, where student C. J. Triggerson was in charge. Meetings of great power were held and many were converted. Mr. Triggerson was assisted by Prof. Campbell, of the University, and attributes the success of the special services to his earnest preaching and personal work. Pigeon Hill is not singular in that many were saved as the result of faithful presentation of the word of God. Many testify to this. At Maxville the sum of $550 was raised, from a membership of 22, for a new church in the village. One of the most centrally located sites in the village was secured, and to this is to be removed a church which has been purchased.

Our students, in more than one case, report bitter opposition to their work, on the part of other denominations. This is truly lamentable and most unfortunate, as the cause of Christ is sure to suffer in such a place. Several report good attendances of young men. Student C. J. McLean, who was stationed at Tobermory, writes: "I was impressed Sabbath after Sabbath, and also in the weekly prayer meetings, to see the numbers of young men who so regularly attended the services, and with the greatest of attention and reverence at all meetings." And pastor S. E. Grigg, in submitting his report of the work done at Tilsonburg last summer, concludes thus: "Spiritual work is kept in the foreground and several of the young people have lately been converted." This is indeed encouraging, especially at this time, when the cry is raised that the church is losing her hold on the young men of to-day. What a work for God would be wrought, were the bounding life and burning enthusiasm of our young men enlisted in His service!

The funds needed for the voluntary work and for all necessary expenses are raised by voluntary subscriptions from the members of the Society, and by the offerings taken up at the two public meetings of the Society held during the year. An appeal is made to the generosity of the friends present this evening to help the Society by their sympathy and support.

The Society looks forward to a year of great blessing under the wise and efficient leadership of our much esteemed President, Dr. Welton.

Student-pastor E. J. McEwen, writing of the past summer's work at Belle Ewart and Stroud, says: "The field is now ready for the sickle, and I believe a bountiful harvest will be reaped in the near future." To which we add, "Amen," including in this prayer all the work done during the past year by members of the Fyfe Missionary Society, whether on fields or in the city; and to God be the glory. This report is respectfully submitted.

HENRY PROCTER,
Rec. Sec.

Editorial Notes.

THE annual election of graduate representatives on the Senate of the University is now in progress, and we take this opportunity of urging the members of the Alumni Association to record their votes. By the charter of the University there are ten graduate representatives, five in Arts and five in Theology. Of these two drop out each year, and consequently an annual election is necessary. It was thought that in this way the graduates might be kept more steadily and more intelligently in touch with the University, and it is to be hoped that the hopes of the founders of the institution may be realized. As graduates we all have a duty to discharge in this respect. Our representatives have important responsibilities in connection with shaping the courses of instruction and with appointment of examiners and instructors, in a word, with all the academic interests of our educational institutions, and we should see to it that they receive our endorsation at the polls. In the past many have failed to forward their ballots, and that is why we venture to appeal to them now. This year, however, it is only the graduates in Arts who will have the opportunity of voting. Only one nomination was received in Theology, that of Rev. W. E. Norton, of Owen Sound, who is therefore elected by acclamation. For several years the same thing has happened, and consequently there has been no contest for some time. It would be interesting to see our theological brethren engage in a real stiff fight in respect of their representation on the Senate. They are to be congratulated, however, on having so excellent a representative as Mr. Norton. The Arts men seldom fail to nominate at least two candidates, and this year the choice is between

Rev. P. K. Dayfoot, M.A., pastor of the Port Hope Baptist Church, and Frank Sanderson, Esq., M.A., Actuary of the Canada Life Assurance Company, Toronto. Either of the gentlemen will be a worthy representative and a real addition to the Senate. We trust that the voting may be general and that the one who is elected may feel that he is the choice of a large body of his fellow-graduates.

Book Reviews.

DR. NORTH AND HIS FRIENDS.*

It is hardly necessary to say that anything from the pen of the author of "Hugh Wynne," and "The Adventures of Francois," may be expected to be well worth reading. At any rate his latest volume is. It is not exactly a novel, for there is only the slenderest thread of a love-story to serve as a plot. It is rather a series of bright conversations by clever men and charming ladies on all sorts of subjects, books, pictures, poems, politics, telepathy—in fact on almost every topic in which cultivated ladies and gentlemen of the present day and generation might take an interest. Dr. Mitchell has had a large experience of life, and has attained unto a ripe and genial philosophy, and his pages are full of interesting bits of wisdom and shrewd humour. Almost every page contains a pithy generalization that slips out naturally in the course of sparkling conversation. The characterization, too, is excellent. The reader gets to know Clayborne, St. Clair, Mrs. Vincent, Sybil Maywood, and the others, and enjoys their company and delights to hear their talk. Perhaps the book may be "caviare to the general," but readers of taste will find it most agreeable company. As a sample of the more serious parts of the book we may quote the following passage, which consists of a reflection, sermon if you will, on the text, "So Pilate, willing to content the people, released Barabbas unto them."

"What thoughts were in the mind of Christ as he looked on the man in whose place he was to die? In this tragic hour we seem hardly aware of any one but the silent Christ, who had said his say, and would speak no more to man. The released criminal, who may have been innocent of anything but hatred of the oppressors of his race, has for

* Dr. North and His Friends. By S. Weir Mitchell. Toronto: The Copp Clark Co.

me a share in the historic interest of that memorable hour. He was free. Astonished and relieved, he, too, must surely have looked in turn at the unmoved figure before Pilate. He must have heard of him, and no doubt shared the disbelief in his message held by all in that judgment-hall. He could not have been human and remained without some thought of the strange situation which gave him back to hope and life. Then he turned and went out, glad of the fresh air of freedom. How can we fail to imagine the rest? Did his interest cease here? I cannot so believe. Among the many who stood to see the Christ go past to die, stood Barabbas by the wayside. As the Christ went past he set his eyes on the man Barabbas. I think they said, 'Follow thou me,' and the man rose and went after him. When the night was deepening around the mournful group below the cross, afar off sat the malefactor. Above hung the tortured body of the dead Christ. He, too, was released by a greater than Pilate—Death. Then one touched the shoulder of the man Barabbas. He turned in alarm. 'Have no fear; thou art the first for whom he died, and he died for many. Go, and sin no more.' Upon this Barabbas arose and girded his loins, and went forth into the desert, and was seen no more of those who had known him."

College News.

AROUND THE HALL.

EDITOR: C. C. SINCLAIR, '02.

PROF. DALE has finished his lectures for this term and has left for his home.

MANY of the students have been ill with la grippe, but there have been no serious cases.

IT is a matter of much regret that a hockey match between Woodstock College and McMaster could not be arranged this winter, as last year.

A NUMBER of McMaster ladies have become quite enthusiastic over hockey and are practising with the 'Varsity ladies and those of Victoria University.

FRESHMAN (to young lady on the rink).—"Wouldn't you like to skate a few rounds with me?"

THE graduating class are receiving the congratulations of their friends on their athletic successes. Challenge cups are quite a common occurrence in their vicinity at present.

THEOLOG. (in Theism class)—"Professor, assuming that we are intelligent beings—"

Professor (interrupting him).—"But we must not make too great an assumption."

ON February 13th, at chapel service, we were favored with a visit from President Trotter, of Acadia University. He had been on a tour of investigation and observation among the leading institutions of learning in the United States. After expressing warm greetings from the Acadia students, he spoke of his trip, placing special emphasis upon the rapidly-increasing greatness of Columbia University.

AT the time of their rally the Juniors were disappointed in not having a sleigh ride which was to have been one of the features of the evening. However, taking advantage of the recent frigidity, the class held a most enjoyable sleighing party. After a very pleasant drive of several hours, they met at the home of Chancellor Wallace where refreshments were served and a short time spent in social amusements.

THE Theological Society held its annual rally at the home of Mrs. Newman on the evening of February 7th. It was the occasion of a very enjoyable social gathering. The programme was without set speeches or addresses, though there were numerous "asides." Informality was the characteristic feature of the evening's pleasure. After partaking of light refreshments, the company dispersed, delighted with this pleasant break in the "daily round" and "trivial task."

A VERY impressive memorial service was held in the chapel Tuesday evening, January 22nd. The sad news of Queen Victoria's passing had cast a deep gloom over the University life and a large number of students gathered to hear the memorial address of Chancellor Wallace. The meeting was opened by singing appropriate hymns followed by prayer for the bereaved Empire and the Royal family and for blessing on our new king. The Chancellor's address was a very loving and loyal tribute to the personal life and executive labors of the great monarch who had passed away.

AFTER the recent hockey match between '01 and '03, the Sophomores entered a protest, but it was not granted on account of insufficient evidence. Their grounds of complaint were: 1. The snow on the ice was not deep enough. 2. The game was called off two

minutes before time, the score at that time being only 27 to 1 in favor of the seniors. 3. The puck was not of regulation "wait." 4. The referee had a smoked glass eye. 5. Attempted manslaughter. 6. No lady spectators. 7. Several '01 players were off side. They should have been on the other side of the fence.

THERE were twenty young hearts in a sleigh,
Who were feeling quite happy and geigh,
They upset in the snow,
Just why we don't know,
And didn't get home till next deigh.

NEARLY all the boys have begun "plugging" for examinations, which are drawing close at hand. Between the hours of 7 and 8 o'clock in the evening a number of students may be seen leaving their rooms and seeking solitude and quietness in empty rooms, class rooms, science rooms and dining room. Those students may be seen returning to their rooms late in the night or early in the morning with very haggard and ghostly physiognomies.

THE Literary Society held a Shakesperian evening at a recent meeting. The musical part of the programme was provided by the Glee Club and Miss Senior. Both Miss Senior's vocal selections were enthusiastically received, and at the close of her second solo she kindly responded to a persistent recall. Mr. J. Weir read a most instructive sketch of the great dramatist's life, giving us an idea of the great scope of his genius. Miss McNeill followed with an excellent synopsis of the tragedy of "Romeo and Juliet." "Hamlet" was the subject of Miss Norton's essay, and Shakespeare's masterpiece was cleverly handled from every point. In Miss Norton's unavoidable absence her paper was read by Miss Munro. The meeting then adjourned to 'Varsity Rink.

ON the 8th of February the University was honored with a visit from the Rev. Dr. Milligan. He addressed the Chancellor's class in hymnology, and also gave an inspiring address in chapel. Dr. Milligan's words and personality are full of force and vigor. Speaking to the hymnology class he put great stress upon the cultivation of a healthy body. This was essential in the ministry or any other vocation. The body should be guarded as the temple of the soul, and work and exercise were life. The mental life came next, and it should be the ambition of all to see things clearly, and to think apart from prejudice or traditionalism. Another important factor was sympathy for men. To know men we must mingle with them, and doing this we should strive to come into living touch with their entire life. Dr. Milligan may rely upon a very hearty welcome back to McMaster. His wise, generous and inspiring words did us all good.

THE meetings of the Debating Society, which have been held every Saturday, with the exception of February 2nd, have been marked by

steady improvement and an increasing interest. Such subjects as the following have been debated:—"Resolved—That the government should grant old age pensions," "Resolved—That the present credit system is detrimental to the public good," and "Resolved—That the wages of women should be as high as those of men in the same occupation." Owing to a lack of space it is only possible to note more fully the last debate, on February 16th, when the subject, "Resolved—That the metric system should be generally adopted," was discussed. The leaders were: F. C. Mabee, '04, for the affirmative, and G. E. Tomkinson, '04, for the negative. When the leaders had spoken the meeting was thrown open and an interesting debate ensued. The criticisms of Mr. J. E. Miles on gesture were exceptionally good. The decision was given by the judges, Messrs. P. McLaurin, J. N. McLean and J. A. McLean, to the negative.

The First Annual Rally of Class '04 was held on the evening of January 18th, at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Newman. The programme was introduced by a musical medley contest, followed by a flute solo by G. H. Blackadar. The President gave a short address, after which Dr. Newman made a speech, in which he kindly invited Class '04 to hold their next rally at his home. An interesting drawing contest was followed by the serving of refreshments, during which those present were favored by another flute solo, and a mandolin duet by Messrs. Lailey and Thompson. Mr. Harris, the representative of '04 Victoria, spoke briefly of the cordial relations existing between McMaster and Victoria, after which a parody on the "Lime Kiln Club," by Messrs. MacDonald, Lailey, Janes and Bingham, which contained many local "hits," was well rendered and received. The singing of "Auld Lang Syne," "Thy Praises, McMaster," and "God Save the Queen," brought to a close a very pleasant evening.

The inter-year hockey matches have been played, and much enthusiasm was manifested by the supporters of each team. They were played on 'Varsity rink, and the ice was always in good condition. '01 defeated '03 by an uneven score, which is hardly worth mentioning, as it might convey the idea to some people that the teams were not very evenly balanced, whereas they both put up a very desperate fight and played excellent hockey. '02 and '04 played two matches in order to ascertain the superiority of one over the other. The first game resulted in a tie,—2—2. The second was won by '02 by 6 goals to 2. The final game between '01 and '02 was played under favorable circumstances—the ice being very keen and the weather fine. A large crowd of students witnessed the match. Both teams played good hockey, but the seniors excelled in combination, which won them the game by a score of 7 to 2. They are now champions of 1901.

Rally of the Seniors. — The "Year One" held their fourth annual rally on the evening of Feb. 14, at the home of their Honorary

President, Chancellor Wallace. Being the last rally of the season as well as the final rally of the class, it was expected that it would make a climax to the series of similar gatherings held this winter. And no one present seemed disappointed. Saint Valentine's memory was duly honored on this occasion, and the sight of fair ladies bearing Cupid's arrows, and gay gallants wearing wounded hearts, was unique and pleasing. The refreshment room, during the latter part of the evening, was the scene of much festive jollity;—lemonade and heart-shaped ices, cakes and home-made "fudge," laughter and sunny smiles, music and merry people, these gave the flying minutes unwonted speed. But most of the members of '01 felt a tinge of sadness in all the gaiety, for the thought would not be altogether banished, that this was their *last* rally, and there was present a foretaste of the sadness of farewells. Chancellor Wallace, in a brief but very appropriate address, struck a full chord in this more serious key, and all the women and men of "nought-one" will remember with a thrill his good, real words, when this their last class rally has become a thing to travel back to in some reminiscent mood long hence.

A MOST interesting meeting of the Lit. was held on Friday, January 18th. The attendance was not up to the average, owing to a counter attraction, the Freshman Rally, which occured the same evening. Mr. Farmer opened the programme with a very enjoyable piano solo, after which the debate of the evening began. The debate was entirely impromptu, only the leaders being acquainted with the subject until the meeting began. The subject chosen, "Resolved, that a college education is not expedient for a man entering commercial life," is a very debatable one, and all the speakers had opinions of their own, although they had no time for preparation. Mr. Calvert and five able supporters, Messrs. Farmer, Kipp, Dodds, Tarr and Bury upheld the affirmative, while Mr. V. E. Reid was the leader of the negative. Mr. Reid's assistants were Messrs. Bellamy, Huddleston, Hindson, Bengough and Buckborough, and in the opinion of the judges, Mr. W. E. Robertson, B.A., and Messrs. Sayles and Haydon, they produced the most convincing arguments. While the judges were arriving at a decision, Mr. Coltman favored the audience with one of his famous patriotic songs, which was heartily encored. After Mr. A. B. Cohoe, B.A., who kindly acted as critic, had given a few opinions on the speakers of the evening, the meeting adjourned.

THE day of prayer for colleges was observed on the 24th of January. Chancellor Wallace conducted the services, and delivered one of those heart-to-heart talks which cannot be reported here, but which will live in the memory of those present. A profitable season of prayer was afterwards spent. The Fyfe Missionary Society met the same evening with its honored President, Dr. Welton, in the chair. The 19th annual report was read by Mr. H. Procter, B.A., to a large assembly of students and friends. The report appears in another column of the

MONTHLY. The Rev. J. B. Kennedy, M.A., then gave an address on Home Mission work, which was quite reminiscent in its character, dealing with the work of the society nineteen years ago. Mr. G. R. Roberts followed with an able and profitable talk. He represented Chester Mission, and spoke with great respect of all the students who have labored there. He also gave us a glimpse into Home Mission work of forty years ago, and closed his remarks with a few practical hints on methods of work. He thought we Baptists should incorporate into our religious services more frequent reference to our government and rulers, and preachers should not fail to pray that wisdom be given to King and parliament. In a great many of our churches it was to be feared our country and sovereign were never prayed for. He advised the students to be diligent in personal work, and to be thorough in their preparation for the pulpit, and original in delivering the message. Imitation of others meant weakness. Mr. Roberts' first appearance before the students as a body was much appreciated.

INTERCOLLEGIATE HOCKEY. — This is the first year that McMaster has been entered in the Jennings' cup series, composed of 'Varsity and its affiliated colleges, and she has, so far, retained her high, standard in athletics. Last year we never lost a game in hockey and it appears that that will be a characteristic of this year also. In exhibition games, we have defeated the British American Business College septette, and '01 'Varsity, and tied '03 'Varsity. In (A) series for the Jennings' cup, the teams competing were Victoria University, School of Science seniors and McMaster. Toronto senior Medicals also entered, but have since defaulted. The first game was played between S. P. S. and Victoria, the former winning by a score of 5 to 4. On Feb. the 9th McMaster defeated Victoria by one goal. The half-time score was 5—3, in favor of Victoria, but when time was called the bulletin read McMaster 7, Victoria 6. The game was very fast and exciting, and abounded in phenomenal plays. The championship game of the series was played on Saturday, Feb. 16th, between McMaster and S. P. S., the former winning by the one-sided score of 11 to 4. Our boys simply played rings around their adversaries, and gave a fine exhibition of Canada's winter sport. The S. P. S. men were much heavier, but not so speedy nor such clever stick-handlers as were ours. Almost every goal scored by our team was made on long combination rushes, whereas S. P. S. had no chance for combination, as they were too closely checked by the wearers of green and black—McMaster. (B) and (C) series have not been completed yet. McMaster is scheduled to play the winner of (B), which will be either the Dentals or Junior S. P. S. The winner of this round will then play for the final championship with the winning team of (C) series. McMaster has hopes of at least playing in the championship game.

INTERCOLLEGIATE DEBATE.—On the evening of January 22nd, the Students' Union witnessed a scene of enthusiastic jubilation among McMaster men ; for then did J. H. Hannah, B.A., and Henry Procter

B.A., bring honor to their Alma Mater, by winning the debate against University College. Messrs. W. E. Taylor and F. M. Chapman were their worthy opponents, supporting the negative side of the question. The subject was :—" Resolved, That trusts are beneficial to the best interests of society." Our Literary Society provided a short but excellent supplementary programme, consisting of the following numbers :— Song, " You Remind Me, Sweeting," Miss Dora L. McMurtry ; recitation (humorous selection), Mr. John E. Miles ; mandolin solo, Mr. W. W. Lailey. The Literary Society may deem itself fortunate in having secured the assistance of Miss McMurtry on the programme. Her number, and an encore, graciously responded to, were much appreciated by the audience.

The debating on both sides took the form of exhaustive references to present day trusts and monopolies, and learned expositions of economic principles. The arguments were keen and to the point ; and only once did the negative venture on untrodden ground, when Mr. Taylor discussed the moral and political effect of trusts upon society. Chancellor Wallace presided at the meeting ; while the judges were Principal Caven and Prof. Oswald Smith. To the latter gentleman was assigned the duty of announcing the decision of his colleague and himself. He complimented the several speakers on their oratorical abilities, and expressed his delight at all the proceedings of the evening. His delight seemed wondrously multiplied among the expectant audience when he finally declared that McMaster had won. Perhaps the noisy demonstrations and congratulations of the students but slightly repaid the victors for all the arduous work which the debate had cost them ; but such things must be regarded by them as a proof that we are proud of them, and will long remember how they won the debate against Old 'Varsity.

Oratorical Contest.—On the evening of Friday, February 15th, the Literary Society held a public meeting of unusual interest, the occasion being an oratorical contest among representatives of the several years. At eight o'clock there was an audience completely utilizing the accommodation, and the programme opened with a selection by the University Glee Club, " Onward March." The enthusiastic demand of encore, was met by rendering the pathetic story of " Poor Willie." The " Power of a Presiding Purpose " was the theme with which W. T. Roberts, of Class '04, interested his hearers and displayed his oratorical ability. Succeeding this was a vocal solo, " Thy Beaming Eyes," and " A May Morning," rendered artistically by Miss Phillips. Then the audience again concentrated its attention on the oration of W. Quarrington, of '03, on " Imperial Federation." This closed the first division of the programme, and the interim was made pleasing—to themselves, perhaps—by the students in the rear of the room giving some of their charming college songs.

An instrumental quartette by Misses E. McLaurin and G. Wallace, and Messrs. W. Lailey and J. C. Thompson, introduced the second

part. Following this C. J. McLean, of '02, gave, in eloquent language, a sketch of the noble yet sad career of the great Italian reformer, Savonarola. A violin solo by E. J. Farmer was a delightful prelude to the next oration by A. E. Haydon, of Class '01. With admirable skill and with classic references, he depicted the life of the great Garibaldi, the Italian patriot and leader. Unfortunately the representative of theology, S. Everton, B.A., had been called away from the city and could not appear. Messrs. Bowyer and Bryant rendered a vocal duet, "The Fishermen," and the judge's decision was given by the Hon. R. Harcourt. After complimenting the speakers on their creditable orations, and setting forth the difficulties of his task, interspersing his statements with humorous illustrations, he gave his decision in favor of Mr. Haydon, '01. This was to the satisfaction of the entire audience and the especial delight of the Seniors.

Mock Parliament.—The meeting of the "Lit." on February 1st, took the form of a Mock Parliament. The Premier, the Hon. E. A. Brownlee, and the Hon. J. N. McLean, led the opposing hosts and when the alignments had been made both sides presented a truly imposing front. The Hon. G. Whitfield Elliott was elected speaker, and after the introduction of several absolutely fresh members His Excellency, Gov. Gen. Lumley, was ushered in with great pomp and ceremony by Sergeant-at-arms Zavitz. In delivering his speech from the throne dealing with many vital and burning questions His Excellency dumfounded the house by his marvellous exhibition of rhetorical pyrotechnics. The adoption of the speech from the throne was moved by the honorable member for Fish Creek and seconded by the honorable member for Belfountain who referred in broken tones and melting accents to the death of the late member. Then the colossal form and herculean frame of the Honorable the Minister of Finance rose and darkened the horizon. He presented the Budget. Fire flashed from his eyes, words came from his mouth, some full of meaning and some otherwise. This speech was followed by a great upheaval on the opposition side as the leader, the Hon. J. N. McLean, rose and began to speak. With a heart-broken air and well chosen words he arraigned the Government and showed their extravagance. He carried weight also, and the attacks of the Honorable the Prime Minister, the next speaker, had little effect on him. Then the Honorable the Ministers of Education and Militia, gave addresses showing the work and needs of their departments. Their arguments were attacked and their fallacies exposed by the honorable members for Moulton College and Tap's Trough. The Honorable the Minister of Public Works made a very vigorous speech attacking his own leader and launching a heavy cargo of bill on the country. A serious attempt to puncture his arguments was made by the honorable member for State Pun Summit. After the Honorable the Minister of Agriculture had ploughed his furrow, the honorable member for the Standard Oil Trust cornered the market. His well-aimed epistles, pointed sarcasm and sparkling epigram wrought great disaster in the ranks of the

Government. A division on the Budget was then taken and on a recount the Government was defeated. The House then adjourned, or rather went into committees of two.

OUR GRADUATES.

It is reported that Rev. D. Bovington, B.A., a former McMaster student, has received a call to a church in Windsor.

Mr. W. E. Robertson, B.A., has been appointed Managing Director of *The Westminster*. He was compelled a short time ago to drop his course here on account of ill-health and is to be congratulated on his success in securing such a prominent and responsible position.

A copy of the *Devon Evening Press* recently received from England informs us that a large meeting of the citizens of the ancient town of Exeter was held on the evening of January 10th, for the purpose of showing the general respect they held towards the genial and scholarly Baptist pastor, the Rev. D. P. McPherson, B.D., who was about to leave his pastorate for another field of labor. After a number of speeches from prominent men, who bore strong testimony to Mr. McPherson's good work and great influence, the Mayor of the town presented the reverend gentleman with a beautiful address and a purse of gold as a mark of the good feeling of the citizens generally towards him. Mr. McPherson, who is one of old Woodstock's Theological graduates and well known in Ontario, must have succeeded to an unusual degree in winning the hearts of the people thus to call forth a testimony of esteem and admiration never before bestowed by the people of Exeter on any other Non-conformist minister. We trust our good brother may meet with equal appreciation, at least, in his next field of labor.

MOULTON COLLEGE

Editors { Miss A. McPhedran
Miss M. A. Yeigh

The year 1901, if present indications do not fail, will be a very prosperous one in the history of Moulton. There are at present forty-four resident students and five more are to enter soon.

Have our friends been too busy to come and see us this month, or have they had the common malady, la grippe? Mr. Weeks is the only visitor who has delighted us with his presence at chapel. He led chapel Monday, February 11th.

We have all enjoyed our skating rink very much this winter. It is not as large as it might be, but, if you are well acquainted with the place, you need not lose yourself in it—although we have seen several lose their balance, which, however, we are glad to say, they found again. During recreation hours you may see skaters on the rink in every stage of perfection and imperfection—some who seem to fairly fly over the smooth ice and others who could make much better progress if they would get out and walk. The weather at present is excellent for skating and we hope it may continue.

The Day of Prayer for Colleges which was observed Jan. 24th, was of unusual blessing to Moulton this year. Rev. Mr. Eaton led the morning prayer-meeting. His text was taken from Luke 14 : 8, "She hath done what she could." His talk was full of helpful thoughts. At eleven o'clock, service was held in the chapel and the sermon preached by Rev. Mr. Hutchinson, formerly of Brantford. He spoke of the great influence our thoughts have upon our characters and upon our lives, and quoted the old Spanish proverb, "Sow a thought reap an action, sow an action reap a habit, sow a habit reap a character, sow a character reap a destiny." Late in the afternoon an enthusiastic song service was held. In the evening the students had an informal prayer meeting, which was very beneficial to those who attended.

GRANDE LIGNE.

Editor : E. S. Roy, B.A.

We are pleased to have Principal Massé home with us after his long absence in the west. The students have tried to express their love for him by presenting him with a beautiful Morris reclining easy chair on the day of his return.

Our little church is mourning over the loss of a prominent member in the person of Mrs. P. Lévêque. Three of her sons are studying here. As a school we tried to express our sympathy for the bereaved family by all attending the funeral on the 12th inst.

On the 25th ult., our Temperance Society held its monthly meeting. After electing the different officers and censuring a prominent member who refused to accept office, the audience listened to an interesting and profitable programme prepared by Miss M. Sutton and Mr. H. Brouillet.

The school and members of the congregation enjoyed a pleasant evening at the church on the 29th ult. The time was spent in listening

to a lecture, entitled "Les Anciennes Coutumes Canadiennes," given by our pastor in his usual pleasing style, a supper and a short social time together. While enjoying ourselves, we at the same time raised the small sum of $30 for church expenses.

Now there was, in the country of Canada, a certain town, which was named Grande Ligne, in which was a building of great size, called Feller Institute. This place was well-known in all the country round about, for unto it the youth of the land did congregate, for to receive instruction in all manner of science and knowledge and doctrine.

And it came to pass, in the first month of the year 1901, that there was much sickness throughout the land, and the sound of loud sneezing was heard to the right and to the left, and the people did strike upon their foreheads with the palms of their hands and exclaim, "I am sick." And the violence of the coughing did fill the ignorant with a great dread. And those that gave instruction in language, and those that taught on instruments of music, and those that had the care of the young, looked at one another and cried, "Behold, now, how the countenances of the young are depressed." And one among them, a wise and devout woman, spake unto them, saying, "Go to, now, and let us make a soirée, and let us invite thereto all the young men and maidens, that the words of the prophet may be fulfilled, which saith, 'A merry heart is as a medicine.'"

And it was done according to all that the woman had said, and proclamation was made in the hearing of all the people. And on the second evening before the Sabbath, when all the work of the day was accomplished, there was a great gathering together of the people, with noise of musical instruments and much laughter. Then did the wicked tremble and say within themselves: "Is it for the unjust that soirées are made, and shall the idle join with the good in an evening of delight?"

Nevertheless, the hearts of those that taught were tender towards them when they perceived their repentance, and entrance was granted unto them. And four young maidens of good character and graceful manner, stood with the elder women, to bid welcome to all who entered; and four young men of great dignity and sobriety of conduct, brought forward the others and presented them before the damsels. And when all were assembled, a woman, skilful in music, played joyfully upon an instrument of many notes, and the entire multitude arose and walked, two by two did they walk, a young man and a maiden together; and as they walked, they did converse of many things. And when the company had many times passed through the halls and the rooms the sound of the music ceased, and all the people came again to the great hall of assembly. And many damsels arose and made melody upon combs, and all the people clapped their hands. And some of the men of the place, who wished ever for some new thing, did form themselves into a band, and made much music upon instruments of all kinds, and the noise of the music filled all the house, for

it was very great, albeit the thought of harmony was not present with them. And the name of the band was the German Band of the Sandwich Islands, and those that had joined themselves unto it were Coleus, Tatro-nibus, Runnel-itus, Lyon-esius, Helie-otus, and Henri of the tribe of the Brouillet-ites. Then did the people laugh exceeding loud, and lo, depression had vanished from every countenance, and la grippe was not named among them. And many times did the multitude separate themselves into couples, and pass to and fro throughout the rooms, and anon, they ascended and descended the stairs. And it was not permitted unto a youth, to walk with the same damsel more than a second time; thus was acquaintance with many established.

And the aged men and women conferred together and said: "See, now, how the mouths of the young damsels smile, and behold the faces of the young men, how they show pleasure!" Now, it had been decreed that at a certain hour, silence should be restored; therefore, when the time had fully come, it behooved the men to depart unto their own place. And the damsels, full of joy at all they had heard, did hasten unto their chambers to seek rest. And that night they did all dream dreams.

Here and There.

THE editor of the *McGill Outlook* apologises for the delay in the appearance of a late number. No apology, however, is needed for such an excellent article as "The Folk-lore of Shakespeare's Garden," parts of which have appeared in two issues of the *Outlook*. It might have been better to print it in three or four parts rather than two, but editors of college magazines are often compelled, through lack of other material, to print one long article rather than two short ones. The following sonnet, which we quote from the *Outlook*, contains several pretty fancies delicately expressed:

NIGHT.

Far down the western slope the weary day
Looks out upon the world with dreamy eyes,
As o'er her sunny curls she loosely ties
Her crimson hood, and gently slips away.
Meanwhile, from out the East the twilight gray
Lingers a moment, till the embracing skies
Enfold her, then the solemn night doth rise,
Descending like a monk in dark array
Of long, black, flowing gown,—and piously
He utters prayers in soft, low murmurings.
When earth takes up her dewdrop rosary,
And contrite at his feet herself she flings,
While on the altar of blue Heaven high,
Each little star a golden censer swings.

—*Martha Marlin.*

THE *Notre Dame Scholastic* is one of our most valued exchanges, and, indeed, one of the very best college weeklies in America. The present writer has been pretty familiar with college journalism during the last ten years, and during all that time whenever he has picked up the *Scholastic*, he has never found it fail in its high standard of excellence. There must be something inspiring in the life at Notre Dame University that enables its students to produce so excellent a paper once a week. Its editorials are sane, mature and well written, and its poetry and lighter 'varsity verse must be the continual envy of college editors. Though "Fire Glow" and "Animi Viderunt" in recent numbers strike a stronger note, we quote the following as a sample of Notre Dame verse :

LIFE.

A gold-tipped cloud 'gainst a summer sky,
  A sun-kissed wave on a southern sea ;
A sweet perfume where the violets lie,
  A gust of wind—and eternity.

A drop of dew on a frail grass blade,
  That melts in the glow of the morning sun ;
The spot of light and the spot of shade
  That pass 'neath the grove trees one by one.

A mote of soot on an altar spread,
  That mars the sheen of the linens white,
Or the glow of light where the ships are led,
  O'er a restless sea in the lonely night.

—*J. L. C.*

THE January number of the *University of Virginia Magazine* contains several interesting stories, one of which, "Memories," is especially pleasing. It gives an attractive picture of an old Virginian homestead, after the Civil war. The exchange editor of the same magazine criticises, and justly so, we think, another exchange editor for clipping poems and giving credit to "Ex." "Do away with this bad habit," he says. "Give credit to the man to whom credit is due." This is the principle which the MCMASTER MONTHLY endeavors to follow, as far as possible. The same editor gives evidence of good taste in his selection of short poems from various college magazines. "Snowflakes," "Autumn Leaves" and "A December Night" are excellent specimens of college verse.

THE Bishop of Norwich tells a pleasant story against himself. He was one day walking in the suburbs, when a little girl of about eight or nine asked, "Oh, please, sir, will you open this gate for me?" The Bishop, smiling on the demure little maiden, held back the gate for her to pass through, and when she thanked him with a smile, he asked her if she was not big enough to open the gate herself. "Oh, yes, sir," she replied, sweetly, "but, you see, the paint is wet, and I should have dirtied my hands."—*Tit-Bits.*

THE "Cercle Français de l'Université Harvard" has invited Monsieur Gaston Deschamps, the eminent literary critic of the Parisian paper *Le Temps*, to deliver the Hyde Lectures this year, and he will give in Cambridge during the present month, eight lectures in French, on "Modern French Drama." M. Deschamps has received invitations to lecture in over forty other institutions, including McGill and Laval in Canada. It is to be regretted that Toronto is not on his list. M. Deschamps has had a varied and active life, has explored several regions in Asia Minor, has been managing editor of the great Parisian paper, the *Journal des Débats*, has published several books, and is a capable and distinguished literary critic.

HARDLY SANE ENOUGH. — Two inmates of a Scotch asylum, working in the garden, decided upon an attempt to escape. Watching their opportunity when their keeper was absent, they approached the wall.

"Noo, bend doon, Sandy," said the one, "and I'll clim' up your shoulder to the top, and then I'll gie ye a hand up tae."

Sandy, accordingly, bent down. Tam, mounting his back, gained the top of the wall, and, dropping over the other side, shouted, as he prepared to make off:

"I'm thinking, Sandy, you'll be better ta bide anither fortnight, for you're no near richt yet."—*Glasgow Evening Times.*

NEGRO ELOQUENCE.

"BRUDDEN AND SISTAHS," sternly said the good old Parson Woolman, after the collection had been taken up on a recent Sabbath morning, "before de hat was done parsed around I expounded de request dat de congregation contribute accaudin' to deir means, and I sho expectorated dat yo' all would chip in magnanimously. But now, upon examinin' de collection, I finds dat de concocted amount contributed by de whole entire posse ob yo' am only the significant and pusillanimous sum of sixty-free cents. And at dis junction dar ain't no 'casion for yo'll to look at Brudder Slewfoot, what done circumambulated de hat around, in so such aspicious manner; for, in the fust place, Brudder Slewfoot ain't dat kind ob a man, and, in de second place, I done watched him like a hawke all de time muhself. No, sixty-free cents was all dat was flung in, and I dess wants to say dat, in my humble opinion, instead ob contributin' accawding to yo' means, yo' all contributed accawdin' to yo' meanness. De choir will now favor us wid deir reg'lar melodiousness."—*Tit Bits.*

PROFESSOR LYLE of the University of Melbourne urges that a professor of military science in that university should be appointed, and that instruction in this subject should be made compulsory on all male students who are British subjects, and not physically unfit.—*New York Evening Post.*

A VALENTINE.

I'll build a house of lollypops
Just suited, Sweetheart, to your taste;
The windows shall be lemon-drops,
The doors shall be of jujube paste—
Heigh-o, if you'll be mine!

With peppermints I'll pave the walks;
A little garden, too, I'll sow
With seeds that send up sweetened stalks
On which bright candied violets grow—
Heigh-o, my Valentine!

Some seats of sassafras I'll make
Because I know you think it's nice;
The cushions shall be jelly cake
Laced all around with lemon-ice—
Heigh-o, if you'll be mine!

We'll have a party every day,
And feast on cream and honey-dew;
And though your only six, we'll play
That I am just as young as you—
Heigh-o, Sweet Valentine.

—Anna M. Pratt, *in February St. Nicholas.*

SCOTCH TERSENESS AND THRIFT.

In a dull Scottish village on a dull morning one neighbor called upon another. He was met at the door by his friend's wife, and the conversation went thus:

"Cauld?"—"Aye."

"Gaen to be weety, I think."—"Aye."

"Is John in?"—"Oh, ay, he's in."

"Can I see him?"—"No."

"But I wanted to see him."—"Ay, but you canna see him. John's deid."

"Deid?"—"Ay."

"Sudden?"—"Ay."

"Very sudden?"—"Very sudden."

"Did he say onything about a pot of green paint before he deid?"—Ian MacLaren *at a London Dinner.*

"Miss Minks," said the proprietor, "do you know anything about the new minister who is going to have charge of the church in Havelock Street hereafter?" "Yes," replied the shop-woman. "He is a tall, fine-looking man, about twenty-eight, and he isn't married." "Miss Minks," said the proprietor, briskly, "you may put all the new bonnets we have in the front window."—*Ex.*

Caddie (in stage whisper to Biffin, who is frightfully nervous)—"Don't you get nervous, sir! It's all right. I've told every one of 'em you can't play!"—*Punch.*

TEACHER (suspiciously)—"Who wrote your composition, Johnny?" Johnny—"My father." Teacher—"What, all of it?" Johnny—"No'm, I helped him."—*Ex.*

STUDIES ROYALTY DISLIKED WHEN YOUNG.

The Prince of Wales (now King Edward VII), even from his early years, was thoroughly "dosed" in English Constitutional history, and we may safely say that few lawyers, even now, know their Constitutional law as does his Royal Highness. When quite a boy the Prince of Wales was daily "ground" in this branch of education, and consequently grew to dislike it most cordially. The Prince, tractable as he always was when a boy, once openly rebelled at this constant "grinding," and said to his tutor: "I hate this study, sir! It is so dry!" "Oh!" replied the tutor, somewhat shocked, "but it is most imperative that you should know all about the Constitution of the country you will one day have to rule and govern; most imperative." "Yes, sir," smartly replied the Prince, "the English Constitution is important, I know. But what about my constitution?"

Our clever and popular Princess of Wales, now our gracious Queen Alexandra, confesses that, when young, she could never reconcile herself to the Latin language. Her Royal Highness, however, was very simply and strictly brought up, and her likes and dislikes were not frequently, as regards her studies, much consulted. The Princess had a worthy old pastor—a great classical scholar—as tutor. "You say that it is wrong to speak badly about the dead, don't you?" said the Princess once to her old master. "Yes; very wrong, indeed," was the reply. "The Latin language is dead, isn't it?" again asked the inquisitive little pupil. "Yes—it is dead. Why?" queried the pastor. "Oh, nothing," replied the Princess; "I was just going to say something bad about it, that's all!" and then, with a pathetic little sigh, "Oh! I do think it's cruel not to let the dead rest!"—*Tit Bits.*

The following stanzas are from a volume of nonsense verse by Melville Henry Cane, of Columbia University, a former editor of *The Columbia Literary Monthly*, and a recent contributor to *Life*:—

F stands for Freshman and Frat,
The Faculty, Flunks, and a' that.
If you don't like these four
The exams will bring more,
Which I'll serve to you hot off the bat.

Z—I'm like Longfellow's hero,
Scaling Morningside Heights when it's zero.
It's absurd, days like these,
To work hard for degrees,
For there are no degrees when it's zero.

THE New Pastor—"I'm very glad to have your husband's good opinion." Sister Hardshell—"Oh! he's quite satisfied. He says, what can we expect at such a salary?"—*Puck.*

THE
McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY
MARCH, 1901.

SONG OF THE WANDERING CAVALIER.

I.

My Love,
Why dost thou weep?
Yon pensive cloud, whose wind-kissed breast
Heaves ever slowly, feigning rest,
Will bear thee ere the morrow's beams
Dissolve in sleep,
A sigh from me to gild thy dreams.
Why dost thou weep?

II.

My Fair,
Why dost thou weep?
Yon hooded mount, a white friar old,
Stands 'twixt us twain, serenely cold,
Yet there our lovers' glances may
Their trysting keep,
Though each from each is far away.
Why dost thou weep?

III.

My Sweet,
Why dost thou weep?
Above a north bound swallow steers
Her graceful flight from bright Algiers,
And when she passeth over thee
Ah then, think deep,
Remember she hath passed o'er me.
Why dost thou weep?

W. Sherwood Fox.

THE AUTHOR OF "LORNA DOONE."*

(Richard Doddridge Blackmore in his Home.)

I spent the year 1894 in England, chiefly in London; and among the Canadians met there, was the editor of THE MCMASTER MONTHLY. We spent a good deal of time together: at the British Museum, Spurgeon's Tabernacle, Westminster Abbey, to hear Canon Farrar. At Bloomsbury we heard the eloquent Stopford Brooke lecture on literature. We attended the May meetings of the Baptist Union, and after the service adjourned to the Holborn Hotel, where a soirée was held by the three hundred delegates. It was during this event that I was introduced by the editor of THE MONTHLY to a gentleman living at Teddington, who invited me to go there and tell his church something about the work of their former pastor, Rev. D. Spencer, then at St. Thomas, Ontario. I did so, and when leaving his residence next morning, he pointed to a large white brick, slate-roofed house, over a high garden wall, saying: "That is where the author of 'Lorna Doone' lives."

I asked if he would grant me an interview.

"No, indeed," he replied, "I have been in business here thirty-four years, and he has dealt with me all those years, but I have never been inside his garden walls, and know no one who has but his workmen. He is wedded to his garden in summer, and his book-writing in winter, and neither visits nor receives visitors. That is all I know about him, except that he keeps such vicious dogs I would not go in there for any money."

"I am not afraid of dogs," I said, "and if you will write me a note of introduction I will risk the dogs."

"That I will do, if you will dictate it." And seating himself at his desk, said, "I am ready, proceed."

It read as follows:

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*A large portion of this sketch of R. D. Blackmore has already been published in the American REVIEW OF REVIEWS, and the New York TIMES. Some new material has been added, however.

Teddington, May 10th, 1894.

R. D. Blackmore, Esq.:

Dear Sir,—I have an American friend visiting me, (a Canadian crank he calls himself,) who has received so much pleasure from the reading of your books, especially "Lorna Doone," that he wants to thank you personally, if you will give him the opportunity. Kindly grant him the favor, and oblige,

Yours truly,

Charles Deayton.

To introduce Mr. R. W. Sawtell.

We crossed the railway bridge and entered a lane bricked up on each side with a wall ten or twelve feet high. Half way through we stopped at an iron gate, where my friend pointed to the front door, saying: "Ring the door bell, but be watchful of the dogs. Don't open the gate until I am away. If you survive, write to me on your return, and come to us again soon. Good-bye."

In answer to my inquiry if Mr. Blackmore was in, the maid, dressed in the usual uniform of English housemaids, led me to the drawing room, saying: "I will give him your letter. Please be seated. I think he is in." In less than two minutes I heard the door open, and on turning saw a tall, broad-shouldered, full-faced, farmer-like man standing holding the door, without coat or vest, necktie or collar, wristbands and collar unbuttoned. After thanking him for the pleasure his books had given me, and receiving his kindly greeting, he asked, "What more can I say?" "Tell me something of your history," I replied. Drawing up an easy chair, he said: "Sit down and I will. There is but little to tell." But, noticing his unfinished toilet, he said: "Excuse me for a moment, I will put on a coat." Returning, he began:

"I was born at Longworth Rectory, Berkshire. The seventh day of June, 1825, launched this old dugout upon the world. My father was curate in charge, and he lost his young wife, my mother, before I was four months old; hence, I never knew the privileges of a mother's care and training. I received the best education my father could afford, finally graduating at Exeter College, Oxford; was called to the bar in London in 1852, and practiced till my physician said I must get an out-door employment or die. Considering for some time what occupation to follow, I decided to become a gardener and horticulturist.

"In pursuit of this object I wandered up the valley of the Thames in search of a suitable soil for pear culture for Covent Garden Market, which was not then well supplied. Coming upon a vacant lot near the lion entrance to Bushy Park, only twelve miles from my market, I found a sixteen-acre plot, which I learned could be purchased in fee simple. And now," he continued, "I find you are interested in my occupation. Come out and see what I have, and we can talk as we go along."

Passing into the first greenhouse, filled with young grape vines, just beginning to bear, he said: "I call this my American house, because I received fifty pounds from each of two American authors for writing an introduction to their books." "That paid better than gardening, did it not?" I remarked. "Yes, indeed," he replied.

The next greenhouse we entered was 100 feet long, and 80 feet of it was fully occupied by one vine of the Black Hamburg variety, with a few remaining bunches of very large and well-ripened fruit. He cut a bunch for me, remarking: "I call this vine 'John Ridd,' because of its great strength and large proportions. In a few years it will surpass the noted royal vine at Hampton Court, which is 110 feet long, and 120 years old, while this is but 40; but it has never been so over-worked as the Queen's which, some years, has to sustain 2,500 bunches."

Speaking of John Ridd, I asked him if, in describing John and Lorna, he had living examples in his mind to help his imagination. "Yes," he replied, "I had; but I think I trimmed John up a bit."

After returning from a trip through Normandy, the Seine Valley, and Paris, I spent three months in Wales, Devonshire, and my native county, Somersetshire. Having kept up a correspondence with Blackmore during this time, I visited him in September. Hearing some hammering against a wall, I crept up silently and found Mr. Blackmore on a stepladder, fastening up some loose branches of pear trees spread along the wall. I spoke, and recognizing my voice, he turned suddenly, dropped his hammer and nails, and sprang to the ground, taking my hand in both of his. We went into the house and there enjoyed a delightful chat.

In reply to my suggestion that he got his literary abilities from his father, he said: "That could never be, for I never heard that he had any to transmit; but," he continued, "if I have any myself, which I very much doubt, it must have been inherited from my dear mother."

I mentioned the fact that I had read "Lorna Doone" a second time, and enjoyed it better than the first, and surmised he would probably think me an old fool. "Yes," he replied; "but I know a bigger one who told me he had read it sixteen times, and meant to read it again. I often wonder whatever people see in that old-fashioned stuff to take such an interest in. They seem never to care for any other of my books, some of which are much better and more interesting. 'Lorna Doone's' popularity was purely accidental. The first edition of 500 copies, in three-volume form, received but scant notice. Only 200 copies could be sold in England, the price being 13s. 6d. per copy. The other 300 were sent to Australia, and got rid of at one-third the price named. I gave my wife a full set, and have been offered ten guineas for it, but would not sell it at any price. The great run for it afterward was due to accident The junior member of my publishing firm read it a second time, and was so impressed with its peculiarities that he got the consent of the firm to issue a cheap edition in one volume. The Marquis of Lorne had recently married the Princess Louise, when a book reviewer unauthorizedly stated that the book was written about the forefathers of Lord Lorne; and then everybody read it, out of curiosity, and exhausted nearly a score of editions: and the demand has continued ever since, and it is now the only book I get anything for."

One of the nieces asked me if I had read any other of her uncle's books. I said: "Several, but none of them came up to 'Lorna.' He must have been inspired when he wrote it. I have read one this last week which has interested me almost as much, because I see around me the environments in which the plot was laid, and I think I know the hero and who was represented as the heroine." Then, turning toward the author, I said: "Now, my dear Sir, I want you to be candid with me, and tell me if you still feel the influence of that first kiss upon your

lips, given by the young lady known as 'Kitty,' whom you rescued from drowning in the overflow of the Thames River, nearly forty years ago?" There was immediate silence around the table. But in a few seconds he comprehended my meaning, and, blushing like a girl in her teens, raised his head and burst into a hearty laugh, in which we all joined, and I was satisfied that my conjecture was right; he was "Kit," and his dear wife "Kitty," represented in that fine story of courtship.

We spent the last two hours alone in his sitting room; and when we finally separated, at his private entrance through a door in the high brick wall, near the railway station, we embraced, and, like two women, shed tears of sorrow. In our continued correspondence we each expressed the hope of meeting again, but always with the understanding that I would have to do the travelling.

In a letter dated January 18th, 1897, he said:

"My pear crop was ruined in the last half of September last year by gales, and I have therefore to keep my pen on the march. There is a long tale of mine appearing in Blackwood now. The power of walking is leaving me, and I can only walk a hundred yards a day, and have to suffer the penalty of that much."

In a letter dated August 20th, 1897, he said:

"Probably it will always be out of my power to understand why so many people have formed almost an attachment for one of my books—'Lorna Doone'—while they care not to look at any of the others. However, so it is; and it seems vain to hope for any other verdict. That book is to come out here in sixpenny form, and the publishers expect to sell 100,000 copies. [All were taken up in one week, I afterward learned.]

"I have finished my last novel, and it is high time to stop. This one is to come out from the press of Dodd, Mead & Co., New York, when it has finished the course in Blackwood. * * * You seem to be enjoying a rambling life, but I live a lonely life—seldom going beyond my own gate now. * * * Half of my stingy crop lies on the ground. There is with us this year a wonderful plague of maggots; they are so plentiful that they cannot find a pear apiece to live in, and are obliged to chum together.

"There is much excitement here about Hall Caine's new story, 'The Christian,' and I dare say it will make a stir with you. I have not read it; in fact I seldom read a novel now."

The general impression of those I talked to in England about Blackmore was that he was immensely rich in having two such prolific sources of income—literature and fruit; but, from my conversation and correspondence with him, I do not think so.

He always complained of the expenses, with six men all the year round, and in busy seasons double the number, exceeding the proceeds of sales; and largely so, in late years, on account of competition, insects, and blight. He said to me more than once that but for his pen he would be a very poor man; and even from that source his royalties had dwindled down to a small sum, and that chiefly from the sale of "Lorna Doone," and he could not hope to write anything more that would meet the demand of this materialistic and capricious age.

The other point I wish to mention is the frequent assertion that he was a "recluse," "almost a misanthrope." To this I can only say, that was not my experience; for in all my long life no stranger ever treated me with greater confidence and cordiality. The few passages I have quoted from his letters ought to prove that. He certainly shrank from publicity and what he called "hollow applause"; but I cannot believe that he was naturally selfish.

Blackmore had the countenance of an honest, happy farmer, free from cunning or guile, and far removed from what is generally conceived of an imaginative writer of such a love story as "Lorna Doone," which will ever hold a first rank in literature. It is only by repeated readings that the inexhaustible beauties of its language is seen. The first reading absorbs the mind in considering the plot and its admirable expansion, but in the second and third, the plot gives place to the poetry of the language, which often pervades page after page to the quick delight of the reader. The tone of the book is most salutary; its diction of surpassing strength, purity and winsomeness; its story interest, keen and absorbing. Some who have read it a score of times do not hesitate to affirm the increase of their tireless appreciation.

Not having received a reply to my letter in the spring of 1898, I felt there must be something wrong, and wrote him again in the fall, receiving the following reply.

"Teddington, Dec. 21, '98.

"My Dear Friend,—Not you alone have failed to receive reply to kind and friendly letters, but almost every one, the last twelve months, simply because I have not been able through perpetual pain and sleepless nights, and

the drought has taken all hope of welfare out of those things which encourage me to move. I have lost two and a half stone in weight, and have been obliged to have all my clothes taken in, being nine inches less in girth and five inches around the chest. However, I am tired talking about myself, which I abhor above all things, it is a most odious habit and one that grows very rapidly."

He repeated what he had so often said that he would like to feel the grip of my hand once more, etc. It is almost impossible to decipher the letter, and it was probably the last he ever wrote.

He was an affectionate man, revering the memory of his father, whom, he said was the best living man he ever knew. He was devoted to his wife, who had died some years before I saw him; and was proud of his mother's relationship to the great Dr. Doddridge, as his great granddaughter.

R. W. SAWTELL.

Woodstock, February, 1901.

A SURVEYING TOUR IN NEW ONTARIO.

New Ontario. Where is it? How big is it? To these questions I would say that New Ontario is that portion of our province which is north of the Canadian Pacific Railway. It stretches from the boundary between Ontario and Quebec in the east to the boundary between Ontario and Manitoba in the west. It is larger in area than the extent of land south of the C. P. R., that is, the unsettled portion of our Province of Ontario is greater than the settled portion of it. The question now is, "Is this great extent of country worth anything? Is it valuable?" For answer, I point to the district around Sault Ste. Marie. Two or three years ago the population of that town was 2,500. Now it has a population of 6,000, and it is expected that during the next few years the population will increase at the rate of 5,000 a year. What has brought about this change? Simply the fact that the natural resources of this country were recognized and that capital was forthcoming to develop them.

The Ontario Government, seeing how valuable such a small portion of this New Ontario was, thought it more than probable

that all of it, or at least the greater part of it, must be valuable also. Accordingly they organized ten separate parties to go out last summer and explore the whole country from east to west.

The writer had the good fortune to be a member of one of the largest of these under the direction of Mr. T. B. Speight, an experienced Ontario land surveyor. The preparations necessary for such a trip were enormous, for all travelling after leaving the railway and steamboat behind had to be done in canoes and on foot, and enough provisions had to be taken to last a party of twenty-four the entire summer. Each member of the party was warned to take no Sunday clothes, and to take as few personal belongings as possible. A list of things deemed necessary was given me, and as it may be of interest I reproduce it here: One dunnage bag, one pair strong shoes, one pair beef-skin moccasins, one pair blankets, two woollen shirts, one sweater, two suits underclothes (not too fine), five pair woollen socks (home-made), three colored handkerchiefs, one soft felt hat, two towels, one pair duck pants, one pair strong corduroy or full cloth pants, one waterproof jacket (sailor's).

Of course I took a few other things I considered necessary, but that formed the main part of my outfit. Small as this outfit was for such a trip, that of the Indians was still smaller. Each Indian, I should say, had about as follows: One shirt, one pair moccasins, one suit underwear, one pair pants, one pair of socks, one hat, no towel, no handkerchiefs and no anything else. With this small amount of personal belongings they went forth, and if it had not been for some of the white men who had extra pieces of clothing with them they would have fared rather hard before the summer's end.

Our provisions consisted in the main of pork and beans and flour. These formed our chief diet. Besides we took small quantities of rice, oatmeal and other such luxuries, and taking everything into consideration, we did first rate. We had about four tons of provisions with us, and although it seems an immense pile New Ontario is a hungry country and food goes quickly.

Our party was composed of twenty-four in all. Of these, six were Indians and four were French-Canadians. Among the

rest were two geologists, two land and timber estimators, and several axemen. We formed quite a jolly crowd altogether.

Our task was to run a base line from 70 to 75 miles long, and to explore the country 50 miles on both sides of it. It took us three weeks and two days to get to the point at which we were to start this line and another six weeks to cut it. Perhaps some do not understand what is meant by cutting a base line and so I will explain. In opening up a great extent of new country the first thing to be done is to portion it off into districts, and for this purpose astronomical base lines are cut. A base line is cut in this way. We start at a certain point and cut a path through the bush in a straight line according to a certain latitude or longitude. This path has only to be four feet wide, but often it is necessary to make it wider on account of the tops of trees overhanging the line and interfering with the sight of the instrument used in such work. When we come to a lake we have to triangle across it, that is, we cut a short base line on one side of the lake and get a point fixed in a straight line on the farther side, and we then have the three points of a triangle. By measuring the length of the base line and measuring certain angles, we are able by trigonometry to determine the distance across the lake. At every mile a wooden post is placed in the ground, and every three miles an iron post is inserted. These posts all have the number of miles marked on them.

We left Toronto on June 18th, and our route lay by way of North Bay, Mattawa and Lake Temiscamingue. The boat ride up the Ottawa River and Lake Temiscamingue is a most beautiful one, and for a summer holiday trip would be delightful. Scattered along the shore are a few settlements where lumbering and farming form the chief occupations. At one of these spots we disembarked a cow, which by the way, was very loath to enter such a wild country. At the head of Lake Temiscamingue the steamboat was left behind, and we started on a sixteen mile tramp across country to Klock's Farm on Quinze Lake. As I was breaking in a new pair of boots that day and the road was corduroy, I won't forget that walk very soon. Our dunnage was carted over this road, while the canoes were

taken up the river by the Indians and a few experienced white men.

Our route now lay through a most beautiful chain of lakes and rivers to a large one, Lake Abittibi, about 125 miles distant. If only this country were open to pleasure trips, I am sure it would be well patronized. On this route of 125 miles there are eight portages. With one exception all the portages are to avoid rapids.

The one exception is where the height of land occurs. Here the water flows south to the Ottawa River and north to James Bay, and right at the height of land is a narrow strip not covered by water. It is said that at certain seasons of the year this strip of land is overrun by water, and we then have the eastern portion of Canada an island. One of the lakes in this chain deserves special notice and that is Island Lake. This is quite a large lake, full of islands, and I think I may say it is the most beautiful lake I have ever seen.

Lake Abittibi is the largest lake in the northern country. Stationed on this lake the Hudson Bay Company have a large post where trading is done with the Indians. About 350 Indians are gathered about this post. They go out hunting during the fall and winter and when they return exchange their furs and skins for food, clothes, etc. I went through the Hudson Bay Company's store here and the amount of stock they carry is enormous. They keep the post well supplied by sending down every fortnight or so a number of Indians to Quinze Lake for fresh supplies. I would like to say in passing that on my way home I had the pleasure of attending an Indian dance here and of participating in the enjoyment.

We stored away most of our supplies at the post, taking only enough provisions for a few weeks. We now made for the point at which we were to start the base line. First of all we had to travel west on the big lake and then strike a river on the north side of the lake. This river had never been traversed by white men before and we found it somewhat difficult of navigation. It was often necessary for us to cut away trees which had fallen across the river, and again we would have to get out and walk in order to lighten the canoes. But bad as the river was

going, coming home it was worse. During the summer the river had become nearly dry and it was necessary for most of us to walk through the bush with loads on our backs while two men at each canoe were forced to wade down the stream dragging the canoes along.

We arrived at our destination at last and began to cut the line. It had taken us over three weeks to get to this point and it now took us six weeks to do the line. A good portion of the country through which our line ran was swampy, and often we had to camp on wet ground. Then again, we had lots of rain and our clothes would be soaked. Often we would have to put on wet clothes in the morning before going to work. We would be working one day and it would rain, and our clothes would be wet. Then to go to bed we would have to put on dry things. On getting up in the morning we would have to put on our wet things, for if we didn't and it rained during the day we would have to sleep in wet clothes.

The nights out there were often bitterly cold. We had frost nearly every night. We got up one morning and found the water frozen in our dipper. Often a small number would be sent out on a special excursion and if out over night would have to sleep without a tent and perhaps in wet clothes. One Indian, who was employed on quite a number of such excursions, was taken sick with rheumatism and had to go home. It was fortunate it was an Indian, for if it had been a white man it is doubtful if he would have found his way back alone. This Indian was the only one of our party who got really sick. Several of the axemen got rather bad cuts, but a few days' rest made them all right again.

I have mentioned before that among our party were two geologists and two land and timber estimators. These men had to go out north and south of the line and were usually accompanied by an Indian guide. The geologists had to map out any lakes or rivers they came across, notice any signs of minerals and remark on the general topography of the country. The land and timber estimators had chiefly to value the land and timber besides noticing the general outline of the country.

We finished the line on Aug. 21st, and started back for the

Hudson Bay post. We divided into two parties and went by different routes. The party I was with had to walk back about forty miles on the line and then strike Lake Abittibi by a small chain of lakes and rivers. On this trip back we ran short of food and if we had not met an old Indian on the way would have fared rather badly.

On reaching the post on Lake Abittibi, some of us left for home, while the rest remained to do some special work with regard to the big lake. Seven of us returned and three came down in a Hudson Bay canoe with some Indians. We were very anxious to make as good time as possible in order to catch the steamboat on a certain day, but urge the Indians as we would, we couldn't make them hurry. They were too fond of muskrats, and spent hours each day hunting them on the sides of the rivers. I have seen the Indians eat muskrat, and they eat it as though they had not seen food for months. We missed the boat but caught the next and soon arrived in Toronto.

Some of the boys had taken good clothes with them which they left at one of the places on the road and on coming back had respectable clothes to wear for travelling. I was not one of these, and so when I reached Toronto was a rough looking customer. I arrived in Toronto on a Sunday afternoon and immediately took a car for the Hall. I was ashamed to get off at the building and so got off before getting there. The front door was locked and I went round to the back. Mrs. Pritchard took me for a tramp. When I had succeeded in persuading her who I was she took me in. It was Sunday, and as I hadn't been to church for some months, I felt I ought to go and so called on some friends and got rigged up, a white shirt from one fellow, a collar and tie from another, and so on. I took a back seat in the gallery.

I have now in a general way described the trip and will now mention certain things that may be of interest. I should like to say a few words about the Indians. For canoemen and guides the Indians are unsurpassed. One feels safe with an Indian in the stern of his canoe. However, on one occasion, although I had an Indian in the stern, I was foolish enough to lean to one side while running a rapid. Of course I immediately

found myself in the boiling waters and had to get out as best I could. Fortunately I was able to do so and except for a bad wetting and having to paddle some miles before being able to change, was none the worse off but wiser for the experience.

The Indian mode of packing is a remarkable thing to the novice. They pack by means of a long strap, wide in the centre, and narrowed to strings at the ends. This they place around the pack, sling it across their backs and place the wide portion of the strap on their head near the forehead. When I first saw an Indian sling a bag of flour on his back and run off with it in that way I couldn't understand how he could do it. I thought his neck would break. But they can carry four or five hundred pounds that way. One settler told me that he once saw an Indian with six bags of flour (600 lbs.) on his back supported on his head in that way. But woe unto him if he fell! When I first attempted to carry a load that way, it had to be a very small one, and then I wasn't sure when through if my neck was still intact. But they say "practice makes perfect," and certainly I could in time carry quite a respectable load with very little trouble.

I have mentioned the height of land which formed one of the portages on the way to Lake Abittibi. This height of land was about 45 miles north of Lake Temiscamingue. Another height of land was not far from our base line and still another farther south not far north of Lake Abittibi. We found many lakes and rivers up in New Ontario but none of very great size. The majority of these lakes are deep and get deep very near the shore. I remember the first time that I went in swimming, the first step took me to my knees and the next over my head. The sunsets on these lakes are very beautiful and I wish it could have been possible to take some photographs of them.

Now a word with regard to the game. New Ontario is teeming with game. It is the hunting ground of the Indians. They make their livelihood by hunting during the fall and winter and trading their furs and skins for food, clothing, etc., with the Hudson Bay Company. In order to assure any ladies who are contemplating settling in this new country, I will say that the only wild animal we came across was the bear. As for

snakes, they are not so very numerous and for the most part are merely the common garter snakes. Two or three copperheads were seen. The chief game, however, is the deer, moose and caribou. Some beavers are also found and their skins are most valuable. We had not the opportunity to see much game as there was such a large party of us and we always gave notice of our approach. The season too was not advantageous. If we had had the opportunity, however, to go hunting we probably would have seen more. Partridges are very abundant, and we often had them to eat. With regard to the fish of New Ontario, we had a better chance of judging, although we had not much time for fishing either. But fish are abundant up there, and we had several good meals of them.

There is one other matter I must mention before closing, and a matter which I would forget if I could. I would like to drink of that river in the lower world which ensures forgetfulness so that I might remember it no more. This matter has been brought vividly before me many a time since my return by the simple question, "Are there any mosquitoes in New Ontario?" Oh, that I could say no! but I can't, and all I may say is, take a trip to New Ontario and you will have your answer.

CHARLES A. GRANT, '02.

THE SOCIAL PROBLEM.

There is a vision of which probably we have all had a glimpse: A scene—a seething mass of struggling humanity—men grasping, plunging and falling—women laughing insanely or wailing—an interminable confusion, a very babel of complexities, and over all the God of heaven crying "Who will lend a helping hand? Who will help unravel the mystery?"

It is the first shadowy glimmer of pessimistic feeling stealthily creeping into the soul of the half-awakened social philosopher. And yet what sympathetic nature has not had some experience of it? Show us a man who has never had one

pessimistic feeling, and we will venture to say that either he knows nothing of the actual struggles of life from personal experience, or unsympathetic, cares nothing for his fellow-men.

Undoubtedly, many good things may be said in favour of competition. Fair-robed Competition, that apparently gives full significance to Darwin's "Survival of the fittest," that "grinds the faces of the poor!" How many triumphs have been achieved under thy name! How many fortunes won! How many discoveries of nature's secrets made! How many truths brought to light! How many mysteries of the human breast revealed! How many false motives exonerated! Has the century just gone seen the climax of what it is within thy power to do!

Who can deny that the competitive spirit has been the bane of the human race as well as the promoter of its civilization? That spirit has been constantly developed, extensively, until to-day we find ourselves more than ever within the grasp of its power. Beginning with the rivalry between individuals when the law was "Every man for himself," it gradually widened to the rivalries between families, communities, tribes, fiefdoms, nations. History repeats itself. Co-incident, therefore, with the incoming of the spirit of modern democracy it again narrowed to the individual. Hand in hand with the French doctrine that "all men are born free and equal," came also the *Laissez-faire* cry, "A fair field and no favor." More than ever before men as individuals have been thrown upon their own resources. But *not* being "free and equal," *not* having equal chances as to a "fair field and no favor," the struggle has been keener, the competitive spirit more intense, the results more mournful. Beginning with purely physical rivalry too, in tests of personal strength, it has gradually extended to involve all the powers of man. Mental acumen, practical insight, business instinct, political craftiness, together with all the stronger as well as baser qualities of mind and body, have entered the field to intensify the struggle for existence.

With the dawning of the Industrial Revolution the greater part of the human race, untrained for the conflict, without resources, of wholly unequal development, were suddenly hurled

as it were into the darkness of night, and told to struggle for themselves. They were like those tossed into a plunging sea, and advised to swim for their lives. "Let them alone" was the persistent admonition, "the shore will be too densely crowded for comfort should they all reach it. Let them have a fair field and no favor." "Thanks indeed!" they might have replied, for nothing less in justice could possibly have been given them. Many plunged to their death, many succeeded; but no thanks to those that hurled them forth. Finer houses have been built, greater discoveries have been made, more magnificent public buildings have been erected, comforts more universal in their character have been introduced, but again it may be said, "No thanks to those who hurled them forth." When a dog is first thrown into a stream he must needs learn to swim to save himself from drowning. Does he then lick the hand of him who tossed him to his grave? It may be so. But *man*, derived of higher origin, must not be expected to exhibit such grovelling tendencies.

The saddest of all sad things about this struggle for existence is that those who have themselves succeeded have too often turned against their struggling fellows, and joined the company of those who turned them out. Too soon! too soon! have they learned the evil lesson from their would-be destroyers! They have married into their families. They have joined forces against the oppressed. They have tightened family ties against the suffering world without. Now, heedless they listen to the earnest cry of the needy as it fades from their presence. And the brave struggler—too noble to allow any cry of entreaty to escape him—has been allowed to sink before their eyes beneath his load with scarcely a word of pity, or a heartless "I'm sorry, but it can't be helped." And all this in such a matter-of-fact manner, unconscious of doing anything inhuman, oblivious to the sufferings entailed!

The social problem! How best to solve it, how can we know! The competitive spirit by its very nature gives full reins to the selfish instincts of men. Nothing can effectually controvert this nature while one selfish man has power. This fact alone is sufficient to tell the whole story. All men may be

divided into three classes:—Those who were born with a competence sufficient to lift them above any conscious necessity of competing with others; those who exist in what we may describe as a sub-conscious state in regard to any such necessity —abject outcasts, shorn of any spirit of independence, beneath contempt; and between these, the great middle class, comprising the bulk of the world's population, in constant, conscious rivalry with one another. It is with this latter class that all social problems deal—the more or less deserving, possessed with a greater or lesser spirit of independence, and all feeling themselves bound for some reason or other to compete with their fellows. It is not for us to decide whether the system is a good one or not. We must take the *fact* as it stands.

It is difficult to say whether the spirit of rivalry can ever be entirely eliminated. The pessimist of course considers it idle even to contemplate anything of the kind. Men who, single-handed, would be driven to the wall, are only led to combine, but the larger combinations carry on the struggle with greater zest than before. Then comes the crisis, when one half of the contestants are plunged struggling down and the other half rise to still greater power. Monopolists are generally supposed to be above competition, but this is only momentarily true. Some new invention, some unforeseen force, some piece of demagogism, in a moment shatters their beautiful structure, and it falls tumbling down midst wild and enthusiastic shouts. Even governments are no guarantee for the continuance of any system or monopoly. Legal measures themselves depend upon the relative strength of competing rivalries, and their enforcement still more so. This is an age of organizations on the assumption that "union is strength." But have these eliminated the spirit of competition? Only within limited circles, if at all, and even this limitation is but apparent.

The optimist takes a more hopeful view. If intelligently active, he seeks either to stem the tide of competition or to direct it into beneficent channels. To accomplish the first he endeavors by legislative enactments and laws of commerce, trade and equity, to shackle the efforts of unscrupulous competitors, and to make them subservient to "the powers that

be." While the fool throws bombs or devises wild schemes, the intelligent optimist seeks by superior wisdom to control the government for righteous ends. Or, on the other hand, he sometimes encourages what he assumes to be a wholesome rivalry, sometimes teaches the Christian virtues of patience and contentment with one's lot. From this apparent contradiction the careful thinker must easily see that the optimist, though hopeful, is often at his wit's end to know what course is best to pursue; and so he recommends a variety of courses, all of which, suited to special circumstances, seem to have in them something of good.

With all his inconsistencies, however, we must surely be glad to welcome the optimist. He probably has some measure to propose which can do us no harm. The world will be brighter for his presence, we argue, even though its condition be not materially bettered. And what matters it, we often think, (or rather fail to do any thinking on the subject,) "so long as the world in general is pacified?" When the optimist appears, our selfish ends are not likely to be interfered with, or if they are, it will be in the most pleasant way imaginable, or, if otherwise, we can easily throttle him, and brand him as a pessimist. Welcome evermore then to all our circles, is the man who takes the brightest views of whatever is or is to be!

Of all optimists, the Christian optimist seems to us at once either the most intolerable or the most benign. None can smooth over all the ragged edges in the hard problems of life so well as he, if he choose, and none can make us feel so uncomfortable in the possession of the least superfluous pleasure. If he is a Sheldon, he can, as with some subtle power, smile away our peace of conscience in the very midst of our riches. If he is a John the Baptist, he can consume us as with a fire. "The devil fears nothing so much as a thinking man," said Carlyle, especially we may add, if he is a Christian with a conscience. On the other hand, in the most soothing fashion he may preach peace, goodwill, and contentment to the poor, perchance to those who have been robbed and deprived of their birthright, telling them to look for rewards to the worlds beyond,—and we, who

profit by this sort of procedure, can well afford to pay him highly for his service. The irony of it! Our message to the ministry too frequently is to keep out of politics, to let social problems alone, to be content with preaching to the poor; and we add as a kind of encouraging assurance, that all will then come right in the end. It is the *laissez-faire* doctrine in another form. It is a conscience-soothing optimism.

Do we ever stay to inquire how a true Christian man can ever preach such a gospel of contentment in the slums of the large cities, among anarchists, socialists, disaffected workmen, and the enforced poor? We can understand how he might be encouraged to do so if he had the authority to carry with him the offer of a tidy cottage home at nominal rent, and the conditional promise of steady employment to every man who wished to lead a better life and to train his family amid better surroundings. How can the social problem be effectually solved until something like this is elaborately undertaken? To suggest this question is the chief purpose of this article. Not to advocate systems of charity—there are too many such already, and they are a bane to any true development. What is needed is not free coffee and free breakfasts, but something which will appeal to that God-given spirit of manly independence which we trust has not yet died out even in the slums. The power to lend such a helping hand to any who will receive it conditionally should be in the hands of approved ministers and city missionaries. There should be a closer connection between the mission and the employer.

Undoubtedly, of all the systems which the world has yet seen, Christianity has done most to temper the spirit of rivalry in competition. Obedient to its influence men have learned at least to respect one another on an approximate basis of equal rights. Many have come to regard as the highest purpose of their life the using of their powers in successful competition for humanity's benefit alone, in one way or another. By such individuals, millions have been contributed to endow educational institutions of wide-reaching beneficent influences. Large profit-sharing establishments have been organized, benefitting thousands of employees. Co-operative unions have been able

to counteract some of the evils of competition in favor of the working men. University settlements have accomplished large and beneficent results along very needy lines. But there is still room for an extensive organization of a Christian Labor Bureau system, supported if necessary by large endowment funds,—a system which will make satisfactory and honorable provision for the unemployed, and which will, without the slightest hint of "charity," lend a helping hand to such as may be persuaded to mend their ways. Much of the influence for good which the Christian church has lost would doubtless be regained, if she would take the initiative in organizing and founding some such system as this.

GEO. J. MENGE.

VALUE OF UNIVERSITY SOCIAL LIFE.*

The editorial expectation of an affirmative answer to the question, "Is there educational value in the social life of the university?" shall not be, and should not be, disappointed. It is a pity that there are students who attach but little importance to this part of their school days, and a calamity that a few educationalists unduly and mischievously encourage young men to substitute private reading for study in the college community.

Twenty-five years ago it was said that, because the day of the magazine article and the newspaper editorial had come, the day of the pulpit and platform was past. But sane men know to-day that though the editorial and magazine article have their place and function, when these have done their best and their all, there is something still undone which must remain undone until the living voice, expressing conviction and emotion, as well as thought, speaks to living consciences and hearts. An illustration of the power of the orator to create a following and control a party has been given lately in the United States.

*This article was prepared by Chancellor Wallace for THE VARSITY, the excellent weekly journal of the undergraduates of Toronto University. Believing that it will be of interest to our readers, we re-print it with acknowledgements of our indebtedness to THE VARSITY.- EDITOR.

To-day many people speak in high terms of the educational value of extra-mural studies. Twenty-five years from to-day belated educationalists, it may be, will still hold like opinions; but most men will have learned better. Extra-mural studies may be of large value to persons who have had already much training under the direction of teachers, and in association with fellow students, but they cannot do for the average student that which must be done if he is to become a man of liberal education and real culture. Those who say the contrary are men who over-estimate the value of knowledge, and under-estimate the value of life.

Three influences should co-operate in moulding the life of the undergraduate: First, that which proceeds from the facts learned, whether these come to him from text books or the lips of his teachers; second, the personality of his teachers, expressing itself in enthusiasm for their subjects and for those whom they are seeking to teach; and third, association with fellow-students. When the most possible is made of these three influences, the third is worth more to some students than either the first or the second. Either one of the three may do hardly anything, or may do an evil thing, for a student. But this is only to say that some students are sepulchres for ideas, whom much learning cannot make men; that some teachers have nothing of noble enthusiasm or ideal to impart; and that some school associations are mischievous. But this is as truly exceptional and abnormal as it is deplorable and unnecessary.

Among the good resolutions which a student should make when entering upon a university course is this: "I will learn and gain as much as possible, consistently with attention to other duties, from association with fellow-students." The man who becomes a bookworm, turning his back upon campus and college society; who habitually absents himself from university receptions, and rarely stops for a chat in lecture room, corridor or rotunda, and who not only visits no fellow-student's room, but considers every visitor to his own room an invader and intruder, is liable if not likely to be as uncultured and as unfit for life when he receives his parchment at the close of his four years at the university as he was the day he registered as a Freshman.

Indeed, he may be less vital, less sympathetic with his fellows, and less at home among men than when he left the high school.

By making the most, within reasonable limits, of the social life of the university, a student may gain in manners, tact and outlook.

A French wit in comparing two Englishmen a few years ago, said that one was a great man and the other a great manner. Manner counts, nevertheless, and manners, too, as more than one epigram testifies. The crouching scholar, lounging and awkward; or ill at ease in the presence of men, or weakly bashful or brazenly uncouth, excites pity for his conscious, or contempt for his unconscious, ignorance, and is handicapped at the outset of life; and he must have remarkable merit or force if he is to gain among men due recognition of his powers and attainments. Only by mingling freely with his fellows in the social life of his school, will the average student have an opportunity to gain that social ease and power which may prove of inestimable advantage to him later in life.

Tact is based on sensitiveness and sympathy, a sensitiveness to the wishes and likings, prejudices and convictions of other men, and a sympathy which recognizes the right of other men to the possession of their own opinions, singularities and even prejudices, and which prompts to a deferential regard for these. Such consideration, sensitive quickness of perception and gracious sympathy can be gained only by studying men as carefully as one studies books. We must live among men if we are to be patient with them, if we are to understand them, if we are to know how to lead them. No mere recluse can learn men. It may not be essential to the man who intends to spend all his life in the laboratory, emerging only to sleep, to eat and pay his taxes, to make himself at home with men; but to all who are to find their work in the professions or in the ordinary affairs of life, it is not only desirable, but essential.

Students who talk with each other concerning literature and history, science and philosophy, who discuss earnestly problems of economics and statecraft, who in their youthful eagerness and sovereignty settle those great questions before

which the wisest of men hesitate and quail, may laugh at themselves, or be laughed at by others, for the straining at bows for which the bowman's muscles are not yet equal, but it is the laugh, and not the young man's effort, which is ridiculous. Those young men who talk much together during their student days, wrestling with great questions, by and by will make a real contribution to the solution of these, especially if they be questions involved in those great practical matters which affect society and government. It is not good for a man to be alone when he is thinking on economics, politics or theology. If he tell his thoughts to his friend, and discovers in turn that friend's thoughts, the thinking of each will be clarified and quickened. By and by the student may not have the opportunity to talk daily with men whose minds are bright, eager, inquiring and audacious. During his school days, therefore, while he has such opportunity, let him use it for the broadening and inspiration of his mind.

A very large number of our Canadian university students have come from homes which lay no claim to literacy or culture. The sons of these homes have received a priceless heritage of sound body, vigorous mind and high moral quality. They do well to pay due honor to the fathers and mothers from whom these have come. And in no way can they pay them greater honor than by doing in the conditions of the present what their heroic parents did in the conditions of the past, that is, make the fullest use of the opportunities at hand for their highest attainments and noblest progress.

O. C. S. Wallace.

A GERMAN GIRL'S ENGLISH LETTER.

Some three or four years ago the Editor of THE MONTHLY had the privilege of drawing the attention of Canadian boys and girls to a scheme inaugurated by *The Review of Reviews*, by means of which English speaking boys and girls might carry on correspondence with French and German boys and girls. At the time there was a considerable response, and soon there was an active interchange of letters between Canada and France, Belgium, Germany and Austria, the Belgians, in particular, finding the correspondence of Canadians most interesting. Some of those who began have ceased to write, but many have continued, and these find the correspondence increasing in interest and benefit to themselves. Others have taken the places of those who have dropped out, and others have been added to the list. But the number of Canadian correspondents is much less than it should be. In England, on the other hand, "no fewer than 8,000 persons, chiefly pupils at school, carry on a correspondence more or less regularly with as many young friends in France and Germany."

More Canadians should be reaping the advantages of such an excellent system. No fee is required. All that is necessary is to send one's name, age, and address to "The Secretary for Languages, *Review of Reviews*, London, England," and wait for a letter from a French or German correspondent. There are hundreds of French and German boys, from 15 to 17, eager to correspond with Canadian boys, but unfortunately the latter have not responded in large numbers. It is more difficult to obtain French or German girls, but many English and Canadian girls are corresponding with French and German boys.

As an example of the nature of the correspondence, we print the following letter from an Austrian girl in Vienna to a Canadian girl living in Woodstock. The letter is intrinsically interesting and well worth being read by every reader of THE MONTHLY. It shows, too, what progress may be made in writing in a foreign tongue. We venture to think that many

high school or even college students could not write so excellent a letter in German as Miss Eglauer has written in English. The letter is given without change, except for the omission of some personal remarks.

VIENNA, JANUARY 2ND, 1901.

DEAR ———, First of all I must thank you for the charming gift you sent me in your last letter; it gave me much pleasure to know that you had thought of me in spite of all the work which the Christmas days have given you. Thank you ever so much for your nice present, dear —— !

I think I told you not to answer if our letters should cross; therefore, since it happened as I expected, I am the first to write an answer to your lines. You asked me to send you an English letter this time; I am sure I should not have done it if I had not been encouraged by yourself. I feel as if I made lots of mistakes already on this first page, and I beg you, dearest, to correct them in your next letter.

How do you feel in the new century? It is rather sad to know that we will not live to see another century pass by. We sat up this New Year's eve and drank each other's health when the clock struck twelve and all the bells of the capital began to ring in a new epoch. Are you also doing all kinds of fun in America, at this time of the year? We try to find out the future by hiding under covers a ring, a stocking, a veil, —— and some earth; if you choose the first one you will be married next year, or at any other time; the second tells you that you will become a spinster, the third that you will enter a nunnery; the last one, which we never add, because it signifies death, is almost always left out, in spite of our doing it for fun only, and and although we are not in the least superstitious.

Then girls write different boy's names on little pieces of paper, make small rolls of them and put them under their pillows. In the morning they seize one and the name they read will be their future husband's Christian name. Then we buy a little fish of ginger-bread and bite its head off on New Year's morning; of course before breakfast. It is also said to give good luck. Pork is the usual dish on the first day of the year.

I ought to have told you all this merry nonsense in my last letter, then you could have tried all by your own experience.

Christmas was very nice this time; it is easily to be understood why it was so; when there is a loving young couple standing under the tree there is twice as much joy as usual. Stefi thanks you very much for your kind wishes and would like to have the opportunity to return them to you. I felt very much interested in all the ——— family. * * * *

I am very glad to know the expression "clip"; if you would ask my surroundings (Umgebung, I mean the persons living round me) and particularly my male cousins, they would hotly affirm (assert you) that I am the most perfect illustration to this word. Would you believe that of your sometimes so serious friend, Aimée?

It would have been a pity if your shyness had indeed prevented you from going to those two evening at homes? But, why in the world are you shy? I understand very well that you hate being introduced to so many persons; there is no end of bowing and shaking hands and saying stupid things till you get to some quiet corner and to some good friend or nice acquaintance to have a pleasant chat with. I think it must be very disagreeable to feel shy, and very hard to get over it; but I think you have too little self-confidence, my dear little——; who knows if there are not some gentlemen who would like very much to wean you of this bad habit of playing the frightened little mouse. If I were one of them I think you would soon lose your bashfulness, and we would chatter as gaily and pleasantly as if we had known each other from the cradle.

Dear me, why are we so very far from each other? How I should like to see you once and to have a friendly chat with you! How I should like to walk in your garden with you and all that you love, to see your town, to see a bit of American life. How different it must be from all we have over here! Apropos Sunday schools! We have no such thing here; religion is taught in all our public schools by clergymen who get paid for the lessons. Only in the country where boys and girls are badly needed for the work in the fields, they may leave their regular lessons and only are taught on Thursday and Sunday

forenoons (after church service); but not on y in religion, in every other branch too; only children of twelve till fourteen years do go there, and they must have a special permission for this way of shortened instruction.

In towns they have two kinds of public schools which every child must attend to from six to fourteen years. They are in different buildings; the first ones are called "Volksschule," the second "Bürgerschule"; the former have five divisions or classes, the latter only three. Those boys who want to go to University pass from the last class (5th) of the Volksschule to a Gymnasium—your *college* as I suppose—here they must go through eight classes, eight years consequently, and through an examination which is rather difficult. Those who pass it are ripe for the High School (University). Boys who get on well pass from the 4th class Volksschule to the Gymnasium.

I do not understand all these differences between Presbyterians and Baptists, and all the other names of these subdivisions of the Protestantism. Please, if it is not too difficult to explain it too me, write about it; I am a Catholic as most of the Austrians, but there are many Protestants too, and in every school there is religious instruction for them twice a week.

I was very much astonished to hear that Miss —— is also teaching; how old is she, and has she passed any examination to be allowed to do so? Here only teachers who were examined by the commission put up for that purpose get places in public schools; a Frenchman for instance is of course allowed to teach his mother-tongue, but he cannot enter a public school without having passed the corresponding examination in Austria. Is it the same with you? Could I, for instance, get a place in some Ladies' College at Woodstock or Toronto? * * * * *

I think you must already be tired when you get at this page of my letter, and I hope you will send me in return as long a letter as mine is. Please, do not forget to mention all my mistakes if there are not too many; for I prefer news from you to the stupid things that slipped into my epistle.

Dinner is ready; I must close therefore and beg you to give my kindest regards to all your family. I had no school to-day on account of the elections. Do you like politics?

I hate it, because there is no end of quarrelling without any use; there are nuisances and misery everywhere, and no party does anything for the poor classes. Disgusting anyhow! Now, dear ——, tell my love to ——, and to her family.

Good-bye now, dear ——, thank you once more and pray do not forget your old friend in the new century; it is so pleasant to know a dear little soul over the ocean is thinking of me and writing nice letters now and then. With much love, I remain, your affectionate friend,

AIMÉE EGLAUER.

MADAME DE STAËL-HOLSTEIN.

Madame de Staël is an interesting and brilliant figure of the times of the French Revolution. She has a claim to be numbered among the highly distinguished, and, perhaps, even among the greatest of women. She was of great and varied abilities and exercised in her day a wide-spreading influence. Her life is worthy of thought if only for the sake of the environment, because of her intimacy with the Royal Family, and because she was the object of the enmity of the great Napoleon. And what other woman has run more completely than she the gamut of life, from the highest love to the direst pain? Every experience of life, home, health, wealth, honors, affection, defeat, humiliation, imprisonment, escape, death, all were hers.

Germaine Necker, the future Madame de Staël, was born in Paris in 1766. She was of remarkable parentage. Her father, Jacques Necker, was a Swiss banker of high character and reputation and a most noted financier. There was not between them the usual calm love displayed between father and daughter, but an outpouring of lavish affection, a great and absorbing love, of which even the mother was jealous. Madame de Staël once said that she had loved only three things: God, her father, and liberty.

The mother was no less remarkable. She was that Suzanne Curchod, equally famous as the early love of Gibbon, the wife of Necker, the mistress of one of the most brilliant salons of Paris, and the mother of Madame de Staël.

There was little sympathy, however, between the mother and daughter. Madame Necker, though in this brilliant world, was never entirely of it, and she, decorous, reserved and somewhat pedantic, could never quite understand the daughter, a romp, a coquette and passionately desirous of prominence and attention.

Mademoiselle Necker was not beautiful, but her dark and lustrous eyes and the rich brown tint of her complexion gave some charm to her large and rather coarse features. Gibbon says of her, "She was of splendid appearance, not handsome, but dazzling, brilliant, emotional, sensitive, daring."

The chief influences affecting her education were her father and Rousseau. Her mother was too rigorous. She said herself that her mother was bent on making her happy in the next world, her father in this. She was saved from being swept away by the torrent of revolutionary enthusiasm by her strong, sane judgment and by her genuine humanity, and, in times of wild passion and exaggeration, she usually exhibited a singular soundness and sobriety of political judgment.

In another respect she was not of the school of Rousseau. Few superior intellects have been so openly and utterly insensible to the charms of nature. In her journey through Italy, she said, that, if it were not for respect for the opinion of others, she would not open her window to look for the first time on the Bay of Naples, though she would willingly travel five hundred leagues to meet a man of talent.

Her gifts of conversation were very wonderful. She had a wide range of sympathies, a keen insight into character and great power in describing it in a few vivid words. She could listen in a way that complimented, and, by a sigh, a nod, an exclamation, bring out the best—such thoughts as one never knew he had. She could make people surprise themselves with their own genius. She knew how to compliment without

flattering, and her ready wit, repartee, ability to thaw all social ice and lead conversation along any line, were accomplishments which, perhaps, have never been equalled. She entered into conversation with candor and abandon, was always true, sincere and independent, and all talent was brighter for the added lustre of her own.

She soon became the most attractive figure in the salon of Madame Necker, and, as her mother's health declined, its central figure.

At twenty she married Baron de Staël-Holstein, at first an attaché of the Swedish legation and afterwards the ambassador. There was very little love in this, only a marriage of convenience. By it she gained, as the guaranteed ambassadress of a foreign court of distinction, a much higher place in society than she could otherwise have had. She stipulated first of all that she should never be obliged to leave her father.

Talleyrand, speaking of this period long afterwards, said, "One who did not live in these times did not know the pleasure of living."

It was the last bright flush of a society the fascinations of which have never been surpassed. "People thought to speak, and they spoke to gain applause. Germaine de Staël is queen, queen in Paris of the France that comes, as Marie Antoinette was queen in Versailles of the France that departs."

But her triumphs brought her envy and hatred. Madame Rémuset, who had no liking for her, says, "She offended a crowd of men to whom she thought herself superior, and frightened the women."

The year of the outbreak of the Revolution was at first a triumph for the daughter of Necker. Her father was restored to power and she was supremely happy for a little time. But she soon saw that all power was passing from the government to the clubs, and that those whose duty it was to repress the outrages, were simply conniving at them. She said, "These men are like the rainbow, they always appear when the storm is over."

After the terrible scenes of the fifth and sixth of October

had been enacted, the Swedish Embassy became a resort for the persecuted among her friends. Nothing in her life is more admirable than the courage with which she saved the lives of the proscribed,—sometimes by interceding with those in power, sometimes by concealing fugitives in the Swedish Embassy, and often by large and timely gifts of money.

But the star of Bonaparte was now rapidly rising, which profoundly affected the rest of her life. She said she admired Bonaparte, but he knew that the circle around Madame de Staël—of freedom and constitutionalism—was irreconcilably opposed to his ambitions and undazzled by his power. He always hated superior women, especially those who meddled in politics. "The Queen of the Salon had no attractions for the Master of Paris." A mutual distrust sprang up between them, and, as they were both of passionate natures, this distrust soon turned to hatred. A long, sad exile soon followed.

But Napoleon only made Madame de Staël of importance, by showing that he thought it worth while to contend with her, and lessened his own dignity by trying to crush her. It was her joy to say that she was the first woman whom Napoleon had had to banish, and she wrote him: "What a cruel celebrity you give me—I shall have a line in your history." A woman of more heroic type would have borne with less repining an exclusion from Paris, mitigated by wealth, friends, fame and abundant occupation; but a woman less essentially noble would have accepted the overtures made to her and made peace with Napoleon by burning a few grains of literary incense on his altar.

The disfavor which thrust Madame de Staël from politics proved a blessing in disguise, for it turned her mind to literature, in which she was most fitted to excel. She could absorb in a wonderful manner, beautiful thoughts and sentiments, and was called "The High Priestess of Letters," "The Minerva of Poetry" or "Sappho Returned."

Delphine, the first of her novels, appeared in 1802. It is the story of a woman of genius whose heroic follies bring her into warfare with the world. The popularity was very great. One has said of it: "Why was there no one in the

theatre yesterday or the day before? Why do the cab-drivers complain that they have nothing to do? Because everyone is reading Delphine, the introduction of which alone requires three days' study."

Shortly after, she tried again to go to the Paris which she so longed for, but in vain. Napoleon said that she could do mischief only in Paris, and in Paris he would not have her, nor near it. She was ordered not to come within forty leagues of the city, so she went to Weimar. This visit to Germany was one of the most important events of her life. She proved almost a trial for these Germans. She thought she understood everything, and when told she did not understand Goethe, she said: "I understand everything that deserves to be understood and what I do not understand does not exist." She said of Goethe on seeing him, that she wished she could put his soul into another body. She could not understand how it was so badly lodged.

While in Germany, she received intelligence of her father's illness at Coppet, and, though she hastened to return, he had died before her arrival. This was the greatest sorrow of her life. She said: "Whilst my father lived, I suffered only in imagination, but, after his death, I had to deal directly with destiny."

Corinne, her most remarkable novel, appeared not long afterwards. It is, as was said at that time, a picturesque tour couched in the form of a novel. Its immense and instantaneous success placed her on the very pinnacle of fame. Then De l'Allemagne, her greatest work, appeared. In it she glorified the German literature and character. One cannot help wondering how she expected Napoleon to allow the publication of such a work in Paris, and much more for it to gain for her an entrance there. The whole first edition was suppressed, and the censor wrote her: "The air of France does not seem to agree with you and we are not yet reduced to seek for examples and models in the country you admire. Your work is not French."

Two years before this, Madame de Staël had married a young Swiss officer of distinction, twenty-two years her junior. About the same time, a great change passed over his religious

views. The belief of her youth deepened into a positive and definite Christianity, without mysticism or intolerance. She said: "We must take care that the decline of this life may be the youth of the next."

She lived to see the downfall of perhaps the only man she ever hated, his return from Elba, his defeat at Waterloo, and the restoration of the Bourbons.

In July, 1817, she died in Paris and was buried at Coppet. Her's was a peaceful ending to a troubled and checkered career. She had enjoyed much and suffered much, had committed grave faults and met with much disappointment. But, as Sorel says of her: "Planted between two great ages, she seems the last flower of that which is about to close and the first seed of that which is to begin." A beautiful genius rather than an artist in literature and history, she deserves to live because she represents one of the best epochs of the French spirit.

JACQUELINE M. NORTON, '02.

Editorial Notes.

THE Executive Committee of the Alumni Association have sent out the following circular to the members of the Association:—

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, — Your Executive Committee have decided that for the present year the Annual Public Meeting shall be held in October in connection with the dedicatory services of the new Chapel and Library of the University. They intend to vary the character of the proceedings somewhat, and trust that in doing so they may have your cordial support. They hope to have at least two sessions of the Association at which interesting and vital topics of the day will be discussed in papers and addresses prepared by the alumni. It is also proposed to have a modest banquet, to be followed by a leisurely social hour, at which those present may renew old acquaintances and revive the pleasant memories of college days.

In view of these changes from the customs of the past, the Committee take this opportunity of inviting suggestions as to the best means of carrying out the new plan successfully. They would particu-

larly welcome suggestions as to suitable topics for discussion at the conferences of the Association. They desire to make the meetings of real service and can best do this by preparing programmes dealing with matters of vital interest to the members. It is hoped, therefore, that the response to this appeal may be general.

Trusting that you may commend the plans of the Committee, and that a large number may find it possible to be present at the meetings in October, we beg to remain, etc., etc.

We are glad to say that this action of the Committee has been favorably received, and that not a few interesting subjects for discussion have been forwarded. We trust that our graduates may keep this meeting in mind and make their plans to be present next autumn. Arrangements will be made to entertain all who come, and every effort will be made by the Committee to make the meetings a success.

Book Reviews.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.*

In a volume, attractive in form and bound in a manner to please, containing less than three hundred pages, Dr. Pattison puts before us in exquisite taste and with characteristic ability a subject of supreme importance. Two things at once lend interest to the book. First, the author is a Baptist, and so far as the writer knows, he is the first one of that denomination to publish a treatise on the subject. Secondly, the author, perhaps unconsciously, sets forth largely his very self in the conduct of public worship. Of all men in the Baptist ministry, or in the professoriate, none is better qualified from experience, as well as observation, to give instructive help to his brethren and the churches.

The table of contents furnishes an attractive list of subjects, all of which have their place in public worship: "Public Worship Defined and Described," "The Congregation," "The Public Service," "Congregational Response," "Public Prayer", (three chapters) "The Reading of the Scriptures," "Music in the Public Service" (two chapters), "The Sunday Evening Service," "The Baptism Service," "The Lord's Supper Service," "The Prayer Meeting." As one reads care-

* "Public Worship." By Professor T. H. Pattison, D.D., Rochester Theological Seminary. Philadelphia: American Baptist Publication Society.

fully the chapters in which these subjects are discussed he is impressed with the wisdom of their choice and with the wisdom of their treatment. Pre-eminently, the book is for the student and the minister, for all through the pages one is made to feel "Thou art the man." Still one cannot but see how great would be the benefit to the churches in their worship if the book could be placed in the hands of the men and women, young and older, who make up our congregations.

With peculiar fascination and with such force as is destined to make impression for good upon the reader, Dr. Pattison, throughout the different chapters, while giving its worthy place to the sermon, insists that all the parts of public worship shall have their due importance, showing "that the sermon severed from the entire service is shorn of a large measure of its strength." The author, recognizing the importance of each part of the Church service, declares, "not to hear a sermon any more than to read the Bible, to sing, or to pray, does the congregation come together." And prominent among the features in Public Worship he finds *reverence*, *inspiration*, *intelligence*, and *restfulness*. The minister of necessity is held largely responsible for the presence of these features, but at the same time the congregation has not a small part in attaining the end.

Dr. Pattison says some timely things regarding the minister's conduct of the public service. Without dressing in such a way as to attract special attention, he is to guard against slovenliness in toilet and dress. Equally careful should he be regarding his manner that it be, not slovenly, not eccentric, free from all tricks, decorous and devout. In dealing with Congregational Response, the author does not endorse responsive reading of the Scriptures, making a partial exception of the Psalms, which really should be sung. "But the other parts of the Bible were not intended to be sung. They are to be read by one voice, so as not to break up the continuous sense, and so as to preserve the character of this part of the service as impressive rather than expressive." In Public Prayer, Dr. Pattison sees the need of devotional and intellectual preparation, and urges solemnity, sympathy, devout confidence, and directness, making particular reference to the invocation, the principal prayer, the prayer after the sermon, and the benediction. It is refreshing, too, to find the important position given to the reading of the Scriptures, and the author points out that the early Church laid great stress on this exercise, that it has been a powerful agency in great religious awakenings and that permanent impressions are often made by it.

The prayer meeting is important, being the pulse of the Church, and its order of service and minor details should receive careful attention. Spirituality, sociability, cheerfulness, and a business-like spirit should be its features. In all the book there is nothing calling for adverse criticism, even though one might not see his way clear to pronounce everything perfect. Good, and only good, must come to student, pastor, deacon, and every other man, or indeed woman, who desires that Public Worship should be what it ought to be.

W. J. McKay.

NATURAL HISTORY WITH ANECDOTES.*

The editor of this book, Mr. Alfred H. Miles, has had abundant experience and has become an expert compiler of interesting and instructive books. For several years he has produced an annual volume of fifty stories for boys and also one for girls, but his chief contribution to literature has been his fine series entitled "The Poets and the Poetry of the Century." His latest book is the one under consideration, and we are inclined to think that it will be his most popular. For ourselves, we have not found a dull page in it from cover to cover. It deals with a subject that is interesting to young and old, namely, the nature and habits of animals, birds, insects, etc., etc., and it does so by means of illustrative anecdotes rather than by mere scientific tabulation and description. The latter is, of course, not altogether absent, the various vertebratæ being grouped in their proper orders and suborders. But whatever purely scientific information is given is presented in an interesting and easily intelligible manner. Indeed, the way in which Mr. Miles has interwoven the scientific, the popular, and the anecdotal, is excellent in the extreme.

The book contains over three hundred and fifty pages, of which about two hundred and fifty are devoted to animals, the remainder being concerned with birds, reptiles, toads, frogs and fishes. In addition there are nineteen colored plates, giving altogether almost one hundred illustrations. These are all excellent, but those of the birds, showing the vari-colored plumage, are particularly fine The various chapters are packed full of interesting information, and no one, not even a sophomore, can read them without learning much. Younger folks may

* "Natural History with Anecdotes." By Alfred H. Miles. Toronto: George N. Morang & Co., Limited.

find the description of wild animals the most interesting, but some, ourselves among the number, will prefer to read about dogs and horses and birds, the last particularly. But wherever one turns he will find something to entertain and instruct. Such a book ought to be in every public school library, in every Sunday school library and in every home. It is the very book for reading aloud in the home circle. The print is clear, the paper is good, and there is a complete table of contents and also an index.

College News.

AROUND THE HALL.

EDITOR: C. C. SINCLAIR, '02.

MRS. RAND has presented a handsome edition of the late Dr. Rand's last poems, "Song Waves," to the University Library.

PROFESSOR—(teaching Locke's system of Philosophy)—What is the real test of knowledge? Thoughtful student—Examinations.

CLERK—(to student purchasing soap)—Would you like it sent? Student—No, I prefer it unscented.

ON Saturday night, March 9th, the hockey team was entertained to an oyster supper, at the residence of Dr. and Mrs. Newman.

IT is rumored that lectures will close at the end of March in order to give the professors time to prepare their examination papers.

MR. J. L. MITCHENER, who has been confined to his room for some time with lameness, is again able to walk around and attend lectures.

THE foot-ball and hockey-teams will have their photograph taken in groups this month. It is expected that the hockey septette picture will appear in the *Globe* in the near future.

IT has been suggested that the hockey sticks used in the championship game for the Jennings' cup be collected and arranged in one of the corridors as a memento of the first athletic championship.

MR. MCLAY recently gave his address on "Popular Ballads" in Woodstock. The following is from the *Sentinel Review*: "Mr. McLay in his university days as a student, and more lately as a Professor

of English in McMaster, has made a name for himself in the world of letters and Woodstock is proud to claim him as one of her sons . . . His address, given in a fluent easy style, was admirable. It gave evidence of originality, deep research, good judgment and above all of an enthusiastic interest in his chosen subject. In closing, Mr. McLay read several illustrative ballads which were very much enjoyed. A hearty vote of thanks was tendered him."

It was a pleasure to the students, and especially to the hockey team of the university, to see the interest and enthusiasm which the Professor manifested in the recent hockey games. It is reported that some of them yelled themselves hoarse at the final game.

A saccharine element in diet is an essential constituent of a corpus sanum. In recognition of this fact, '01 Science class favored a few friends recently with an informal taffy pull in the laboratory. Every one reports a sweet time. There is nothing like having a pull.

On March the first we were favored with a chapel visit from Rev. W. E. Norton, Owen Sound, who has recently been made a member of the Senate. Mr. Norton takes a deep interest in the students of McMaster and we greatly appreciated his words.

> Now the student bends his head to grasp dishevelled hair,
> Intently gazes at his book, then mutters in despair ;
> Exams. will be upon me, dread messengers of fate,
> The work that must be done ere then, I shrink to contemplate.
> Thence sadly turning to his task, he takes that book once more,
> And fain would do the work e'en now, he should have done before.

At the meeting of the Literary Society on March 1st, Mr. McLay gave a most interesting and valuable address on "Old English and Scotch Ballads." It was an introduction to a field of reading not so widely known as it deserves. There is here a "find" for all lovers of poetry. After some remarks by way of introduction to this distinctly *sui generis* class of poetry, Mr. McLay read a number of these old ballads, and the keen interest with which they were listened to was evidence of their worth. We feel highly gratified at the interest taken by the Faculty in our Literary Society and are especially grateful to Mr. McLay for his address.

Fyfe Day.—The Fyfe Missionary Society continues to hold a large place in the hearts of McMaster students. On Tuesday, studies were laid aside, and two delightful sessions were enjoyed. The attendance was large. Very stimulating words were heard from Messrs. Jones, Welsh and Bingham in connection with their respective missions in the city. The remainder of the time was occupied in dealing with the life and work of Robert Mcffat, the great pioneer missionary to South Africa. The subject was opened by Mr. Fitch, after which an able and thoroughly prepared paper was read by Mr. D. J. Welsh,

discussing the nature and extent of the work done by Moffat during his fifty years in that benighted country. Mr. A. Werden followed with an appropriate paper on "The Present Condition of Missions in South Africa." Music was furnished by the Ladies' Quartette.

In the afternoon the society was favored with a visit from Rev. Ralph Trotter, who very forceably and graphically told of his work in Columbia, Greenwood, or Lime Creek, in British Columbia. We shall not forget Mr. Trotter's experiences, and as he returns to the mountains of the great West, we pray for his greater success. After the above address, Mr. Williamson, gospel singer, rendered with good effect a missionary hymn. The meeting adjourned at three o'clock, all feeling that one more excellent day had been spent in stimulating the missionary spirit, and deepening the spiritual life.

THE regular monthly meeting of the Theological Society, held on the evening of Feb. 21st, was of a very profitable character. The Rev. J. A. Macdonald, of the *Westminster*, addressed the students on "The Press in the Reign of the People." His remarks were exceptionally suggestive, and were presented with the force of conviction. The speaker gave some leaves from a wide and varied experience in press details. Editorial work offers an unparalleled opportunity for the exercise of self-sacrifice. That the press is really the educator, the university, of the people is a fact, unfortunately often ignored. The minister, in particular, ought to relate himself wisely to the press and to refrain from endeavoring to make it a "ram's horn" to sound his own praises. If this were observed, greater confidence would be established between the press and the pulpit, with mutual advantage. An untrammelled press is the great need, and greatest benefactor, of any age. Conversely, the press is prophetic and speaks forth the attitude and opinions of the people.

THE champion debaters and hockey players of McMaster have received due recognition in a very tangible manner not only from some of the faculty, but also from our worthy stewardess. On Wednesday, March 13th, she provided a fine supper to all resident students in honor of these heroes, who shared along with a liberal supply of oysters, the admiration of the festive crowd. Since the occasion was a memorable one, it was proper that eloquent toasts should be made and the men chosen for this duty were J. Hawkings, B.A., and P. C. McLaurin. The former gentleman proposed the toast to our debaters, and the latter that to our hockey team; both of them speaking in earnest and witty terms. A. B. Cohoe, B.A., responded for the debaters, laying emphasis upon the traditions to which debating had given rise in McMaster, and "Sam" McLay, captain of the hockey team, replied to the second toast. H. S. Arkell had the pleasant task of eulogizing Mrs. Pritchard for her kindness in providing such a banquet, and all concurred in his remarks. After a short speech from Mr. Menge, the revellers went to their rooms filled with the glory of McMaster's exploits and with oysters.

The Debating Society met on Saturday, 23rd ult., to discuss the subject, "Resolved—That church property should be taxed." The leaders were: N. A. Harkness, '04, for the affirmative and J. Janes, '04, for the negative. The debating proceeded in the usual way, after which J. F. Ingram, B.A., as critic, made some good suggestions. The judge, J. H. Hawkings, B.A., then gave the decision to the affirmative. . . . On Feb. 2nd, the subject, "Resolved—That co-education is desirable for the best interests of society," was discussed. W. V. Poapst '04, led the affirmative and M. S. McArthur, '04, the negative. An interesting and, at times, laughable, debate was followed by criticisms from G. W. Young, after which the decision was given by the judges, Messrs. Arkell and Bryant, to the affirmative. At the suggestion of one of the members, a committee, consisting of Messrs. Lumley, McIntosh and Grant, was appointed to re-organize the Debating Society next term.

The last meeting of this term of the Debating Society was held on the 9th inst., and "Resolved—That the affiliation of McMaster University to Toronto University would be preferable to the present system" was the subject. The affirmative was led by H. Bury '02, and the negative by P. A. McDiarmid, '03. An interesting and instructive debate was followed by brief remarks by the critic, A. T. McNeil, '01, after which the judges, Messrs. Arkell, Sinclair and Huddleston, gave their decision in favor of the affirmative. Professor Dale who was present gave an interesting talk on higher education. Professor Farmer, who had also strolled in, made a few remarks along the same line. On the whole, a very successful series of meetings has been held and, with a competent committee to re-organize the society next year, a much greater success is looked for.

Hockey.—On Tuesday afternoon, Feb. 26th, on 'Varsity rink, McMaster defeated 'Varsity '02 by a score of 11 goals to 5. There was a large crowd of supporters present from both universities and great enthusiasm was manifested. The game was played under very favorable circumstances, the ice being keen and the weather being propitious. Both teams played brilliant hockey, and at some stages it was difficult for the spectators to see which team had the puck, as the checking was so close, although not very rough. Our forward line showed up particularly well. Their combination and clever stick handling was much superior to that of their opponents. The score at half time was 5 to 3 in favor of our boys. In the second half 'Varsity scored two more goals, while we piled up six more.

On Saturday morning, March 2nd, McMaster played the Royal College of Dental Surgeons in the final game for the Jennings' Cup and was defeated by a score of 11 to 8, the half time score being 6 to 3 in favor of the winners. However, the Dentals could not claim the trophy. McMaster, 'Varsity '02 and the Dentals were the winners of the three different series. McMaster defeated 'Varsity, 'Varsity defeated the Dentals, and the Dentals won from us; thus each team had won and lost a game, causing a tie. The game on Saturday was

an excellent exhibition of hockey, and undoubtedly, but for a number of accidents, McMaster would have won the game and claimed the cup. In the first half two of our men were disabled and were thus prevented from playing as well as they otherwise would have done. In the last half two more of our team were injured, although not very seriously, while the Dentals received no injuries whatever. The rink was lined around three or four deep with enthusiastic spectators, among whom were many ladies. The ice was in the pink of condition, which was advantageous for brilliant hockey. The teams were well matched and the honors were about equally divided. It was a gentlemanly game throughout and both teams showed up well.

Hockey Championship.—The final matches for the Jennings' Cup have been played and McMaster has won the championship. The trophy will now be moved from its home last year in the School of Science to this institution. It is the first championship that McMaster has won in athletics, and we are very proud of our team. They had some hard battles to fight, but they struggled hard and diligently, and have brought much credit to the University. By lot McMaster drew the bye, and 'Varsity '02 and Dentals played off their game on March 7th, the result being a victory for the latter by a score of 7 goals to 6. On Friday afternoon, March 8th, McMaster lined up against the Dentals to play the championship game, and as mentioned above, our boys won, although by a narrow margin. In the first half the Dentals scored three goals, while the boys in green and black scored only one. The second half was the best exhibition of hockey seen on 'Varsity rink this year. After ten minutes of hard playing McMaster scored, 3-2. The game became very exciting, and it could be seen that our team was out to win, and that they had the ability to do it. The hopes entertained by the McMaster supporters dropped considerably when the Dentals scored their fourth goal, result 4-2. The ice was becoming quite sticky and combination playing was very difficult; the checking was hard and close, and both teams exerted their utmost energies. McMaster played aggressively and put in shot after shot on their opponents' goal, but they were cleverly stopped. The crowd became nearly frantic with excitement. Our boys finally captured the puck, and it was a magnificent sight to see their green line come sweeping down the ice and score, 4-3. Only a moment after the face-off the boys in green again punctured the goal, 4-4, about five minutes before time was up. Hardly before the cheering for the last goal had subsided, McMaster scored the winning goal, and in two minutes more the referee's whistle blew for time. The McMaster followers crowded on to the ice and carried the victors triumphantly on their shoulders into the University. It was a great day for McMaster and one never to be forgotten. The champions lined up in every match as follows: Goal, E. J. Tarr, '02; point, E. J. Zavitz, '03; cover point, R. V. Bellamy, '02; forwards, J. A. McDonald, '01; S. M. McLay, '03, (captain), M. S. McArthur, '04, and R. E. Sayles, '01.

Memorial Service.—On the 19th of February, McMaster students met to honor the name of the late Rev. J. P. McEwen. The chapel was crowded, and a reverent silence prevailed. The Chancellor read the Scriptures, and as the words "Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you" were uttered, we all felt that he who had been an unfailing friend to the student had received the reward of a leal and true servant. Continuing, the Chancellor remarked that Mr. McEwen was one of the most modest men he had ever known. When the University wished to confer on him the degree of D.D. he shrank from the honor and could not be persuaded to accept that which he had so richly merited. Besides, he was a man of great fidelity. He was true to God, and to principle. All who knew him esteemed him as a great and good man. Professor Goodspeed then spoke. We all felt the truth of his words when he said a sense of loss, touching us as individuals, as a University, and as a Church, was ours. Mr. McEwen's personality and figure would be missed, especially on Fyfe missionary days when he came to us, and spoke words of truth in a fearless, but kind spirit. After eleven years of close friendship the thing which most impressed him was the man's self-forgetfulness. This was the sweetest flower of the Christian life, and it adorned and made fragrant our brother's life. Like the Saviour, he forgot himself in thinking of others. When weak in health he sacrificed himself and home comforts for the sake of the work. When his duties increased he toiled on single handed for the same purpose. When some principle was at stake he was willing to risk his reputation in adhering to the truth. This made him the wise, strong and noble man he was. But wherein lay the secret? How did he come to wear the royal virtue of self-forgetfulness? The explanation was found in the words of the great Chalmers. It was because of "the expulsive power of the new affection." The law and spirit of Christ had become the law of his life.

In following, Professor Farmer continued the question suggested by the previous speaker. What was the explanation to Mr. McEwen's life, for measured by divine standards it was certainly great. Behind it was the life and example of godly parents, the powerful preaching of the doctrines of God's grace, by such men as Fyfe and McPhail, and the personal touch of the former within the old walls of Woodstock College. These were the forces under God which had made Mr. McEwen the patient, kind, hopeful and well-poised character he was. His death had come with a shock. It made one feel the brevity of earthly life. Our ranks were being thinned. Within a short time the names of Dadson, Rand, Alexander, and Denovan had been inscribed on our death roll, and now was added another memorable name, McEwen. Surely this would stir us to greater endeavor, and cause us to pray God to raise up men to fill the gaps, men who would wear the honor and do the work as worthily as our departed friend did his. When Dr. Farmer finished we sang Rutherford's old hymn, "The Sands of Time are Sinking," after which Rev. J. G. Brown, B.A.,

offered prayer, praiseful of the life spent in noble work, and beseeching our common Father to comfort and sustain the bereaved widow and family, who miss from their home circle the good man who blessed it, but who leaves behind him the imperishable legacy of a noble character and a life spent in fruitful service for God and man.

OUR GRADUATES.

Rev. I. G. Matthews, M.A., '98, who for the past two years and a half did most efficient work at Vancouver has now entered upon his new field of labour at New Westminster.

J. A. Faulkner, B.A., '00, has been seriously ill at his home in Sterling. We are glad to know that he has so far recovered that he expects to be able to continue his medical course at McGill in a short time.

At Harvard University G. H. Campbell, B.A., '00, is maintaining his own reputation as a classical scholar, and at the same time is shedding a lustre upon his Alma Mater. Mr. Campbell stands high in the year's examinations up to the present time.

The office of Assistant Home Mission Secretary is being ably filled by Rev. C. J. Cameron, B.A., '94; B.Th., '96. For the past few years Mr. Cameron has worked faithfully and successfully in connection with the Vankleek Hill Baptist Church. In his wider and more general sphere we pray that God will bless him and make him a blessing.

MOULTON COLLEGE

Editors { Miss A. McPhedran
Miss M. A. Yeigh

Mr. Eaton and Mr. Weeks have been with us at chapel this past month.

Tuesday evening, March 4th, Mrs. T. M. Harris conducted prayer-meeting. Her topic was "Love," which she treated in her usual bright and interesting manner.

Our monthly lecture was given by Dr. Thomas. His subject was, "Echoes from the Welsh Hills." He gave some examples of Welsh preaching and read a very enjoyable extract from "To the Angel Choir," by John Thomas.

Captain Barker, of the Queen's Own, gave us a most interesting talk on the South African war, Monday evening, March 3rd. He spoke of the varied experiences of his regiment from the time they left Quebec until the Battle of Paardeberg. He gave a few personal reminiscences which were particularly interesting.

Miss Buchan took charge of our prayer-meeting, Tuesday evening, February 5th, and gave us a very interesting talk on Foreign Missions, especially those of India. She showed us a number of idols which had been worshipped by the natives and some pictures of the schools which have been established there by the Women's Baptist Foreign Missionary Society.

A very unique entertainment was given by the pupils of Mrs. Fenton Arnton on the evening of February 22nd, which was very much enjoyed by a large number of the friends of the college who were present. Part I. of the programme consisted of readings given by members of the Elocution classes, and Part II. of tableaux by members of the Physical Culture classes. The proceeds were devoted to the Gymnasium Fund.

On Friday night, March 8th, a brilliant assembly of lords and ladies gay, gathered in our sombre halls to indulge themselves in mild revelry after the profound and arduous studies of the preceding months. "South Africa" was present, and we noticed with satisfaction the lessening of that *bored* expression on her face. "Uncle Sam" and "Young Canada" chatted affably during the evening. "Sir Walter Raleigh" forgot "Queen Elizabeth's" past unkindness and begged "Jack Brereton" to effect a reconciliation, while "Lord Leicester" flirted desperately with "Janice Meredith." The "McMaster Student" was also present, surrounded, as usual, by a crowd of fair admirers and accompanied, as should always be the case, by his elderly and stately mamma, who kept her maternal eye on him, to good account. "Hamlet" allowed the "Queen of Hearts" to banish his melancholy reflections, brought on by the haunting presence of his father's ghost. Besides the above mentioned, were present several ladies of "Ye olden tyme," "Pokahontas," "Jack and Jill," "Josiah and Samantha Allen," and other well-known characters. After the mutual admiration had somewhat subsided we were finally induced to partake of the dainty refreshments provided, and later a short, but well rendered programme was given. At the conclusion of the programme, Mrs. T. M. Harris—the guest of honor—was presented with a bouquet of roses by the girls, as a slight token of their regard and admiration for one who has proved herself such a staunch friend of Moulton. A most enjoyable evening was then brought to a close by the singing of "Auld Lang Syne."

Here and There.

The *University Monthly* is always a welcome visitor from the University of New Brunswick. The February number is a particularly good one. The editors are fortunate in having so excellent a contributor as Elizabeth Roberts Macdonald. Some time ago we copied a poem of hers entitled "A Song of Seasons," and now we quote another from her pen.

BRINGERS OF DREAM.

Out of the dusk dream-winds blow,—
  And starry hopes, and rushing wings,
And angel-faces, row on row,

And golden, unforgotten days,
  Rich autumn, faintly-smiling springs,
Old songs, and tender childhood ways,

Come near to touch our lips with song,
  Our troubled hearts to soothe with peace,
Till hope re-wakens glad and strong.

Kind arms of slumber wrap us round,
  The day's harsh echoes sink and cease,—
And soft and low the dream-winds sound.

ELIZABETH ROBERTS MACDONALD.

The *University of Toronto Monthly* is the name of a new college magazine published by the Alumni Association of Toronto University. This association, like its organ, is of late birth, but it has already had a surprising growth and bids fair to be an influential organization. The magazine published under its auspices will undoubtedly serve as a link between the many hundreds of graduates of the great Provincial University. We wish it every success.

A PENNYWORTH OF VIOLETS.—A correspondent sends this touching little story from Dublin :—'A small, ragged, consumptive-looking urchin of about ten years of age, sauntering up Grafton street—the most fashionable thoroughfare in Dublin—after noticing a newspaper contents bill on the roadway upon which was the solemn legend, "Death of the Queen," went forward to a flower girl, gave a penny (most likely his last) for a bunch of violets, and with tears stealing down his cheeks, and not speaking a word, placed them reverently over the word "Queen." A few minutes afterwards the child was run over by a passing cab, and carried to a hospital in a dying state. The same moment another cab crushed the tiny bunch of violets beneath its iron wheel, and left them there to languish and die also. At the hospital, on being asked why he was so extravagant with all the money he had, by one who witnessed the incident, and had driven straight to the infirmary as soon as he heard of the accident, "Shure, sorr," the lad answered, in a weak and tremulous voice, "Her Majesty was so kind to the sojers ; an' ye know, sorr, Pat an' Phelim are out at the war foightin' now." The end of the story is a sad one, for the little boy died soon afterwards.—*The British Weekly.*

It is against the principles of THE MONTHLY to print parodies of good poetry, but we make an exception in the case of the following verses which, it will be seen, tell the immortal story of Jack and Jill after the manner of Hohenlinden. They appear in a volume entitled "Love's Argument and other Poems," by Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler, published by Dodd, Mead & Co.

JACK AND JILL (19TH CENTURY).

They clambered when the sun was low
Across the swiftly melting snow,
And strove to intercept its flow
With pails of iron-mongery.

He fell, and broke his golden head.
And she—believing he was dead—
Decided to remain unwed,
In deference to his memory.

Then, having heard of the Suttee,
She cried, "Ah! it were well with me
If I lay dead along with thee,
Thou pearl of English chivalry!"

So down she flung her body flat,
Which roused him from his swoon; whereat
She answered to his cry—"Who's that?"
"'Tis I, sir, rolling rapidly!"

The *Athenæum* comes to us from the South and tells in a bright and breezy way all about life at the University of West Virginia. The articles are entirely the work of the students, the aim of the editors being to make their magazine truly reflective of the student spirit. The present writer has pleasant recollections of a member of the staff of the University, Mr. Waitman Barbe. Mr. Barbe is the author of a charming volume of short stories entitled "In the Virginias," and also of a volume of poems. That he has the lyric gift may be seen from the following lines which we quote from the *Critic:*

A SONG.

As when, dear love, a winging bird is throwing
Its arch of pleading song from tree to tree,
'T is thus I bridge the night, without thy knowing,
With arch of dreams, sweet dreams, with dreams of thee.

And when at last the night of death shall sever,
And blackness roll its waves twixt thee and me,
'T is thus I'll bridge the night of death for ever
With arch of love, sweet love, with love of thee.

WAITMAN BARBE.

The *Acadia Athenæum* for February contains an historical sketch by Chancellor Wallace of our Baptist educational work in Ontario, and of McMaster University. We fancy Acadia is better known in Ontario

than McMaster is in Nova Scotia. We know our Eastern sister by the men she has sent us, the late Dr. Rand, Dr. Welton and Chancellor Wallace, for example. We hope the time may come when Acadia will know us in the same way. For the present, articles such as Chancellor Wallace's will serve a useful purpose. We regret to learn from the *Athenæum* that some time ago an insurrection broke out among the naughty sophomores of Acadia, but are glad to know that the results were not serious.

A late number of the *Queen's University Journal* contains excellent photogravures of four members of its professoriate. Other numbers have contained strong editorial articles on the present University problem in Ontario. The *Journal* is in every way a credit to the institution whose name it bears. We hope that next year McMaster may have the privilege of meeting Queen's on the debating platform. Our victory in the Inter-College Debating Union makes us desirous of trying our oratorical lances on our sturdy Presbyterian brethren of Queen's.

The *Harvard Monthly* is the one college magazine on our exchange list that may be read through from cover to cover purely for the literary merit and intrinsic interest of its contents. It sets a high standard, and, therefore, refuses to be made a dumping-ground for all sorts of class-room productions and tedious disquisitions cribbed by writers out of books. Stories, plays, poems, and literary criticisms fill the pages of the *Harvard Monthly* each month, and so far as we have observed all are worth reading. The article on George Moore and the review of the poems of Philip Henry Savage are excellent examples of fresh, first hand appreciation. Several Harvard graduates fought with the British against the Boers in the late war, and one of them writes a vivid description of scenes in the DeAar hospital. Professor Santayana's translations from Michael Angelo's poems are particularly fine. We quote the last of three :

"*Gli occhi miei vaghi delle cose belle.*"

Ravished by all that to the eyes is fair,
Yet hungry for the joys that truly bless,
My soul can find no stair
To mount to heaven, save earth's loveliness.
For from the stars above
Descends a glorious light
That lifts our longing to their highest height
And bears the name of love.
Nor is there aught can move
A gentle heart or purge or make it wise
But beauty and the starlight of her eyes.

THE
McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY
APRIL, 1901.

THE SPRING THAT DID NOT FAIL.

Old Antoine raised himself from a stooping position and leaned restfully on his hoe. He let his eye wander over his neat little garden-patch and across the adjacent river—the River Noire—to the village of Ste. Aimée. His face was as sad as a dull autumn morning, when one begins to feel the tingle of the approaching frosts. He was so seldom sad, old Antoine. But soon his eye turned to his own side of the stream and rested on a lonely elm that drooped over the water as if mourning its singleness in the world; and lo! his sadness vanished. He placed his hand over his heart, while a song burst from his lips and was carried over to me in a shady fence-corner. I threw my book aside and watched him. Although I could not understand one word of what he was singing, yet so fondly and plaintively did his poor, cracked voice express it, that I was prompted to ask its name.

"What song is that you're singing, Antoine?" I asked.

"Oh, you there, Monsieur Philippe!" he replied as if startled. He evaded the question and resumed his hoeing. His face was again sad.

I repeated my question.

Antoine ceased his work, and, looking first at the elm tree and then at me, recited two lines of that beloved song "*A la Claire Fontaine.*"

"Lui ya long temps que je t' aime.
Jamais je ne t' oublierai pas."

Though spoken, each word seemed to bear the burden of a heart.

"There is nothing sad in those words, Antoine." I said. "Why does your face become so gloomy every now and then?"

"Nothing sad! Of course not, Monsieur Philippe! But——"

"But what," I said teasingly, "does an old bachelor like you want to sing about love, and never forgetting, and other such things that we young people coo about?"

"Well, can't a man sing that about his mother? *Mon Dieu!* I thought that you were old enough for that!" He was indignant.

"Yes," I replied. "But how is it that you kept your eye on the elm as you sang?"

"Because....my mother....she knew....*eh bien*, I will tell you after all. It always brings to my mind the story of a cranky Frenchman....at least how he was cured of being cranky. He used to live in Ste. Aimée....on this side of the river now. *Tiens!* Come down to the elm tree with me, Monsieur Philippe."

He threw his idle hoe beside my idle book in the fence corner, and led me to the mournful tree at the water's edge.

"About twenty years ago—you would not be as long as my arm then—there was a doctor living in Ste. Aimée. His name's no matter. All the world called him Le Docteur—that's all.

"He was a queer little fellow, Le Docteur was—red nose, watery eyes and all that. For many a year he wore the same high hat—its silk was as rough as the coat of my black colt in winter; the same old pants. *Tiens!* You see that straw stack yonder? *Bien*, that was their color; and the same old coat. Everybody said that he wore old clothes to spite his neighbors. He was too poor; that's what I think.

"You see, he was hated by all the people of the country. No one would have him for sick folks unless they were nearly dead. Le Docteur could cure anything this side of death, that's why. But he was so cranky—cranky's your word, isn't it?—and used to quarrel so, and swear, and get drunk so often that everybody feared him. How did he live then? Well, he used

to make enough by playing checkers to keep himself out of the cemetery yonder, and to keep his nose red. Oh, mon Philippe! How Le Docteur could play!"

Antoine was quite excited and his narrative had become more and more animated, as if he were living it himself.

"One day," he continued, "he was playing a game at Jean Boire's—his son tends bar at St. Robert. You know him. Well, he had been beaten twice by the same move and was drinking hard. The stranger with whom he was playing was aiming for that same move again, when Le Docteur looked into his eyes. Suddenly he became red in the face—Le Docteur I mean—and stared, as if he were crazy, at the other man. Then all in a moment, quicker than you could jump into the river, he rose to his feet, leaned across the table and hissed something in the stranger's ear. Down the steps he ran and away. Pierre Bruneau—he saw him—says that his face was so red, so red. *Mon Dieu!* He was furious!"

Old Antoine stopped a moment and brightened his eager face with a careless smile. I saw plainly that it was forced.

"First of all he went to the sheriff's," he proceeded. "*Ciel!* How surprised he was to see Le Docteur at his door. They had not spoken for three—five—nearly ten years, and now he scarcely knew what to do. Le Docteur spoke first—or rather, swore—and ordered the sheriff to cross the river to this very spot just after dark. He said he would have some rare game for him.

"*Bien.* In the evening, not long after the Angelus had rung, Le Docteur came to the place where we are now. He heard the June beetles buzzing in the grass, and the night-hawks screaming in the sky, and they made him furious, for he wanted to be quiet. He paced to and fro to drown the sounds. But even then he still heard the beetles, the birds, and the drip, drip, drip, of the spring above him. You know the yarn, don't you?"

He pointed up as he spoke to a damp spot on one of the large branches above our heads. I had heard of it before. A large branch had been gradually hollowed out by the gouge of decay, and was filled with the rain-water that trickled down

from the twigs and foliage. In some summers of abundant rains it had been known to retain its store until the last gentian had died in the late fall. There was a story—only a legend of simple folk—that three successive drops from it would make the sourest nature the sweetest, and the most tyrannical the most accommodating.

"About nine o'clock," Antoine went on with increasing swing, "a man stepped out of the darkness, and leaned against the elm trunk....so....silent. Le Docteur stood stock still and glared at him like a tiger. He looked and felt like a devil. Suddenly he stretched forward and opened his mouth to speak. *Diable!* He swore, and raved, and foamed. *Bien*, you know the Lachine Rapids, eh? Just like that. But the stranger stood without a word.

"'Francois....Francois....Francois Armand!!! You.... yes, a devil! Why do you come back to Ste. Aimée? Your move at checkers....you were the only one who could have made it! I knew you. Why? Why? Why have you come? You stole all that I had....I hate to speak her name before your face! Do you want to take all that I have left.... life?'

"The stranger shuffled uneasily. Le Docteur stopped, gasping for breath. When he spoke again his words were still fierce, but cool.

"'Nothing....but life!' he began again. 'And what is that to you? You see my clothes? My nose? My quarrels? *Voila*! They're my life. Ha, ha! If you take a life like that, what have you? And yet you made it thus. Yes, you!—You, when you took Dorothée away!'

"Armand was silent. This drove Le Docteur to fury. Perhaps the thought came to him that he made his own life. Perhaps—I don't know.

"'You' he screamed. 'You said you had more money, better chances than I. You told her that on that account she could never be happy with me. She was young....believed you....and went away with you. Only the night before we told one another beneath this very tree that when the spring ceased dripping, then our love would die.'

"Le Docteur's voice had become as soft as a baby's; not for long.

"'But,' he talked like a murderer now, cool and cruel—'now is the time for you to make amends to the law.... You shrink?.... Not to me, for the law does not deal with your sins to me. I look after the law, that's all. You stole some money from the post-office that you could take Dor——her away. They are looking for you yet!'

"The other moved guiltily as if to escape.

"'Too late!' Le Docteur shouted. 'The sheriff is waiting behind that bush yonder till I am ready. I'll call him, if you will.'

"'Sheriff! *Ici!* Here!'

"At first he thought that he had really called him, for Armand stood still in fear. But only his mind had spoken. His voice was choked, it seemed, by a slight tap on the head. Then he felt a little spot of coolness ooze through his hair. It was the first drop of the spring.... its first word.

"Then as if it was real, he saw his last meeting with Dorothée come before his eyes. He loved to see it, yet hated it. Why? I can't tell. And with the force that would close a gate in a canal lock, shut against it the eyelids of his soul....yes, mon Philippe, of his soul. In triumph he opened his mouth to call the officer.

"'Sheriff! Quick!'

"He wanted to cry this time, but could not. Another drop fell on his head. It went right through his skull, his brain, to his throat. He felt something coming on him that he hated, hated, hated! Then....*mon Dieu*, how he fought against it ....he saw a vision of himself standing beside Armand. He loathed the sight of his clothes, of himself....and of Armand too, for Armand seemed so afraid, so afraid of what might happen to....Le Docteur, that the name might not turn him to mercy, tore the vision from his eyes with a scream. He turned to call the sheriff.

"He made sure of it this time. He drew a deep breath of cool air, and, forced it out with all his strength. But at the same time a third drop fell. It did not altogether choke his

voice; but the sound was so feeble that the sheriff never heard it.

"Then it became so still that Le Docteur could hear his fists clench, and Armand's heart beat. Another vision was creeping on him, but his will was becoming weaker and weaker. He felt that he was as feeble as a child; so he let it come. He saw Dorothée getting the news of her husband's arrest; then trying to earn a living for herself and children. At last her hands begged alms from strangers....and from himself. He shuddered.

"He came to himself. His anger was gone. He knew he had a heart, for he felt it beat. This....this was the woman whom he had sworn to love till the spring failed. Had it failed? And his love....*Bien*, a strange decision took hold of him.

"'Sheriff!' he called clearly. Then he turned to Armand and said kindly, pointing towards the river's edge where a boat was drawn up: '*Allez*! Go back to Dorothée. Tell her that the spring has not yet failed.'

"The man disappeared, and the sheriff came, all in the same instant.

"'Have you the man?' he asked excitedly.

"'I have.'

"'Where is he?'

"'Here.' Le Docteur put his hand over his heart and smiled. But the other did not see it.

"'*Comment!* What! Where did you get the warrant?'

"'There.' Le Docteur pointed upwards to the spring. But I think that his finger missed its aim and pointed to heaven.

"Lui ya long temps que je t' aime.
Jamais je ne t' oublierai pas."

Old Antoine ceased his story and straightway began singing the snatch of "*A la Claire Fontaine.*"

I noticed that his eyes had filled with tears, and such a beautiful smile was on his face! He placed his hand over his heart and looked fondly at the fountain. These things made me forget to ask how the sheriff let his man go so easily. I said merely:

"Antoine, I never knew before that you were once cranky, I can hardly believe it."

"Come, come!" he replied brightly, looking at his watch, "we'll have to stop this talking, or else my *tabac* will never get hoed. *Au revoir*, Mon Philippe."

W. Sherwood Fox.

A PEEP AT THE OTHER HALF.

If it is true that one half of the world does not know how the other half lives, it is equally true that one half does not know how the other half *travels!* Those who have travelled only in their own country, or if abroad, under the care of an experienced traveller, have no idea of the interesting experiences of those who, through choice or necessity, are thrown on their own resources. Experiences which at the time are doubtless very trying, come to be in the course of time, a source of great amusement, to say nothing of the instruction which we gain thereby. Lytton wrote: "We gather the honey of wisdom from thorns, not from flowers," and so we may console ourselves that we have learned valuable lessons by our thorny experiences.

At home there is very little chance for "experiences," as almost everyone travels first class. But in Europe, as everyone knows, there are three classes to choose from, in Germany even four. There is a saying in Europe that only Americans and princes travel first class, but we venture to say that the number of Americans are increasing who are willing to forego the lonely grandeur of a first class compartment for the sake of seeing something of the people of the country through which they are travelling, or for the sake of the extra money which can be so well spent elsewhere.

I know a young man who found himself a few years ago in a small town in Germany, with very little ready money, though he had a letter of credit which in a large place would have relieved his embarrassment without delay. He had promised to meet a friend in a city several hours distant, and finally found

that his only way would be to take a fourth class ticket. Now a fourth class compartment is anything but luxurious; a narrow seat runs around the four sides, and if there are more passengers than the seats will accommodate, they must stand. Fortunately in this case, our friend had the compartment to himself (as it was night) until about day-break, when an old market-woman got on with her basket of vegetables, which she was taking to a neighboring town. At the station before the one where he expected to meet his friend, he got out and bought a second class ticket, arriving thus in state, much to the astonishment of his friend, who almost missed him altogether, because he was looking for him in a third class compartment!

A few evenings ago a number of us were comparing notes, and regaling one another with an account of our peculiar mishaps. I will give them to you in the order in which they were told. The only gentleman in the circle told us of his recent experiences, while making a tour of Italy with a friend. In making their ascent of Vesuvius they decided, for economical reasons, not to make use of the funicular railway, going all the way on foot. The descent was much easier, because the side of the cone is so steep that one must simply slide down, ploughing through ashes almost to the knees. The next day, though still sore with the unusual exertion, they took train for a northern city. If there had been a fourth class compartment, they doubtless would have taken it; they did the next best thing, however, and took third class. The compartment was so crowded that there was no room to stretch their tired limbs; at last, in desperation, M. R., a tall, broad-shouldered fellow, caught sight of the baggage rack which run along the side of the compartment, above the heads of the passengers. His American ingenuity suggested a plan; for suddenly, to the surprise of his friend M. B., he stood up, tried the strength of the rack, and then, to the amazement of all, he nimbly climbed into the rack and composed himself to sleep! Needless to say those below him found sleep more difficult, not knowing at what minute he might descend upon them.

Speaking of funicular railways, I am reminded of a good story I heard while making the ascent of Pilatus. A nervous woman,

who had made the ascent a few months before, had besieged the guard with questions regarding the safety of the road. He explained to her that even if one appliance should give way, there would still be others to keep the car from falling. But she was not satisfied and finally asked: "But if *all* should give way, what would happen?" The guard, whose patience was exhausted, said solemnly: "Madame, *that* would depend on your past life!"

To resume my story, on his return, M. B. took deck passage from Venice to another port on the Adriatic, from which he would get the steamer home. On the first steamer, meals were served for the deck-passengers who cared to pay extra for them, so on taking the second steamer, he did not lay in a store of provisions, expecting to find the same arrangement. For the first few hours all went well; the sea was calm, he had no disagreeable companions, and the scenery was delightful. As noon approached, however, his appetite returned, and finally he made his way to a steward, asking to buy something to eat. The steward asked for his ticket, and on finding that he had taken a deck-passage, said: "Oh, no, I can't give you anything; the deck-passengers always bring their own provisions." "But I have none—I am hungry, and I have money to pay for food." "It's against the rule of the ship, I can't do anything for you," was the discouraging reply, Then he went to one of the officers, and stated his position, but was answered in the same way; but when he was advised with a sarcastic smile to go to the captain, M. B. resolved to say no more, and returned to his place. Towards night the sensation of hunger became so intolerable that he decided to take a walk around the ship to distract his mind. In passing an open door he looked in, and saw a pile of freshly baked loaves. Going in he offered the baker a franc, and was given a lot of the new bread which he carried off without delay. He ate only half of it that night, thinking it wise to save the rest for the next day. It was well he did so, for he had nothing else to eat during the voyage, which lasted three days! Every time he went to the bakery, he either found the baker away, or was told that no bread had been baked, so for the last two days he was entirely without

food, and yet he had money enough in his pocket to pay for anything he had chosen. Needless to say, he will never again travel "deck" without laying in a sufficient stock of provisions!

The next to tell her harrowing tale was a young lady of rather expensive tastes, who described her sufferings a few years ago, in Rome, on finding herself out of money. She and her companion had not watched their expenditure as carefully as they should have done, and were suddenly dismayed to find their money all but gone. Fortunately their tickets were bought to their destination, but meantime what was to be done? Finally with great reluctance my friend decided to telegraph to her father, asking for the amount they decided to be necessary. The money came, but before it came they were already in debt to the hotel for carriages used in sight-seeing, as well as for their living, and so when they reached the port where they were to take the steamer, they were again almost penniless. They expected to be able to go aboard at once, but learned, to their dismay, that the steamer would not arrive till late in the evening. How were they to pass a day without money? Of course they couldn't go to a hotel—so after satisfying their hunger with a piece of bread which they bought with their remaining coin, they proceeded to walk about to "kill time." But it was weary work; and after walking till they were exhausted, they entered the reading-room of another steamship line, and asked permission to rest there. However, at six o'clock the reading-room was deserted by all but themselves, and they were ashamed to stay any longer. They finally took refuge on the doorstep of their steamship-office, and waited there till the steamer arrived. But their troubles were not yet at an end. They were told that, contrary to expectation, they must change steamers at a certain port, and when they expressed dismay, their informant said: "But that is very simple; the steamer will be there, and you will only have to hire a small boat to transfer you from one to the other!" Easier said than done! Where should they get money to pay the boatman? Finally, to their chagrin, they were obliged to go to the captain and explain their embarassing position; it is needless to say that he saw them safely on board the other steamer.

I have for years longed to describe an experience I had in Holland, on my return from a tour of Europe. With a friend I had left the party in Switzerland, planning to spend a week on the Rhine and in Holland before sailing for home. Our tickets were bought for us, coupons given us for the hotels, I knew enough German to make myself understood, and so there seemed no reasonable ground for mistakes. As long as we were in Germany all went well, but the moment we entered Holland, our troubles began. Shortly after crossing the boundary, we stopped at a small station where a guard came up and began talking to us in Dutch. For some reason we didn't fancy that his information was very important and so nodded as if we understood. However, he was not convinced, for he cut away and presently returned with another, who explained to us in English, that we must change cars at the next station. Humiliated as we were that he should have seen through our pretence, we were very glad of his information, and resolved to be more cautious in future.

At Rotterdam we were obliged to buy tickets for The Hague, which had been omitted from our route, and decided to get return tickets, as we were returning on the morning of the second day, to take our steamer. Before we had reached the platform, after buying our tickets, the train had started, but a guard saw our plight, and blew his whistle ; the train slowed up, a door was opened, and we were literally *bundled in*, bag and baggage ; the door was closed, and as the train began to move again, we had time to pick ourselves up, and to notice the efforts of our fellow passengers to suppress the smile, which our hasty entrance had called up. After a charming day at The Hague, where we had taken occasion to spend all our extra money, thinking that we would have no further use for it, we started on Wednesday morning for Rotterdam. At the station, a guard examined our tickets as usual, and then let us enter the train, but just as we were ready to leave, another guard came along, asked for our tickets, and after a moment's examination, said : "These tickets are useless." On asking the reason, I was told that return tickets were good for only two days including the day of purchase. Then I grew indignant, and asked why that

was not explained to me when I bought the tickets. "It is written on the ticket," said the guard, pointing to an inscription which might have meant anything. I asked: "Do you expect all travellers in Holland to understand Dutch? I asked for the tickets in German, showing that I did not understand Dutch, and so should have been given the information." But he only shrugged his shoulders and replied: "People who travel in a country should know the laws of the country." I saw there was nothing to be gained by argument and so said no more. At Rotterdam we were asked to follow our guard into the station, where we saw several grave looking men in a private office. The matter was explained to them, and in spite of our assurances that we had no intention of defrauding the railway company, we were not only charged the difference in the tickets but were fined three gulden each (about $1.25) for having attempted to use tickets which had expired. Indignant as we were, we were obliged to pay the money, our only comfort being that we had obtained the address of the directors of the road, and meant to relieve our minds by writing them a letter in the strongest Anglo-Saxon.

In this frame of mind we took a carriage and drove to the office of the Steamship Co., to get the baggage which had been sent on from Lucerne eight days before. Imagine our dismay on finding that it had not been heard of. As the steamer sailed in three hours, there was no chance that it would still arrive in time, so we were obliged to prepare to cross without it. We were not dressed for an ocean voyage, and after some debating, decided to see what we could get in the small shops near the harbor, rather than risk losing our steamer by returning to the better part of the city. At the time we were too troubled by our late experience with the Railway Company to enjoy that shopping expedition, but since then it has afforded us endless amusement. When we asked for stockings we were shown first huge affairs of coarse wool, made probably to wear with wooden shoes, and not inside the narrow pointed American shoes then in fashion. When we asked for something smaller, we were shown "Kinderhosen," and it was only after long search that we succeeded in finding anything we could wear. So it was with

everything we tried to get, and when finally our purchases were made, we had an assortment that would be of more value to a museum than in an ordinary wardrobe.

By this time our funds were nearly exhausted, so we were obliged to hunt for a very modest restaurant in which to satisfy our hunger. Our lunch consisted of black bread and butter, cheese and coffee. And I must confess that after a tour of several weeks, in which we had travelled in first-class carriages (it was our first tour—we never were so foolish again!) and stayed at first-class hotels (we had breakfasted that morning at the "Hôtel des Indes," at The Hague!) we found this rather plain fare! However, there was nothing to do but to make the most of the situation. I tried to console my companion by telling her that *some* day we would see the funny side of that day's mishaps, but she refused to be comforted.

Perhaps you will be interested to know that the directors of that railway saw the justice of our complaint, and refunded the money. It was a matter of immense satisfaction to us, I assure you! The lost baggage also followed us home, so it was a case of "all's well that ends well." When I reached home I gave away all the souvenirs I had bought in Holland, even the Delft placque I had intended for myself, declaring that I had no need of a "souvenir" to remind me of my short visit there! I wish I could say that I have never again got into trouble with the railway authorities, but I am compelled to admit that only two years later I had another "thorny" experience again in Holland.

On the main line between Berlin and Flushing, there is a small station called Rosendaal, where one changes to take the branch to Antwerp. On my return from Europe a few years ago, I decided to spend a day at Antwerp, and so bought a ticket to Berlin which read, however, not "Rosendaal-Antwerp," but Esschen-Antwerp, Esschen being the name of the first town within the Belgian frontier, about four miles from Rosendaal. After a day at Antwerp, I took the train again for Rosendaal. At the station, just before the train left, a guard came up to examine my ticket and said in French: "Are you going to Esschen?" I reasoned hastily that as my ticket read

"Antwerp-Esschen," there was no use in saying I was going elsewhere, and so answered "Yes." "Then," said he, "you won't need this ticket any longer," and walked away. When he was gone, I began to fear I had made a mistake, and when he passed that way again I asked him if he were sure I would not need the ticket again. "No, not if you are going to Esschen," was the answer, and before I could say more, he was gone. On reaching Esschen, the door was opened, and a Dutch guard asked me for my ticket. With sinking heart I told him I had none, and then, while he stared at me as if trying to account for such a strange occurrence, I tried to explain, in German, how the mistake had occurred. I showed him my through ticket to London which must make it clear that I had had a ticket to Rosendaal, but he only shrugged his shoulders, evidently refusing to be convinced. When we reached Rosendaal, he appeared at the door of my compartment and motioned me grimly to follow him. As we passed along the platform, I fancied that all eyes were upon me, curious to find out of what misdeed I had been guilty. We met several officials, and each time my escort entered into an elaborate explanation of my crime, at least, he appeared to be painting the picture in the darkest colors though as he spoke in Dutch, I could only guess at his meaning. I was asked several times for my explanation and it seemed to me that all the officials were disposed to be a little lenient towards one who was surely rather thoughtless than actually wicked. However he would not hear of leniency, and in the end, to his infinite satisfaction, I was required to pay for a 2nd class ticket from Esschen to Rosendaal, a matter of a little over a mark. Needless to say, I was relieved at the mildness of the sentence, and resolved that in future I would either avoid Holland altogether or see that the railway authorities had no ground for complaint against me. Their rules are like the laws of the Medes and Persians, they admit of no exceptions. One cannot but admire their honesty, but it has its inconveniences.

C. B. P.

A DAY'S VISIT TO THE ATLIN GLACIER.

Atlin Lake lies up near the north-west corner of British Columbia. It is very long and narrow, being about fifty miles in length, with an average width of three miles. The northern end of the lake is cut by the boundary line between British Columbia and the Yukon Territory, while at the southern end some of the arms of the great Llewellyn Glacier appear. The country surrounding the lake is mountainous, with low, broad, grassy and timbered valleys intervening; the tops of the mountains are rugged and bare and some are covered with snow all summer. Atlin City, the centre of the gold mining district, lies on the eastern side of the lake, about twenty miles from the southern end, and excursions by steamer are often run during the summer months to the glacier, the round trip taking just a day.

This glacier is one of the largest in Canada. It extends, in a southerly direction, right over to the sea coast, where it is seen at Juneau, a distance of about 70 miles, and it also extends for many miles in other directions. It sends three or four of its long arms down to Atlin Lake; these are seen at the ends of long bays at the south end of the lake, and it was up one of these long bays that we went to get to the foot of the glacier.

While we were working around the southern end of the lake, we thought that it would be interesting, as well as instructive, to spend a day in visiting this glacier. So, one morning, we struck camp and got into our canoe and started on our journey. In due time we came to the entrance of one of these bays, and, much to our amazement, found that it was completely filled with sand and gravel, the accumulation of years and years of stuff brought down by the glacier. This had the appearance of an immense river of sand, flowing down between steep rock banks from 400 to 500 feet in height, the bay being from five to six miles long by about one and a-half miles wide. We immediately saw that to go any further by water was impossible, so we landed and hauled up our canoe and put it in a place of safety under the shelter

of the steep rock bank. Then without further delay we set to work to get together something to take for a lunch, as we expected to be away all day. We did not have much difficulty in making a selection, as there was only bannock and cold bacon to take; so we each put two large and solid slices of bannock, varying from one to one and a-half inches in thickness, in our knapsacks, along with some bacon. Then a bright idea struck one of us, namely, that when admiring a glacier, a cup of hot tea would have a warming effect; so we took some tea along with us, also a tin pail and tin cups; these we put in the care of our man, who was bent on coming also.

Now we were ready to set out, and we thought that the best way to get to the glacier would be to follow the bay. We therefore started to walk and were surprised to find the walking very good, the sand being very hard and tightly packed. After walking for about three or four miles, we came to a wide, rapid stream, flowing down through the centre of this bay of sand, which proved to be one of the streams flowing from the base of the glacier, and naturally we came to this conclusion when we felt the water, which was extremely cold. Following the bank of this stream as far as we could, we came to a point where we saw that it would be necessary for us to cross over to the other side, as the river took a sudden turn to one side and then flowed for some distance along the base of the high rock bank, and if we continued along the side we were now on, it would take us up against this bank, and to go any further on that course would be impossible.

The problem then was, how to get across the stream; we could not jump, as it was about forty feet wide, and again, there were no trees to be had to make a sort of bridge, as all the trees were far up on the hills. We looked around to see if there were any other means of escape, but, alas! there were none; the only way out of the difficulty, or, to be accurate, over the difficulty, seemed to be wading. Now I think any ordinary individual would hesitate a long while before he ventured to wade across a glacial stream forty feet

wide, four feet deep, very rapid, with the bottom covered with stones. Well, we hesitated for quite a long time and were for giving it up, but on thinking the matter over again, we decided to go through, because we had come this far and were determined to go the rest of the way.

Having thus decided, we took off all our clothes, leaving our hats on, and then rolling our clothes up in as small a bundle as we could, we were ready to start across. But before doing so, each one of us solemnly walked to the water's edge and tested the coldness of the water by the usual method of inserting the large toe; much to our disgust we found that it was very much colder than we thought it was; but as we were in no condition now to retreat, having as I said only our hats on, we bravely took to the water. This wading performance was the worst thing I ever experienced, far worse than getting a gold filling put in a tooth. Holding your clothes above your head to keep them dry, endeavouring to keep your feet from being swept off the bottom by the swift current, and above all, enduring the terrible coldness of the water, was something worth remembering. It made your breath come a little quicker than usual, and what was worst of all was the fact that the more you tried to hurry, the slower you went. The water came up to just below our arms and was so intensely cold that it seemed to burn and scald us, giving a most peculiar feeling and not at all a pleasant one, something rather like the extreme of a vapour bath. However, after a good deal of hard work and necessary howling, we reached the other side, and then commenced such a series of gymnastics that it would be hard to describe them. It was really a very funny sight, three men, apparently in a demented condition, on a broad stretch of sand with a glacier in sight, going through these wild performances, the only visible sign of garments being hats.

When we were sufficiently thawed out and dry, we began to think of getting on the rest of our clothing, but just then we happened to notice that we were on a sort of island, between two branches of the stream, the other branch being fully half a mile away. We saw that it would be

necessary to repeat our last performance, and therefore we deferred putting on our clothes and proceeded to march across to the next fording place,—it was anything but a funeral march. When we arrived at the stream we found that it was not as bad as it appeared to be, and we had no difficulty in getting across, as it was narrower and very shallow. However, we got wet again and were still kept in a state of cold storage, but we were across the stream and at a spot near the shore of the sand-filled bay, quite close to the glacier, but we could not see the foot of it yet. After getting into the rest of our clothes, we found, on looking around, that by leaving this place and cutting across through a gorge in the adjacent mountain, we could reach the glacier sooner. This we did, and after struggling through heavy bush for a while, we came upon a very wide open space, where a lake had been originally, but which was now filled with sand, gravel and boulders, and there at the other side of this miniature desert, about a mile across, we saw the foot of the great glacier coming in like a huge tongue between two high mountains. It looked like a high wall of ice blocking the way, many hundreds of feet thick and about four miles wide where it shoved its way in between the mountains. But we could not stop long and admire it at this distance as we were anxious to get closer, so we "moved on."

On coming up to the foot of the glacier, we saw that it sloped down with an easy grade to the level of the sand plain, so we decided to climb up it. But before doing so we took a look around the base to see what we could see. Needless to say, we saw chiefly ice, with quantities of mud and stones which had been transported there by the glacier. On looking around some more, we saw where "that glacial stream" came out from a large cavity at the foot of the ice wall. This stream of course is caused by the melting of the ice, and is fed from numerous branches both from the inside and outside of the glacier; there are hundreds of these large streams and this was only one of them. The walking around this outlet of the stream was very treacherous, as there were large accumulations of fine mud, in which you would sink

clear out of sight, perhaps, if you were unfortunate enough to step in it; but we did not want to go out of sight just then, so we avoided any further investigation of this spot and started to climb up the slope. The climbing was rather easy as the surface of the ice was rough, and we were also assisted by the hob-nails in our boots; otherwise it would have been rather slippery work. As we climbed farther up, we began to see the character of the glacier. It was traversed in many directions by cracks and crevices, some narrow and some very wide, some of them going down to tremendous depths. In some places there were heaps and heaps of stones and also very large boulders strewn around, these being especially thick near the sides. These accumulations of gravel and stones are called "moraines."

The crevices gave us great difficulty in walking, as some of them were too wide to cross and we had to hunt around for some other way; but generally we could, by taking a good run, jump across them. This may have been a trifle risky, but anyway we did not stop to think of that. We invariably stopped, however, to look down these crevices, and it was by looking down them that we got a real idea of the beauty of the glacier. The ice is a perfect deep blue color, very clear and compact, and the deeper the crevice the bluer the ice seemed to be. The streams of water, too, which were to be seen dashing down these crevices from side to side, disappearing on one side into a grotto, then reappearing further down, only to vanish again in the other side, all seemed to be blue; this was due to the clearness of the water, the blue ice giving the water the apparent blue color. It was a wonderful sight, blue waterfalls and blue streams running in and out of blue ice, till finally they were lost to sight deep down in a blue haze. It looked like fairy-land, and needless to say we spent some time in looking down many of these, for each one seemed to be different from the others.

On lifting our heads from gazing downwards and taking a general look around when we were fairly up where we could see around to some advantage, we beheld a vast sea

of ice as far as the eye could reach, with here and there isolated, snow-covered mountain peaks rising out of the ice. It had the appearance of a large white ocean, and these isolated peaks looked like islands. As far as the eye could see it was nothing but ice and snow, broken here and there by crumbling ridges, where the ice had shoved up in passing over some hill or ridge on the rock floor far below. The ice was hundreds of feet thick, as may be readily conceived, when the peaks of some of the highest mountains in the district only appeared sticking up out of the ice a few hundred feet above the surface. It was a desolate looking scene, and yet it tempted one to keep on walking, walking farther out on it. But this temptation was not half as bad as the temptation for something to eat, for it was long past noon and we were reminded strongly of the fact since we had had an early breakfast. So with this glorious scene in view we struck back again for an adjacent mountain, and climbed up the side of it a few hundred feet to where there was a nice grassy spot, and where we could get some wood to make a fire to warm our feet and make the tea, which we had brought with us. Having got a good fire made and also some very fine tea brewed, we each one extracted our substantial lunch and "started in," and soon were very busy.

From this point on the mountain side we were enabled to get a better view of the glacier and the adjacent mountains, and the sight was truly magnificent. But what attracted our attention most, just at this point, was a small black object moving over the ice and evidently coming our way. As this dark object was some two miles away it was hard to tell what it was, but after it got closer, we were enabled, with the aid of our field-glasses, to discover the form of an enormous grizzly bear. I say "grizzly," because if it was not a "grizzly" it should have been one. The appearance of this friend-in-need rather changed the aspect of things, and we watched with interest its approach, which was necessarily slow, on account of the crevices and rough surface of the ice. When, however, it began to get closer, we retreated one hundred feet higher up the mountain side to an impregnable position, and there we

awaited results and the bear, being armed with a Mauser pistol, a geological hammer, and a pair of field-glasses, the last-mentioned weapon being very useful in making observations on the enemy's approach. After coming our way for some time, till he had now got pretty close, the bear suddenly took it into his head to head off in another direction, much to our regret, as we really wanted a bear-steak for dinner, or at least, wanted to talk about "wild animals we had met." Anyway, he had turned in another direction and we could not help it, so we fired a shot to scare him away the quicker. This had the desired effect, for he no sooner heard the shot than he gave a tremendous jump and ran as hard as his legs would carry him and was soon lost to sight around a corner.

As this thrilling encounter took such a long time, when it was over, it was time to be starting back again, so without any further hesitation we got down again to where we had had lunch and collected what there was left, and that was only the pail and cups, and started back for camp. We went back the same way as we had come, and in due time arrived at the place where the stream-fording had to be done. This chilling performance was this time made doubly pleasant, since a delightfully cool rain had set in just about the time we arrived there, and consequently we were wet this time all over,—outside, inside and every side. However, we got across all right and arrived after a while at the place where we had left our canoe, and had the pleasure of pitching camp in a nice rain-storm. When this was done, greater difficulties were encountered in getting a fire lit, but we succeeded after many attempts, and as we were now wet right through from the rain, we dried ourselves before the fire and cooked our dinner, and it was not very long till we had a good big meal ready. After this was finished we sat around and talked over the day's adventures, and very soon afterwards we rolled ourselves in our blankets and went to sleep, to dream of glaciers, bears, dinners and water-ices.

W. H. Boyd.

SHADOWS.

We wandered along life's sounding shore :
  Wandered together, my dearest.
We whispered of themes oft whispered before
As we fondly embraced by the echoing shore,
  In the hour when love's star shone clearest.

We gazed across the misty tide,
  We dreamily gazed and listened ;
But no curtain was raised from the farther side,
And no message rode o'er the sleeping tide,
  Though anon the horizon lights glistened.

But the glimmering stars of that far-away land
  Waned dim in the morn's swift passing :
'Twas enough that we should have hand in hand,
—The smiling Hours, the dreamy Strand—
  And we saw not the Tempest's massing.

A fateful glare through the storm-cloud cleft,
  Lit the swollen water's foaming—
And a pitiless sea my life bereft ;
For the deep soul-light thine eyes had left
  Ere the day had reached its gloaming.

So I wander on by Death's silent shore
  In the cloud of a lonely sorrow ;
While I ponder of themes oft pondered before,
And my heart leans out toward the echoless shore
  In the hope of a love-lit morrow.

And though ever I hear the moaning waves
  That broke on thy Destiny's shore ;
My ear knows the sound of the sea that laves
The eternal marge with his rhythmic waves,
  Where my hand shall hold thine once more.

H.

GARIBALDI.*

When Romulus ploughed round the outlines of the city he was about to found, he put up to Jupiter and to Mars the prayer: "May the duration of this city be eternal; may its sway be all-ruling; may the sun ever rise and set upon its dominions." On that sacred ground arose Rome, the Imperial City, the Empress of the world. But gradually a greater world sprang into being round about her and poured barbarian hordes upon her strongholds, crushing her power and striking from her head the imperial crown. Then followed years of clouds and bitterness. Still clinging to the idea of world-wide sway, Italians made alliance with foreign tyrants against their oppressors, conquered and forthwith became slaves of their allies.

Then was heard through Italy the voice of Petrarch: "No world-wide sway for the Eternal City. Italy alone, but Italy free and united." Accustomed to depend on foreign alliance, Italians trusted now to the sword of Republican France to free them, and trusted in vain. In vain did they watch and weep, plead and threaten, in vain did Italy pour out her blood and her treasure. Europe, disregarding pledges and promises and pleadings, parted her garments among foreigners and enemies, until at last, like a note of awakening, the thought rang from the Alps to Sicily, "Who would be free, himself must strike the blow. Away with the barbarians! Italy for Italians! Let Italy be free and independent." Of this idea the prophet and apostle was Mazzini, its champion, Giuseppe Garibaldi.

Italians felt their blood course faster at the thought of a United Italy. They were of Roman blood. Freedom was their birthright. They hoped for the future because of their glorious past. They had been the commonwealth of kings—the men of Rome. Simply the words, "I am a Roman citizen" had been enough to break chains, to open the doors of prisons, to secure praise, respect, honor. On their roll of fame were great generals like Fabius and Cæsar, splendid rulers like Augustus

*Prize oration at the Annual Oratorical Contest of the Literary and Scientific Society, February, 1901.

and Constantine, orators like Cicero, historians like Livy and Tacitus, poets like Vergil and Ovid, Horace and Lucretius, men whose names glitter like gems in the crown of Italian greatness. Italy had been the guardian of civilization, the shrine of learning and of art, the home of poetry and song, the mistress of the world.

But the day of Italian greatness and glory was gone. On the Capitoline Hill, the scene of the triumphs of Scipio and Cæsar, Romans now heard the clanking of the chains of servitude. What wonder that the descendants of the ancient Romans should view their former glory with aching heart! What wonder that the children of the "men of iron" should be restless in their bonds and look upon their oppressors with hatred and scorn!

Now, Europe, and especially England, viewing the land of dethroned glory, was saying: "How have Romans, the proud and the great, fallen!" Italy was misruled by half a dozen petty princes, writhing under the harsh tyranny of Austria and the Bourbons, distracted by the jealousies and disagreements of her own leaders, ground down and oppressed by a sensual, grasping, cowardly priesthood. As a result of the oppression and tyranny the people were listless, morose, suspicious and as they saw their chosen leaders again and again prove false while the iron heel of despotism ground them down still lower, they cried out in cynical sadness: "Who will show us any good?"

They were at last perfectly desperate, wishing to come together, fretting because they could not, looking with passionate yearning on their past, heart-sick of the present, dreaming fond dreams of the future. Amidst all the disappointments of repeated resolutions, the weariness of battles, the despair of ages, there still remained in the hearts of the Italians the longing for their lost birthright—the longing for liberty and unity. They had seen Chas. X. of France deposed. They began to compare notes, to count up wrongs, to question the rights of kings, to study how to be avenged, to be anxious for the future, and all these questions they found focussed and solved in the one issue—a united Italy. There were few grounds of common action but they were united in their common hatred of foreign

oppression, their scorn of Austrian arrogance and in their desire to be worthy to be called "Romans." To Europe they said: "We ask no assistance save from our own swords; but do not aid our enemies." To their princes they said: "We are determined to become a free and united nation, with you, if you will; without you, if you will not; against you, if you will oppose our efforts." To Mazzini they said: "Advise us;" to Garibaldi: "Lead us."

To survey the career of Giuseppe Garibaldi is to believe that the God of justice and freedom raised him up as the leader and champion of a people long unjustly enslaved. Italy had been for ages in the valley of the shadow. In the darkness of despair could be heard the patriot's voice, "Italy, what of the night?" and the answer,

> "Ah, child, child it is long,
> Moonbeam and starbeam and song
> Leave it dumb now and dark.
> Still, I perceive on the height,
> Eastward, not now very far,
> A song, too loud for the lark,
> A light too bright for a star."

It was the dawn of the day of freedom. At last! For this Italy had sighed and watched and hoped through a thousand years of sorrow and slavery. Out of such times of national need and despair spring heroes, out of the darkest hour of Italian need arose Garibaldi, chosen of God and anointed for the work of liberating the Eternal City from the hands of the barbarian.

Born in the pretty little village of Nice, lying like a pearl in the Gulf of Genoa, he early took to the sea. His parents had hoped to see him in one of the professions, but the freedom of the deep, its labors and constant changes, charmed him and instilled a dislike for study. In those days navigation was a dangerous business, and in the frequent encounters with pirate ships Garibaldi caught the spirit of the men around him and forgot to fear. He became hardy, brave, utterly fearless, and from this time forth consecrated himself to deeds of daring.

It was well that Garibaldi chose to sail around the seas, for in his travels he saw a great deal of the suffering of his country.

He was grieved and indignant that men of Roman blood should suffer so much and endure it so long. He saw that Italy was disheartened and disintegrated. He found that the outside world had thrown this sneer upon his country—that the spirit of the ancient Romans had departed from the earth and Italians were no longer capable of ruling themselves. At that moment he realized his mission. He decided to become the leader of his countrymen, to go down among them and live with them, to suffer and endure with them, to sympathize with and win them, and then, to drive back the barbarians of every nation to their dens, to fling back in the face of Europe the taunt thrown upon his country in her time of weakness, and, best of all, to unfurl in the eyes of the whole world the tricolor of a free and united Italy.

The brightness of the vision filled his soul, and his enthusiastic nature had no peace save when he was struggling towards his ideal. He endured persecution, imprisonment, torture, and even while yet a youth had gained large experience and a warm place in the hearts of the Italians. But his popularity and impulsiveness began to be a menace to those who were crushing his country, who had crossed the Alps to drink the tears of Italy's sorrow. He was banished, and with him, a hundred compatriots who would not leave their chief, sailed directly to South America and threw themselves unreservedly into the cause of the struggling South American republics. They were Argonauts of liberty, and whether in South America or in Italy they recognized the same cause and could not sheathe their swords. Still Garibaldi's hopes were in the homeland, and when the cry of need was borne across the sea from his heart came the quick response, " I come."

Many an Italian patriot had gazed longingly after the ship that bore Garibaldi from the land he loved, and thought that with his passing had again sunk the hope of Italy. But it was best that he should go away, although they knew it not. He was spared the weary years of intrigue and conspiracy through which Mazzini and his friends were compelled to pass. Garibaldi had not the heart for conspiracy, nor could he have endured the long, dull years of waiting. His energy and enthusiasm would

have thrown him, even alone, on the swords of the Austrians, and his ideal would have perished unrealized. As it was, he came back from South America, a hero, matured by a score of battles, free from the taint of intrigue and consecrated to one object and to one only—the redemption of his country.

Foreign oppression and arrogance had reached such a pitch that submission was no longer possible. Italians were determined to do or die, to be free or perish sword in hand. Victor Emanuel, King of Piedmont, had tacitly shown his approbation. To him they looked as king. And now at last there had returned to them, Garibaldi, the great director of their efforts. It seemed that all things were now ready. Without delay Garibaldi began to gather together the energies of his country. He seemed to have the ability to select the exact place where his presence would be of most power. Cavour said of him, "He is more than a general, he is a banner." Wherever he went men rallied round him. Officers and men who had served under him in South America came across the seas to fight again with him in the cause of freedom. In a few weeks he had toppled the crowns from the heads of three tyrants, and Parma, Modena, Tuscany were united with Piedmont under Victor Emanuel.

While on his way to Nice to arouse the people there, word came from Sicily asking him to help them against the Spanish tyrant. The Italian authorities did all in their power to hinder him—closed up the armouries, ordered the confiscation of ships lent to him, and, if any one could have been found sufficiently daring to undertake the task, would have arrested Garibaldi himself. After great difficulty and much threatening Garibaldi secured one thousand muskets and two ships, chose from the many volunteers only one thousand men, said to the others, "Do not let your sword touch its scabbard till all Italy be free," then with his thousand heroes, men of the Roman heart, he turned his face southwards, crossed the seas, passed through the Bourbon fleet, landed on the enemy's territory and marched to the mouth of their guns. He knew that there were in the islands 100,000 of the enemy's men while he had only one thousand, but he did not fear nor hesitate.

Twenty thousand trained Bourbon troops met him. The fight was fierce and deadly. At last the odds seemed too great and Bixio, chief of his staff, came close and whispered, "General, I fear we must retreat." Garibaldi started as though stung by a serpent, then said, "Never say that, Bixio. Here we *die*." Then turning to his thousand he said, "Brothers, I ask of you just one last desperate charge. For Italy and liberty! To the bayonet!" It looked like certain death. But there were no weak hearts or cowards there. Not a man flinched. Like the Highland brigade at Magersfontein, like the British squadrons at Balaclava, like the French Imperial Guard at Waterloo, like Roman cohorts at Carthage, like the Greek companies at Marathon, Garibaldi's noble thousand charged into the very jaws of death, and before that mad rush the Spanish army was seen to waver, bend, break, plunge, and Calatifimi was won. In twenty days Garibaldi freed the whole of Sicily, and while Europe was looking on in amazement he said simply, "It was the cause of Italy and freedom. We had to win."

Leaving the Island of the Vespers, Garibaldi crossed to Naples, gathered up the reins of government cast down by the terrified king and handed over two more provinces to Victor Emanuel. His ideal was liberty and unity. He was resolved to accept nothing else, nothing less. And Rome was still in bondage to priests and papacy. The voice of Mazzini, prophet of liberty, was heard saying: "Rome is the heart, the temple, the true, the only capital of Italy. Without Rome Italian unity is impossible;" Louis Napoleon, throwing his armed wall of troops around Rome, thundered at Garibaldi—"Thus far and no further. I will not yield Rome." Quailing in the grasp of Napoleon, Cavour, the first statesman of Italy, said weakly, "We must not invade Rome." Trembling on his throne now tottering to its fall the Pope raged, "You shall not get possession of Rome. You cannot." But Garibaldi's face was set towards Rome, and his thousand were around him and on their banner they read the words, "Rome or death." That banner was stained by his own blood at Aspromonte and by the blood of his bravest at Mentana. He strewed the pathway with the bones of the noblest and best of Italy, but still he marched

steadily on towards Rome until he had wrenched from the iron hand of tyrant and pope the title-deeds of Italian unity, crimsoned and sealed by the life-blood of thousands of her sons.

The words "defeat" and "retreat" had no place in his life. Almost single-handed he had aroused, inspired, led, freed his people and welded ten kingdoms into one Italy. While the heart of the entire people poured itself before him as their deliverer, he sought for no honor save that given him in the accomplishment of his purpose. When the wealth of a nation lay at his feet he reserved for himself scarcely enough to take him to his rock-girt home at Caprera. When Europe stood astonished at the miracle he had performed, when the people crowded to touch his garments and kiss the prints of his horse's feet, when they would have crowned him with glory and idolized him as a god, when one word would have made him Emperor of all Italy, he returned to the cultivation of his farm, satisfied that he was a free citizen in a free Italy.

In the midst of an age of mighty men Garibaldi stands alone—one great, heroic figure of the nineteenth century. Among all the imaginative heroes of Homer and Vergil there is not one so great as this modern Roman, in whose life is more of adventure than in the wildest romance, whose splendour of achievement dazzled the world and changed the face of Europe. With his eye fixed steadily upon the star of liberty, having sworn the oath of Hannibal against tyranny and oppression, he inspired a nation of slaves, a debased, degraded, demoralized multitude, with faith to follow him as with flashing sword he cleft their chains and led them to an elevation rivalling that of the most cultured and of the most free. Did priests threaten and condemn? He feared them not. They had condemned Rienzi too. Did kings rage and take counsel? He spake and their thrones trembled. Too consecrated to endure, too great to threaten, too enthusiastic to delay, wherever he saw oppression and tyranny he struck and struck to the death. Looking on at his rash expeditions, monarchs trembled and called him enthusiast, adventurer, conspirator, but when the Eternal City shone forth arrayed in the robes of freedom bought by his sword, over all Europe princes and peers and people united to honor his

purity of purpose, his high-souled bravery, his loftiness of aim, his noble patriotism. And when there shall be realized Tennyson's "golden dream,"

> "Of knowledge fusing class with class,
> Of civic hate no more to be,
> Of love to leaven all the mass,
> Till every soul be free;"

when liberty shall be crowned queen of every nation, of every fireside, of every heart, then men will seek out the lonely rock-girt, wave-washed island of Caprera to drop their garlands and their tears on the solitary grave of this uncrowned king of men, the champion of universal liberty, the Cincinattus of modern Rome, the last and greatest of the Romans, Giuseppe Garibaldi.

ALBERT E. HAYDON, '01.

THE EYELIDS OF THE MORNING.

Job 41 : 18.

When pale the darkling covers of the night,
Averse one stirs with sole desire to keep
The fleeing vision of sweet startled Sleep,
That lingers half and half withdraws the light;
The earth is wan, and stars are far and cold;
Why wake to toil, and pain that asketh why?—
To life's long question, aye without reply?—
Life,—like a gray blank wearying day unrolled.

Sudden the Morn his eyelids lifts anew,
Bright as the wings of drifting angels are;
Anew he laughs through all the rosy blue,
Anew his golden glances flings afar,
And in the light of those celestial eyes,
Life is a quick, magnificent surprise!

BLANCHE BISHOP.

SPOOKS—AN INCIDENT OF THE LAST CENTURY.

For every unusual phenomenom which came within his range, the ancient muser found an explanation quite sufficient and ever ready, just across the border line in that country, invisible but just as real to him as the one in which he lived and moved—the spirit world. We are in the habit of complimenting ourselves on the brilliant progress which our race has made along a path strewn with the withered garlands of one continuous triumph, and we are prone to mix a little mirthful pity in our thought of the poor barbarian ancestor of the long ago, whose most starless night was brilliant beside the illumination of his poor torpid mind. But occasionally—whether from the fact that ancestral features do sometimes recur, or as a slight rebuke to our inflated pride—occasionally now come circumstances when we are prone to refer our curious happenings to the spirit world, particularly when they come upon us under creepy circumstances, when the vaunted brightness of our understanding is not supplied by the natural brightness of the day, when the sun is wrapped within his tent and has forgot to snuff his candle and set out the sentinel stars. And when a modern bravo does betake himself to that first-found, most natural but unscientific subterfuge, he takes no middle course, but like the hunted wild goat which at a bound clears the chasm yawning a thousand feet below it, he leaps for his explanation straight into the arms of the arch-fiend himself, of the imaginary neighbour world, whereas his more experienced but less tutored ancestor of a thousand years would have been content to ascribe his disturbance to some smaller devil of the unseen brotherhood. Mayhap the reader will scout the very possibility of his ever doing so wicked and ludicrous a thing as to ascribe an impromptu pompadour to fear of the fellow with the hoofs and horns, but just the same, a neighbour in the same century with you did it, and it may sober us to remember that men are brothers and that "while this muddy vesture of decay doth grossly close us in" there are other things beside the music of the spheres that we can't just catch on to.

Sammy Plumtre was a product of the nineteenth century and was just as proud of his heritage and just as charitable toward the ancestral ages as any of us. Indeed, Sammy was a first-rate young fellow, and it is really too bad that he has to be a hero; but it happened anyway that he was thrown so closely into contact with the great chief stoker that he has ever since referred to him with much more of reserve than formerly, and indeed avoids all mention of the circumstances, though his friends occasionally call it to mind when they see in him any tendency to boasting or unseemly vanity which they think ought to be punctured in the bud.

The Plumtre Farm was on the edge of the village of Deans in Indian County, and to a stranger, the Plumtre farm house on the back street might have passed for the house of one of the villagers; the wagon and reaper near it, however, clearly indicated the premises of a farmer.

Farther back from the main street of the village and at a distance of about thirty rods from these outbuildings, a small stream ran across the field until it was lost in an area of boggy land grown up with tall rushes and swamp-willow, which on the higher land beyond gave place to the saplings and giant oaks and elms of a wide forest. At various places in the depths of the forest the swampy nature of the land recurred, and over these spots the long gaunt arms of the elms and the slender snaky branches of the willows seemed to stretch and sway themselves as if desirous of hiding in the slimy pools some grim secrets of the long ago, too gruesome to stand the light of day or brook the prying glances of too curious eyes.

Indeed, there were many things among those gnarled trunks and upturned roots to give color to the oft-repeated rumor that the woods was a favorite resort for spooks, and so many times had trivial occurrences been tortured into such outlandish stories, that there were sober-minded, well-balanced people who would just as soon be excused from wandering very much in those woods at night. This rumor, bravely ridiculed in daylight but secretly believed after dark by a good many people, was further strengthened by the fact that the field in the angle between the stream and the woods bore unmistakeable

signs of having at one time been the scene of a great Indian battle. There was scarcely a child in the village who had not found flint arrows and spear heads there, and Tony Bobbins, the shoemaker's son, had an arrowhead which he had found imbedded in the heart of a solid oak block, which innocent target it had struck when doubtless intended for one which would have shown greater deference to its presence. Tony was also the discoverer of another memorable relic of the great conflict. While playing one day with several other of the village boys his attention was attracted by a glistening object in the bank of the stream just below the surface of the water. On digging it up with a spade the boys found it to be the thigh bone of a skeleton; embedded in the earth within the crumbling ribs was thrust the rusty blade of a long knife. Elated by the ghastly discovery which they had made, the boys, with great self-importance, reported the affair in the village; from that time the spooks' theory rapidly gained adherents in the village caucuses.

A few days later it was reported that strange weird noises had been heard by Granny Cobbledick, who had been up all night with a sick baby, and the same night Silas Crabtree, coming in very late from tending a bush fire, was almost frightened out of his senses on hearing voices among the trees and having his hat picked from his head, while at the same time there was a terrific shout which Silas feels certain could have been uttered only by an Indian provided with full war paints and scalping knife. On hearing this story Granny Cobbledick affirmed that the shout was the very same as she had heard.

Things were getting decidedly panicky in Deans; the elders talked about the matter with a good deal of head shaking, and many a child's imagination was filled with awful Indian horrors as he repeated, "Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep," and many a quaking little heart was prone to comfort itself with this silent addition to the nursery prayer, "And please God, don't let the Indians get me." Poor persecuted, misunderstood, maltreated Indian; driven from all his choice hunting grounds, his bones aroused to shake again in

the ague of an unfriendly world, and not even credited with sufficient independence of spirit to scorn to locate his happy hunting ground in a place from which he had been driven by avaricious white-faced brothers. Shall we not at least be generous enough to let him enjoy the dread which his imagined presence creates, if perchance any of the news from Deans reaches him in the spirit-land across the great water, as around the festive board he and his friends together gnaw the phantom steaks of the sacred white dog's soul ?

Among the most outspoken of those who ridiculed the spooks' theory was Sammy Plumtre; but it was believed by many of his friends that Sammy's bravery was mostly in his tongue and that he would be as brisk as any of them to show the white feather if circumstances demanded it : the occasion came.

Next to the Plumtre Farm, across the creek and next to the haunted field, was the farm of Maxime Ribaud, and the Ribaud farmhouse was fully a mile away from the village. Just at the beginning of harvest time it chanced that one evening Sammy Plumtre had gone on an errand to neighbour Ribaud's, and owing to discussion of various things of interest to all farmers, particularly when the crop prospects of the season were in daily review, he prolonged his visit until the twilight of the summer evening had darkened into the gloom of night. A solitary mile through the field at midnight is of small account if there are neither spiritual nor material obstacles in the way, and may be rather enjoyable to a sentimental mind if there is the slightest stimulus to that faculty. Sammy was of that turn of mind, and the stimulus came, but unfortunately it was not of a kind to add any pleasantness to his journey.

On his right stretched the murky forest, hardly discernible in the gloom except when its branches slid across the great red ball of the moon just emerging on the horizon. Occasionally a beam of its light flashing on a patch of the dark water in the forest depths found a path through the underbrush to his eye. Away above his head some voyager of the midnight gloom wheeled its weird flight towards the forest, while the slight breeze sighing fitfully through the tall dead grass at his feet

seemed to answer the mournful cry. In the distance ahead of him one dim light indicated the end of his journey, while away to the left two noisy dogs answered each other through the darkness. As a vivid background to all these circumstances in Sammy's consciousness was the fact that the ground on which he trod was once slippery with Indian blood, that perhaps their tortured spirits still raced on phantom steeds through the dark spaces around and above him.

The feeling that devils were around him in some form or other became irresistible, when, stumbling over a stone in his path, he was forcibly reminded of the occasion when digging in that very field he had turned up an Indian tomahawk embedded in a clod which was undoubtedly the remains of a human skull. The thought made him shudder, and the perspiration stood out on his forehead as it occurred to him how frequently he had ridiculed the existence of those spirits which were doubtless at that very moment careering about his head, and he scarcely dared set one foot beyond the other lest the disturbance should unleash on him a legion of the howling demons, whose wings he fancied beating the thick air around him.

He drew his handkerchief to wipe the clammy dew from his forehead, advanced a few more halting steps until his heart fairly thundered at his ribs; his hat slid from his head as if lifted by some phantom hand; then Sammy closed his eyes to the consequences and summoning all the energy that remained in his trembling limbs he started to run towards the place from which the dim light had just disappeared. Scarcely a dozen steps had he taken when he struck against some object and fell into two arms apparently outstretched to receive him. These grasped him fast around the body, and falling forward half dazed with fright he was lifted from the ground as if in the arms of a giant, and his captor started to run with him towards the forest. Ages seemed to pass in that brief moment in which he felt himself jolting on, on, in awful darkness. Then the grip seemed to relax as his captor took a leap as if to launch himself into the realms of air. In another instant Sammy felt himself going down, down, till he was plunged into a dungeon of slimy mud and water.

Here he lay for some time not daring to move, almost forgetting to breathe ; but his scattered faculties gradually resumed their functions and piecing together the bits of memory which ventured back into consciousness he finally concluded that he was lying in a stream which ran across the haunted field behind the village of Deans. The devil's clattering steps had long since died away in the distance, the whole affair was like a confused dream ; two dogs in the village were engaged in winding up a neighbour's estate, the light streamed again from the Plumtre window and over the edge of the forest the moon shone clear and full. Sammy picked himself up from his uncomfortable position, rubbed his bruised limbs, felt around for his hat, but failing to get his hand upon it made the best of his way home without it, an avowed convert to the spooks' theory, resolved never again to speak disrespectfully of the devil or ridicule the presence of his emissaries in the forest of Deans. His story produced a state of extreme consternation in the Plumtre household, the lamp burned on all night in the window, and plans were even discussed for getting rid of the accursed farm at any price and fleeing the neighborhood altogether.

But with the return of day, steady and calm as ever, the panic of the hours of darkness gave place to the old time confidence in nature and natural things. The Plumtres are still the occupants of the haunted farm. A few days after the catastrophe a hat was found a few rods from the creek and the place where Sammy had fallen into the mud was plainly visible, but the only other light that was ever obtained on his nocturnal adventure was the fact that next morning old long-horned Betsy came up with the rest of the herd from the pasture with a handkerchief firmly impaled on one of her hookers, but seemingly as oblivious of the decoration as of the fact that she had during the night successfully impersonated the devil, and almost caused a slump in the real estate market in the village of Deans, in Indian County.

A. W. Caius.

Book Reviews.

HISTORY OF ENGLISH COMMERCE AND INDUSTRY.*

The object of this book is to give a brief account of the commercial and industrial development of England from the earliest times to the reign of Queen Victoria. The author makes no pretence to originality; but freely acknowledges his indebtedness to the larger works of Ashley and Cunningham. The book is conveniently arranged and well adapted to use as a text-book.

A. H. N.

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†CANADA UNDER BRITISH RULE.

This volume is one of a series which is being published under the general editorship of Dr. G. W. Prothero, the distinguished English historical scholar. Much of the ground covered has been previously traversed in the author's well-known books on Canada. Dr. Bourinot is *facile princeps* among students of Canadian history, and the present book is one of his best. It contains a portrait of the author and eight valuable maps, one of which fully illustrates the boundary dispute between Canada and the United States. An appendix gives an interesting comparison between the constitutions of the Dominion of Canada and the Australian Commonwealth. A. H. N.

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*"A Short History of English Commerce and Industry," by L. L. Price, Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford. London: Edward Arnold, 1900.

† "Canada under British Rule, 1760-1900," by Sir John G. Bourinot. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company, 1901.

College News.

AROUND THE HALL.

EDITOR: C. C. SINCLAIR, '02.

WE had a pleasant visit from "Tommy" Atkins, of Bracebridge, this month, a former student of Woodstock College and also of this University.

LECTURES closed April 2nd, and until April 17th, when the examinations commence, the students will not indulge in many works outside of their books. The examinations are finished on Friday, May 3rd.

"THE MAN BEHIND THE MON'" is the latest parody to the song entitled, "The Man Behind the Gun." It was composed by the new secretary-treasurer of the Athletic Association.

A CUT of our champion debaters appeared in the Saturday edition of the Globe, April 6th, along with a cut of the officers of the Intercollege Debating Union for the season 1900-01.

IT is with much regret that we chronicle the serious illness of Mr. J. Hawkins. For the past month or so he has been in ill-health, and as a result pneumonia set in and he was ordered to go home by his attending physician to recuperate.

THOMAS BONE, the Welland Canal missionary, paid us his annual visit on March the nineteenth. Mr. Bone, in his own inimitable way, delivered an excellent message and described his work among the sailors. We always look forward to his visits and greatly admire his earnestness, originality and spiritual force. He is typically Scotch, and his words and personality will always live in the memory of the boys.

THE MONTHLY Board for next year will be comprised of the following: Assistant-Editor, Mr. A. T. McNeill; Business Manager, Mr. T. E. Meldrum; Advertising Department, Mr. A. L. Branch; Subscription Department, Mr. R. A. F. McDonald; Editor of "Around the Hall," Mr. R. V. Bellamy; Editor of "Here and There," Mr. R. C. Matthews; Editor of "Our Graduates," Mr. Henry Proctor; Reportorial Staff, Misses Norton and Munro, Messrs. D. Alexander, R. E. Sayles, E. J. Tarr, S. M. McLay and F. C. Mabee. With this efficient staff the high standard of the MONTHLY is sure to be maintained, and a prosperous year is anticipated.

THE annual meeting of the Athletic Association was held, The Secretary read his annual report, which showed that the financial standing of the Association was in a very satisfactory condition. A communication was read from the Canada Cycle and Motor Company, offering to donate a prize to be competed for in our Field Day athletics. A motion was passed to the effect that for the untiring efforts of E. J. Tarr, Secretary of the Association, the gratitude of the Association should be recorded. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Hon. Pres., Dr. Newman; President, E. J. Zavitz, '03; Vice-Pres., M. S. McArthur, '04; Secretary, R. V. Bellamy, '02; Auditors, L. C. Fraser, '03, and R. A. F. McDonald, '04. It was resolved that Messrs. Zavitz and W. E. Robertson, B.A., together with three members of the Faculty, act as an Athletic Board. A resolution was passed to the effect that the captains of both the foot-ball and hockey teams be representatives of the Athletic Executive Committee in place of the managers.

ON March 8th, the Literary Society held its annual meeting for the election of officers for the year 1901-02. The President made a very interesting address on the work of the year just closing. The state of affairs when the work of the year had been begun was reviewed, the changes and innovations that had been made during the year were outlined, and the results of the year's work briefly and concisely summed up. Miss Sangster then gave a vocal solo, which was much enjoyed. She kindly responded to the loud and prolonged applause by singing another very delightful song. The elections were then proceeded with; considerable enthusiasm was manifested, especially in the case of the presidency. Mr. H. S. Arkell was elected to this office. On taking the chair Mr. Arkell, in a very neat and bright speech, thanked the Society for his nomination and election and spoke in optimistic terms of the work of the ensuing year. The following officers will assist Mr. Arkell on his Executive Committee: 1st Vice-President, Mr. P. A. McDiarmid; 2nd Vice-President, Miss G. N. Wallace; Recording-Secretary, Mr. C. C. Sinclair; Corresponding Secretary, Mr. D. L. McLaurin; Treasurer, Mr. J. L. Mitchener; Curator, Mr. A. L. Huddleston; Secretary of Committee, Mr. V. A. Ray. During the proceedings the newly elected Vice-President, Mr. P. A. McDiarmid, gave an interesting pithy address, and an instrumental trio by Miss Blackadar and Messrs. Blackadar and Bowyer was also rendered.

THE Fyfe Missionary Society met on the 21st ult., the attendance being quite up to the average despite nearness to examinations. Encouraging reports were heard from Western Road Mission, Queen Street, Taylor Street and Royce Avenue, after which three well-prepared papers were given by Misses Iler, Norton and Munro. On account of Miss Iler's absence, her paper on "Missions to Lepers in India," was read by Miss Sanders. It dealt with the origin of the work in 1869, through the instrumentality of Mr. W. E. Bailey, an English

man, who investigated the needs of lepers, and published a tract on their condition. This, in 1878, led to a definite organization, and now there are no less than twenty-one different societies in operation. As to our own work the writer mentioned the tireless efforts of Miss B. Hatch on behalf of the Telugus. She enlisted the sympathy of Mrs. Kellog, who generously gave $2,000 for the erection of a building for lepers. The house is not yet completed, but when ready it will accommodate thirty-six patients, and will be the only house of its kind in a large leprous settlement. The next paper was read by Miss J. M. Norton, on "The Condition of Native Women in India." It dealt with the degraded condition of the women, their want of personal freedom, lack of means of knowledge, and their general enslavement to men and forms of heathenism. The Zenana itself was a thing of custom. Still changes are setting in and a day of general emancipation is in sight. The third paper was delivered by Miss B. Munro, on the "Work of the Lady Missionary in India." Ignorance of the women was the great obstacle to be overcome, but the organizing of schools had wrought wonders. This work began in Calcutta under the direction of Miss Cook, and there are now thousands of such schools doing good work. The training and teaching of native women was another important move. There are now over seven hundred such workers in the field. Progress seemed slow but great spiritual forces were at work, and in the near future we would see the womanhood of India saved and lifted above the blight and night of heathenism. All three papers were much appreciated by the Society. In the afternoon session we were favored with an address from Rev. W. W. Weeks, on "The Revelation of Christ to His Disciples and the Foundation and Equipment for Effective Work." The following points were dealt with: Christ revealed His own wounds as the ground of peace; His sufferings and His will as the incentive for service; and His resurrection power as the guarantee of success in work. In sending them forth He breathed on them the Holy Spirit, and when they preached they declared the Word of God. We, too, need personal touch with Christ. The address was well suited to students, strong, inspiring and well packed with apt illustration. The College Quartette sang at both sessions with much acceptance, and the day spent in the study of missions and prayer for the world's evangelization, was helpful and conducive to greater enthusiasm in the work.

The Final Debate.—The future historian of the student life of our College will not be able to ignore the date, February 22nd, 1901. If he does, it will not be with impunity, for we shall not read his history. That day will long be remembered by us, for on it, in the beautiful hall of the Toronto Conservatory of Music, McMaster's debaters demonstrated their right to the title of "Champions of the Inter-College Debating Union, 1900-1901." We had already emerged from two struggles with the victor's laurel, and our hopes ran high that this was but an augury of a third success. There was "method in our madness" too, for that veteran of the wars, A. B. Cohoe, B.A., and

J. D. McLachlan, B.A., endowed with Scotch tenacity of purpose, were to do battle for us. Their opponents were Messrs. R. M. Millman, B.A., and T. H. Cotton, B.A., of Wycliffe College, and right worthy foemen did they prove. The judges, in whose hands the fateful decision lay, were Messrs. A. T. DeLury, P. W. Ellis and James Bain.

The President of the Union, Mr. E. P. S. Spencer, M.A., (Trinity), occupied the chair, and welcomed the large audience. The Annual Report of the Secretary was presented by Mr. R. B. Patterson, B.A., (Wycliffe), and showed the Union to be steadily gaining ground and to give promise of a large future. The Union was fortunate in securing the services of Misses Jean Crozier and Ethel Webster, who contributed in no small measure to the excellence of the programme. McMaster's representatives contended, "That a single tax on land would be preferable to the present system of taxation in Canada," while the men from Wycliffe made strenuous efforts to negative the proposition. The arguments on both sides were keen and the speaking admirable. Indeed, the contest was so even that not only the judges, but also the audience, found difficulty in reaching a decision. Gradually, however, the cogency of the reasoning of the men of the "northern zone" of our educational sphere had its effect, and when, after a most anxious period of waiting the decision came, it was in favor of McMaster.

The scene which followed beggars description. McMaster's "boys" who, ably assisted by "Aaron's" stentorian voice, had made their presence felt, broke loose, and cheer after cheer told how popular was the verdict. Then we all went home (?), except the six debaters, who were entertained by Dr. and Mrs. Newman, at their residence. They went home later, murmuring,

> "For things like these, you know, must be
> After a famous victory."

OUR GRADUATES.

Rev. J. S. LaFlair, Theology, '00, of Drumbo, has received a call to the First Baptist Church in Galt.

Rev. L. Brown, M.A., of the Class of '96, of Grimsby, has accepted the pastorate of the Baptist church in Petrolea.

Rev. J. J. McNeil, B.A., '96, of the First Baptist Church, of Winnipeg, occupied the pulpit of Bloor St. Baptist Church here on Sunday evening, March 31st. He left the following afternoon for New York, *en route* for Australia.

MOULTON COLLEGE

EDITORS { MISS A. MCPHEDRAN
MISS M. A. YEIGH

ON Wednesday, April 3rd, Moulton closed for two weeks. Most of the students left Wednesday, but some remained until Thursday. After such a long rest they will return to work with redoubled zeal.

THE Women's Art League invited the girls who gave the tableaux, Joy, Sorrow, The Gleaners and the Four Seasons, to come to their exhibit in the Confederation Life Building and give again these tableaux. They did so on the evening of March 29th.

THE admiration of the Moulton girls for Mr. Eaton is an old story. He is one of the guests of Moulton who is always welcome. On March 27th, he led the chapel service and conducted our prayer-meeting April 2nd. His words at both meetings were most interesting and helpful.

THE fame of Moulton is wide spread. Have you heard of the concert at St. George, April 12th, given by nine of the students in aid of the new building fund? The programme consisted of vocal and instrumental music, readings, dialogue and tableaux, and was greatly appreciated.

IT is very much to be regretted that our chapel service is held at such an hour as to make it difficult for Chancellor Wallace to favor us with his presence. But knowing how hard it is for him to come we greatly appreciate it when he does have the opportunity. On Monday, March 25th, he led our service.

THE drawing-rooms of Moulton presented a very gala appearance on Friday and Saturday afternoons, the 22nd and 23rd of March, when the Faculty and Students were "At Home" to their friends. Many old and new friends of the college were seen among the number present. It has been said that at "At Homes" where there are only ladies, the noise of talking is much greater than when gentlemen are present; but from certain indications on the 22nd and 23rd, we might suggest that the gentlemen can do their full share of that which constitutes a successful "At Home," namely, as Oliver Wendell Holmes expresses it, "Giggle, gabble, gobble and get."

THE intense zeal of the McMaster students for their new chapel sinks into oblivion when compared with the interest of the Moulton girls in their long anticipated gymnasium. This interest has, since its earliest existence, been of a practical nature and on the 30th of

March, a concert, given in the Sunday School hall of the Walmer Road Church, added a nice little sum to the amount already received. The schoolroom, which has a seating capacity of about six hundred people, was almost filled. An excellent programme was provided by the young ladies under the direction of Mrs. Arnton and Mr. Vogt. Vocal and instrumental music, readings and physical culture drills constituted the programme, which was a great success.

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.*

The work of the College has been hindered somewhat on account of the enforced closing, due to the epidemic of scarlet fever that appeared in March. Fortunately the cases that appeared were of the mildest sort, yet there was nothing to prevent the disease spreading throughout the entire student body. The Medical Health Officer considered it in the best interests not only of the College but also of the town, that the College should be closed. Under his supervision the buildings have been thoroughly disinfected, the most approved apparatus having been used by those who had charge of the work, so that there is no danger of the disease again breaking out in our midst. The attendance will not be as large as last term of course, for many of those whose homes are at a distance cannot reasonably be expected to return ; yet the prospects for completing a successful college year are encouraging.

We are indebted to the Rev. C. Shaw, of Old St. Paul's Church, for his excellent address at our service in the chapel on the day of prayer for colleges.

The graduating class has organized. Those chosen to represent the year in the various offices are : Hon. President, Mr. Teakles ; President, W. E. Matthews ; Vice-President, W. J. Smither ; Secretary-Treasurer, J. B. McArthur ; Valedictorian, F. S. Beddow ; Bard, W. J. Grigg.

Our old friend Mr. Bone, was with us again this year and spoke at our prayer meeting. He is always popular with the boys and they are always ready to listen to him. In spite of his burden of years he is bright, and has lost none of that wit peculiar to himself. At the close of his address a collection for the needs of his missionary enterprises was taken up.

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*Owing to the enforced closing of the College the news from Woodstock has not been published for two months.

THE Excelsior Society showed its enterprise and originality by having an oyster supper on Friday evening, Feb. 22nd. The members met in the dining-room and at the conclusion of the banquet the following toasts were honoured: "The King," proposed by W. Raithby (President) and responded to by the hearty singing of "The National Anthem" by all present. "Canada" by C. E. Moyle, replied to by H. S. Coulter. "Our Friends to the South" by A. M. Overholt, M.A., answered by J. B. Whidden. "The Excelsior Society" by C. E. McDonald, response by C. B. Eaton. And "The Faculty" by D. J. McPhail, coupled with A. M. Overholt, M.A. The evening was a great success in every way and will, we are sure, be a help to all the work of the society.

PRINCIPAL MCCRIMMON'S Saturday Bible Class has completed the study of the scripture after Prof. Moulton's method. Many in the class feel that a new interest has been awakened in Bible study. Mr. McCrimmon is now taking up the parables of Christ, and although only a beginning has been made, much helpful Bible knowledge has been imparted.

OUR Judson Missionary meeting was notable this month on accound of the visit of Chancellor Wallace and his very interesting and instructive address on Hymnology. Very many expressions of appreciation have been since heard among the students regarding the address, and we look forward to a continuation of the subject by the Chancellor on some future occasion.

THE Literary Societies have been carrying on their work in a very satisfactory manner, and there seems to be an increasing interest in the meetings as the term advances. Several debates have been arranged in both societies much to the benefit of the speakers. That time-honored debate regarding the power of the pen and the sword, was again before the society. The pen found able exponents in K. Clarke and G. Stephens, while the sword was upheld by W. J. Smither and A. Grant. The critic, Mr. Teakles, gave decision in favor of the champions of the pen.

ON Friday evening, Feb. 18th, we enjoyed a lecture on "Kipling" delivered by Principal Rutherford, M.A., of Aylmer Collegiate Institute. A number of our friends from the town were present but owing to the unfavorable weather prevailing, the attendance was not as large as the excellence of the lecture deserved. Mr. Rutherford included the reading of several selections from the works of Kipling, and these extracts were evidently read with a keen and sympathetic appreciation of the true spirit of the author. At the close of the evening, many of us felt that much light had been thrown upon the writings of the remarkable man who in some respects seems to be a veritable problem in the literary world of our time.

Hockey has been greatly favored by a long stretch of cold weather and considering the disadvantages under which we labour in connection with our rink, we have had a very successful season. Since last report, two matches have been played with outside teams and though both games resulted against us, yet our team showed some good work. The first contest was between our "juniors" and the junior team of the Collegiate. The final score was 6-5, in favour of the Collegiate. Our team was as follows: H. Anderson, goal; Jones, point; Lawson, cover; Dexter, Peine, Simpson and Cain, forwards. C. McLurg of the Collegiate refereed in a most satisfactory manner. The other match was between our senior team and the local Y. M. C. A. The result was 5-4 in favour of the Y. M. C. A. If special mention may be made of any individual performers, perhaps McArthur, Stephens, Peine and Hunter played best on our side. The College team was as follows: Nickson, goal; Read, point; Stephens, cover; McArthur, Hunter, Peine, VanVelzer, forwards.

An inter-year series of basket ball matches has been entered upon and two games have now been played. Fourth Year v. third Year resulted in an easy win for the "fourth." Scores, 11-20. The teams were: *Fourth Year.*—McArthur (capt.), G. Stephens, Peine, Owen, H. Anderson. *Third Year.*—Bingham (capt.), E. J. Cohoe, E. A. White, A. Grant, Spence. The other match was between the second and first years and turned out to be a splendid game owing to the sides being so evenly matched. The score at the call of time stood 8-8, and it was decided to play five minutes extra each way to arrive at some more definite result if possible. At the end however the score remained unaltered, the points still standing 8-8. The teams were composed of the following members: *First Year.*—Younger (capt.), Armstrong, S. Clark, Keatley, VanVelzer. *Second Year.*—Raithby (capt.), McPhail, W. Stevenson, D. Kennedy, Craig.

GRANDE LIGNE.

Things are beginning to look as though the Institute was going to have a new wing before long. The yard is being filled with stone, and already stone-cutters are at work.

The many friends of Mr. J. Nicol, B.A., will be please dto hear that in helping to do justice to a birthday cake he was fortunate enough to select the piece that contained the ring. Everyone knows what that means.

The teachers and many of the old scholars of the Institute were pleased to have with them for a few days, Mr. F. W. Therrien, who was with us as a teacher last year.

With us the last week of February is always a time of more than usual interest, and this year it was no exception to the rule. On the 27th was held the annual conference of our missionaries at Feller Institute. Nearly all the workers within reasonable distance were present. The needs of several fields were discussed, and a strong recommendation was made to the Board that a new field be opened up at Shawinnigan Falls. This is a new manufacturing centre, and there seems to be a splendid opportunity for work there. It was also decided to employ several of the students during the summer months in colportage work. The question of canvassing for the New Wing was also urged upon those pastors who had not as yet undertaken this work on their own fields.

On the next day, February 28th, took place the Annual Meeting of the Students' Society. As usual our accommodation was taxed far beyond what was comfortable for both residents and visitors. It is certainly inspiring to the workers to see so many friends of the school gather from all directions, many of them driving many miles to attend these meetings. At such times the need of the New Wing is strongly emphasized, for our chapel, our dining-room and sleeping accommodation, prove all too small.

The retiring president, Rev. W. S. Bullock, in his address, expressed a fear that with our enlargement the character of the school might be changed. He urged that care be taken to preserve the French element in the school, and that the missionary purpose of the school should be kept prominent.

The financial statement of the Treasurer, Mr. A. E. Massé, showed that the students had already subscribed about $3,000 for the New Wing. Of this amount about $1,200 was already paid. He expected that these subscriptions would be increased by another $1,000. Greetings from Point Aux Trembles School and from the French Methodist Institute were brought by Mrs. C. E. Amaron of the former, and Miss Masten of the latter. The officers elected for the present year are: Pres., Rev. A. L. Therrien; 1st Vice-Pres., Jos. Auclair; 2nd Vice-Pres., Mrs. E. Roy; Secretary, J. Nicol; Treasurer, A. E. Massé; Assist.-Treas., E. Norman.

Here and There.

AFTER XAM.

Whisper lightly, breathe it lowly;
Speak it softly, sadly, slowly,
Let the soughing breeze caress it,
Let not silly freshman guess it,
Let no prattling Prof. e'er tell it,
Do not speak it, only spell it—
B-U-S-T-E-D-!

—*Emory Phœnix.*

The February number of *The Mitre*, the publication of the students of the University of Bishop's College, Lennoxville, P. Q., contains among other things an interesting sketch, entitled "The Cathedral Verger," and a poem by Frederick George Scott, the well-known poet. With regard to the former, our only regret is that it is so short: more might have been said concerning the idiosyncrasies of the quaint figures that, in memory at least, seem so essential a part of old-world cathedrals. We take pleasure in quoting Mr. Scott's poem:

EVENSONG IN THE WOODS.

Hush, let us say, "Our Father," in this wood,
And through bare boughs look up into the sky,
Where fleecy clouds on Autumn winds go by.
Here, by this fallen trunk, which long since stood
And praised the Lord and Giver of all good,
We'll sing "Magnificat." With curious eye,
A squirrel watches from a branch on high,
As though he too would join us if he could.
Now in our "Nunc Dimittis," soft and low,
Strange woodland voices mingle, one by one;
Dead songs of vanished birds, the sad increase
Of crumpled leaves on paths where rough winds go,
The deepening shades, the low October sun,—
"Lord, let thy servants now depart in peace."

Frederick George Scott, in *The Mitre*

The exchange editor of the *King's College Record* wonders why we do not have an exchange column. We have one, brother, though we call it "Here and There," and the editor thereof is always glad to see the light blue cover of the *Record*, with the cuts of the chapels and buildings of King's College. Happy the students who spend their undergraduate days amid such scenes as are there depicted.

The University of Virginia Magazine for March comes near to being an ideal college magazine. It contains sixty-four pages of reading matter, consisting of interesting stories, well-written literary articles, and college verse of excellent quality. The lines "To Poe" have something of the haunting tunefulness of the writer of "The Raven," and the metrical translation of "The Battle of Brunanburh" is a highly creditable piece of work. The various departments of the magazine are ably edited, the Exchange department, in particular, striking us as being one of the very best—perhaps the best—in all our exchanges. We are frequently indebted to it for poems clipped from college publications not on our exchange list.

The Acadia Athenæum calls The Monthly a "sober-minded journal" with a "monotonous literary drab," and recommends us to "slip from the polished groove of pulpit talk" and cut a "modest caper now and then." We fear there is some justice in the criticism, but is the *Athenæum* in a position to act as critic? We regret to say

that the articles appearing from month to month in our Wolfville exchange have not excited our interest in any large measure, but we have not thought it our duty to publish our opinions, taking it for granted, of course, that like ourselves its editors were doing their best under the many difficulties that beset editors of college papers. But a paper that in one issue devotes *eighteen* pages out of twenty-three to an inaugural address on Chemistry and Geology, and in another regales its reader with an article on "The Nature of Philosophy Defined in Terms of its Relation to Science and Religion," is hardly qualified in the self-same issues to complain of the "sober-mindedness" of an exchange. We have never thought the exceedingly cheap personal jokes printed under the heading of "Locals" in any way worthy of the traditions of Acadia, but we have kept our thoughts strictly to ourselves, fully recognizing that the editors of the *Athenæum* were the best judges of the taste of their fellow-students. As far as THE MONTHLY is concerned, we should be glad to publish more matter in a lighter vein, but lacking that we have thought it better to be sober than both sober and silly, and in this respect we do not care to change places with the *Athenæum.*

JOY AND SORROW.

Deep sorrow is the mind's dark night,
While joy is but its day—
But O how sweet the morning sun
When night has rolled away!

Yet day reveals one world to us,
While night looks down in love
And bids us see ten thousand worlds,
Swung out in space above.

—H. C. CARLISLE, in *Univ. of Virg. Mag.*

It is not easy to write a good spring poem, and perhaps most of the attempts result in anything but poetry. The following from the *New England Magazine* takes our fancy as being a fresh poetic rendering of the beginnings of Spring:

THE FIRST NEWS.

The willows whispered to the maplewood
In secrecy a hint of health and hue;
And in a night the glens and all their crew,
Roused by a rumor, smiled and understood.

The swamp-folk nodded each to each; the brooks
Prattled incessantly their bit of news;
The bracken roots beneath the frozen dews
Stirred with a knowledge never found in books.

Unknown to all the legions of the cold,
The silent chiefs of clans in knoll and dell
Sped the brave tidings on through wood and fell,
And freed the tiny people of the wold.

There was an unseen going to and fro,
An unconsidered rising far and near,
Hid by the friendly leaves of yesteryear,
Deep down beneath the sleeping hosts of snow.

—*By* FRANK WALCOTT HUTT.

THE

McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY

MAY, 1901.

SONG-WAVES.*

" Man's highest word, as God's above,
The golden word of words, is love;
Its whisper is the soul's one rapture,
Its voice the voice of the brooding dove."

The key-word to this little volume is Love. Only a man of affectionate nature, dowered with a poetic imagination and gift of expression, could have wrought the poems herein contained. The effect of this dominant note is heightened by the maturity of the writer, for this is not the first volume of an impassioned youth, sighing like a furnace, but the expression of a passion, deep, true and life-long, by a man whose years had been crowded with labor among his fellows and crowned with their honor and esteem.

The Love that created these verses is three-fold, love of wife, love of nature, love of Christ, an inextricably interwoven strand; binding all three together on his heart. His love of nature is deeper for the association of his wife with nature's various moods; Christ is dearer to him, because he sees Christ in nature and because by the shore of the ocean he and his wife had talked of God and man and destiny. The dedication beautifully interblends these loves:

TO EMELINE.

I would enshrine in silvern song
The charm that bore our souls along,
As in the sun-flushed days of summer
We felt the pulsings of nature's throng;

When flecks of foam of flying spray
Smote white the red sun's torrid ray,
Or wimpling fogs toyed with the mountain,—
Aërial spirits of dew at play;

* Song-Waves and other Poems. Theodore H. Rand, D.C.L. Toronto: William Briggs.

When hovering stars, poised in the blue,
Came down and ever closer drew;
Or, in the autumn air astringent,
Glimmered the pearls of the moonlit dew.

We talked of bird and flower and tree,
Of God and man and destiny,
The years are wise though days be foolish,
We said, as swung to its goal the sea.

Our spirits knew keen fellowship
Of light and shadow, heart and lip;
The veil of Mâyâ grew transparent,
And hidden things came within our grip.

And then we sang: "In Arcady
All hearts are born, thus happy-free,
Till film of sin shuts out the Vision
That is, and was, and that is to be."

Thus wrought the Seen-Unseen the spell
To which our spirits rose and fell.
As drops of dew throb with the ocean,
We felt ourselves of His tidal swell.

"Nature's enchantment is of Love,—
Goodness, and truth, and beauty wove;
In Him all things do hold together,
And onward, upward to Him they move."

And as we spake the full moon came,
A splendid globe in silver flame,
From out the dusky waste of waters,
Reposeful sped by His mighty name.

Sweetheart, I dedicate to thee
These Song-Waves from life's voiceful sea.
They ebb and flow with swift occasion,
Bearing rich freight, and perhaps debris.

Each murmuring low its song apart
May hint a symphony of art,
Since under all, within, and over,
Is diapason of Love's great heart.

For thee, as on the bridal day,
(Sweet our November as the May!)
Are joined in one our high communings;
So take them, dear, as thine own, I pray.

The major poem, Song-Waves, consists of 78 three-stanza sections. The stanza-form is unusual, the stanza being composed of four iambic tetrameters, the first, second and fourth rhyming, and the third being hypermetric. The third line gives a peculiar effect, as of prolonging the thought and then falling back into the fourth line. It seems as if the poet wished to give the effect of waves rolling in, gathering force as they

advanced, lifting themselves up to a crest, breaking, and falling back. The beauty of this metrical effect increases with the re-reading of the poem.

It will not be possible to analyze the poem in any detail. The spirit running through it is a passion for nature in her moods of storm and calm, in all the various aspects she presents to one who has loved her through life, and who could say :

> " Here, when a child, I used to lie
> For hours, and watch the clouds go by,
> See the black shadows climb the mountain,
> Or safely ride on billowy rye."

Sunrise and sunset, the sea " breathing soft its shining waters," or " unhewn strength in mighty play," the zigzag lightning, " the mirror'd silence of a pool," the grass, " ever God finger-spired," the " golden robin skyey-nested," the shimmering rill, the trees of God, " the rose red as its name," these and many more phases of nature constitute the warp of the poem, while woven into and through it all is the great thought that Christ gathers them all up into Himself; in Him all things consist. The nature love may be seen from the following passages, the first a study of a flower, the second a study of the function of beauty in nature, and the third an enthusiastic expression of an intense love for nature :

> Pure lily, open on the breast
> Of toiling waters' much unrest,
> Thy simple soul mounts up in worship
> Like ecstacy of a spirit blest!
>
> Thy wealth of ivory and gold,
> All that thou hast, thou dost unfold!
> Fixed in the unseen thy life breathes upward
> A heavenly essence from out earth's mould.
>
> Now comes the chill and dusk of night,—
> Folds up thy precious gold and white!
> Thy casket sinks within veiled bosom,
> To ope the richer in morrow's light.

> With lathe of viewless hyaline,
> She shapes the shell and scale and fin,
> Dropping unseen her pearls of moonlight,
> And blushes all as her kith and kin.
>
> Distaff of light is in her hand,
> From which she spins the lily, and
> The sendal robes of field and forest,
> With dewy odors in every strand.

And from her snow-white palette's dyes
She paints the peacock's hundred eyes,
  The robin's egg, the apple blossom,
And domes the world with her sapphire skies.

Never before has my ear heard
A sweeter music, passion stirred,
  Nor depth and purity so azurn,
Of breathing dawn and morning bird.

She comes, in heyday of her blood,
Over the groves and waiting flood!
  The air is vital with her presence,
And banners wave from the woodbine's bud.

Æolian sylphs touch soft their lutes,
Brooks tinkle, tinkle past the roots,
  As Beauty, hidden in the cover,
Fingers the stops of her melting flutes.

A beautiful expression of the Christ love is here given:

As turns my heart its crimson leaves,
And life's own diary freshly weaves,
  I see the pages glow intenser.
A wondrous story my bosom heaves.

Beneath the careless lines there writ
Appear in beauty, clear, sunlit,
  Mysterious Love's own tender story,
How this poor heart to His own was knit.

Mine, mine, while moons the waters move!
Mine, while Heaven lasts, and Love is Love!
  Methinks He hid this sweet love favor
That I might find it—my treasure-trove.

The poem is not silent on the ethical teaching of nature both for the individual and society. That love is the only solution of the problems of humanity is voiced in the sections, "O patriot, ruler, leader, great," and "Love's inspirations of the lyre, upsway the heart's intense desire," and in the following lines:

The sovereign law of human life
That Love ordained for man and wife,
  For homes whence stream the generations
To joyous service and not to strife—

This law gives rest and labor fit,
God's air on surface and in pit,
  Wealth for the soul, and mind, and body,
And fellowship with the race, close-knit.

O golden year, when law and life
Incorporate are, as man and wife,
And wingëd hosts of light are saying:
"Peace and goodwill on the earth are rife!"

The other poems are The Whitethroat, Summer, Glory-Roses, The Wind, The Crystal Spring, Ay Me, The Years, The Note of Nature, At the Ford, Repose. Several, if not all, of these have appeared in the McMaster Monthly, or the *Treasury of Canadian Verse.* The Crystal Spring is the longest and most carefully worked-out poem, while The Note of Nature is thoroughly characteristic, revealing the author's Wordsworthian sensitiveness to the companionship and influence of nature. The Wind is so fine an example of Dr. Rand's power of terse, suggestive description, that it is well worth quoting:

THE WIND.

The lithe wind races and sings
Over the grasses and wheat—
See the emerald floor as it springs
To the touch of invisible feet!

Ah, later, the fir and the pine
Shall stoop to its weightier tread,
As it tramps the thundering brine
Till it shudders and whitens in dread!

Breath of man! a glass of thine own
Is the wind on the land, on the sea—
Joy of life at thy touch!—full grown,
Destruction and death maybe!

This volume will be prized by the admirers of Dr. Rand. It comes in a very attractive form from the publisher, and the frontispiece portrait, after a painting by J. W. L. Forster, adds materially to its value. Collectors of Canadian poetry will note that only a limited edition has been issued and will place this volume by the side of their *Treasury of Canadian Verse* and the first and second editions of *At Minas Basin,* mourning deeply the loss of the gifted scholar and patriot, who knew so well so to sing and build the lofty rhyme.

E. A. Hardy.

IN THE WOODS OF NEW ONTARIO.

Travelling in Michipicoten district is interesting and novel to one who is acquainted with the facilities of the southern part of our province. In New Ontario one generally has not the privilege of going on a railway train, nor even of taking a stage-coach; nor is it advisable to set out on foot, hoping to get a ride with some farmer on the road, because walking in such a country is almost impossible, and the chance of getting a ride with some farmer is small where there are no roads for farmers to travel on, and no farmers to travel on the roads.

To understand the difficulties encountered by the traveller one must know something of the country. Michipicoten is situated within the Archæan area, and is a part of the remnant of those mighty hills which are said to have existed ages ago. Although it is everywhere covered with hills and ranges of hills, it cannot be called a mountainous country, for there are no elevations which at all approach the dimensions of a mountain. It is situated in that region whose gradual wearing down gave the material for the growth and extension of the North-American continent; but always giving material for deposits in other regions, and itself receiving no deposits to cover its surface and fill up its inequalities, it remains to-day a rugged, rocky wild. Every depression in the rocks capable of holding water is filled; and thus the whole country is covered with numberless lakes, ranging in size from those which are a few yards in diameter, to those which have twenty or thirty square miles of surface. They are often found lying very close together, some being within less than a hundred yards of one another. For the most part, they seem to be scattered here and there, without any order; but still are often found in chains. Although they more frequently lie in lower lands, they are often situated at the tops of hills. It is quite common to leave one lake and scramble up a hill, only to find oneself on the shore of another lake. At Helen Mine one can stand on Hematile Hill with a lake at his feet; below him, lying snugly nestled at the foot of the hill, is Bowyer Lake; just beyond, at a distance of not more than fifty

yards, is Sayer Lake, some feet lower; still farther down is another lake; beyond that again is Moon Lake, lying beneath them all. These may be all seen from the one position on the hill. Though lying so close together these lakes are wholly unconnected, save in flood season; each seems to sleep in perfect peace, ignorant of the existence of its near neighbors. Many of the larger lakes of the district are probably arms cut off from Lake Superior, as that body of water, once much larger than it is now, receded. Such lakes are bordered neither by high cliffs nor muskegs, both of which are very common to other lakes of the region; but are surrounded by terraces whose loose sand being easily undermined is washed down; and thus the stones and pebbles which were hidden ages ago among the *debris* deposited by the water of Lake Superior, are again exposed upon a lake beach.

Besides the lakes the rivers must be noticed. They are not long, because not far north is the height of land, beyond which the waters flow towards Hudson's Bay. Owing to the great rain-fall large quantities of water must be carried away; and there being no soil to impede its course among the rocks the water easily reaches the rivers, and makes them subject to sudden swellings, thus flooding the low-lying land.

Another feature which adds to the difficulties of travelling through the country is the dense forest of spruce and balsam. The trees are not large, except occasionally in a ravine where there is a deposit of soil. It would be quite impossible for the trees in general to be large; for clinging as they do with their roots in the crevices of the moss-covered rocks, and crowded together as they are, they could not get sufficient nourishment; and, besides, a large tree could not withstand the fierce wind-storms, because of the impossibility of getting a good root-hold upon the rocks. Many trees are blown down, indeed the whole forest seems filled with them; to walk around one fallen tree may necessitate walking around six or eight. The vast number of fallen trees, the thick underbrush, the high rocky hills and perpendicular cliffs which are met everywhere, and the large number of lakes, make it impossible to cross the country on foot.

The most satisfactory method is found to be the Indian

method of travelling. The lakes and streams are navigated in canoes, while the canoes and all the baggage are portaged from lake to lake, or stream, as the case may be. In navigating streams it is necessary to portage around all the rapids save the smaller ones, for it is only these which can be run; going up stream necessitates more portaging and harder work than going down. The portager places a pack on his back and holds it there by a strap which passes over the top of his head. To one who is accustomed to the work it is not so difficult as might be imagined; but to the novice who does not know how to tie his tump-line, or where to place his pack to make it carry the easiest, there are troubles enough. To portage the canoe it is turned bottom-side-up over the head, and is much more easily carried than one might think.

In order to get the best route the traveller has but to follow the Indian trails. The Indian knows where to go, because, as he hunts during the winter, walking here and there on his snow-shoes, he learns where the streams and lakes are, and having marked ability for remembering their exact positions, he knows just where he will find the best water-way when he travels through that region in the open seasons. Each Indian does not know the whole country, but only that portion in which he has hunted and roamed. When travelling he does not go direct to the place which he wishes to reach, but is content to take a much longer route if he can get a good water-way, for paddling a canoe is much more pleasant than portaging.

Although the white traveller has but to follow the Indian trails it is not advisable for him to go alone, unless he be an experienced bushman. It is best to take an Indian, or a white bush-ranger as a guide, but, no matter which is taken, he must be acquainted with that part of the country through which the trip is to be made. I know that it is commonly thought that the Indian is able to travel through any bush without error; in fact the Indian has long been the white man's wonder and admiration; that is the white man who is unacquainted with him; to the acquainted white man he is still a wonder but the admiration is gone. There seems to be little or no instinct in the red man which makes him a good bushman, his skill seems

to be the result of training. He follows a trail well; but why should he not? It has been his life-training, and his ideal of education, the height of his ambition; his aspirations are never higher than his feet. He is also a good canoe-man; but this, too, he has done all his life. It is remarkable how nearly the white bush-ranger approaches him in skill in canoeing and in wood-craft.

One would commonly conclude from what is read and heard about the Indian, that he is never bewildered in the forest, and that it is impossible for him to become lost. It is a great mistake, for he quite often loses his way and is in such cases the most difficult man of the party to control, the most useless and senseless; he knows simply nothing, and is willing to do nothing. A lost Indian would remain in one place for some time without tent, blankets, fire or food, waiting for the clouds to clear away in order that he might see the sun and thus get his directions. One would conclude also, from what is commonly read, that he follows a trail, or tracks a man through the wood, in some mysterious way which cannot be described. Any person has the same information that the red man has; and failure to follow a trail well is the result of the lack of observation. It is important to notice that no trail can be followed, save in a virgin forest where almost the only marks of human travel are those by which the portager is being guided. Some trails being much travelled are mere paths through the woods, and might be followed by even a child, but others cause more difficulty. On hard trails close observation is very necessary; one has to notice every small indication, such as sticks broken by being stepped on by some former portager, broken twigs, bark knocked from the trunk of a fallen tree by some person scrambling over, axe marks, and countless other small things. Besides, one must know where to look for portages. It is reasonable to suppose that a traveller will leave or reach a lake at some low spot, rather than over a hill, for it is unpleasant enough to carry a pack over a hill even when one has to. Again, it is advisable to keep on low lying land, as far as possible, because lakes and streams are more frequently found there.

The traveller in Michipicoten district has many experiences which are not pleasant. Towards the end of a long trip, after probably a month without seeing any person save the other members of the party, he begins to feel anxious to come again in touch with civilized life, and hear what is taking place among the great world of people. But he does not have to wait until near the end of a trip to see troubles. It is none too pleasant to find oneself, just at six o'clock, when it is time to camp, straining beneath a pack which seems to have increased much in weight since morning, half way across a muskeg which threatens to break through at every step. To add to his discomfort sand-flies and black-flies, so plentiful in such damp places, pounce devouringly upon the poor sufferer; but the mosquito, apparently more delighted with the prospect, sings a merry but aggravating song, and proceeds to feast with his parasite friends. All these things do indeed give thoughts which lie too deep for words.

But the muskeg is not the only place of tribulation. It is unpleasant enough to come to a stream, to cross which the only bridge is a slippery log, and after balancing oneself as well as possible, and succeeding in getting as far as the deepest place, to make a slip and find oneself suddenly immersed. It is bad enough to be wet; but it is still worse when the pack, in which are all the blankets and sleeping-clothes, is a participant in the same plunge. Such troubles as these continually beset a man, but yet they are small and transient; and when thought of after, they are a source of much laughter. Still they must be acknowledged as great tribulations when being endured, and they cause many unhappy moments, and many solemn declarations that the present is positively the last trip.

Numerous as the petty difficulties are, there are still many pleasures, among which the grandeur of the scenery is not the least. The trials are soon forgotten, but the pleasures which are felt as one looks upon that scenery are not so quickly lost. At times, the forest sleeps in perfect peace, unmoved by the slightest breath of air. The canoe speeds along the mirror-like lake, which sends back a perfect reflection of the trees and cliffs which skirt the shore; and the only ripple which mars

the perfect image, is the slight curl which starts from either bow of the boat, making wavelets which gradually widen until they strike upon either shore. All is perfect quiet, undisturbed even by the song of birds, save for the hawk, which, alarmed by the canoeman's unexpected approach, starts from her nest in the tree-top on yonder islet, and by her shrill scream which echoes from crag to crag and dies away in the distance, makes the stillness more intense. Or again, the loon calls, and diving from view, makes it seem as if some invisible spirit of the wild rebuked the traveller's approach. As the canoeman rounds a crag he comes suddenly upon a stately moose drinking at the water's edge: startled, he raises his antlered head and stares in wonder; then turning, slowly trots away into the forest. At yonder marshy edge a mother-duck hurriedly hides her brood of young and skims across the lake, thinking to attract the attention of the traveller from her little family.

But these pictures of peace are not the only scenes. The wind sometimes roars in anger, and the thunder echoes and re-echoes among the hills: the storm-king seems to rage, and give vent to all his fury. Well do I remember such an occasion as I was once going down the Agawa River. The lightning flashed, and the thunder rolled, like the sound of many cannon, along the river which was walled on either side by perpendicular cliffs that towered some hundreds of feet above me. Again and again the lightning flashed, and with peal on peal the thunder seemed to roll in mighty volume along the steep walled ravine. All the while huge black clouds scowled above and seemed to threaten the earth with deluge. But there are yet other scenes. One is often permitted to stand on the summit of some high hill which overlooks the whole surrounding country. On all sides, save possibly that on which "Gitchie Gumee" lies in the distance, just skirting the horizon, range after range of hills succeed each other as far as the eye can reach. Nowhere is seen any sign of civilization. The smoke in the distance is not from the manufactories of a city, but from a forest fire which sweeps everything before it. Winding around the foot of the cliff, on which the spectator stands, is an angry stream tossing its turbid waters and rushing along in foaming

rapids. There are no falls which can in any way compare with Niagara; but there are those which, even if they have not the majestic and awe-inspiring appearance of that mighty cataract, are not utterly devoid of beauty and grandeur. The water, leaping and foaming, hurries over a rapid to the wider river beyond, and then turns back with the eddy beneath the shadow of the cliff as if resting before rushing for the high falls beyond; then drawing again into the narrows it hurries forward and with one great bound clears the cliff and rushes away.

W. C. Gordon.

THE IDEAL ALUMNUS.

It is a good thing to have an ideal. It does not necessarily make one a visionary dreamer. Indeed, one's work and one's life must be very crude without it. When a Phidias would chisel a statue, or a Turner paint a landscape, the artist's finished work is but the realization in the marble or on the canvas of the ideal in his mind. And the more perfect the ideal the greater the work of art.

Herbert Spencer holds that a person should not be better than his surroundings; that in this rough-and-tumble world it would be calamitous to be too good. Therefore we should be satisfied with an approximate goodness. But there can be no advance whatever without the ideal of the individual and of society being higher than present attainment. All progress in the arts and sciences, in politics, education, ethics, is brought about, not in any miraculous way, but by individuals putting up their ideals ever higher and striving to attain to them. The world is not bettered by the successes of low ideals, but by the successes, or even failures, of men of high ideals. So says Browning:

> "Hence with life's pale lure!
> That low man seeks a little thing to do,
> Sees it and does it:
> This high man, with a great thing to pursue,
> Dies ere he knows it.
> That low man goes on adding one to one,
> His hundred's soon hit:

> This high man, aiming at a million,
> Misses an unit.
> That, has the world here—should he need the next,
> Let the world mind him!
> This, throws himself on God, and unperplexed
> Seeking shall find Him."

The curse of our time is the paring down of ethical standards. It is an age of compromise, of being satisfied with approximate ends. There is no danger of our becoming too good. But there is danger of our being less than our best unless we have a high ideal and ever strive towards it. When we remember that the honor, yes, and the future, of his *Alma Mater* depends upon the college graduate, we see how necessary it is that he should have a keen appreciation of this truth. Run up your ideal, young man! You may be called a dreamer, but remember it is the dreamers who have revolutionized the world. It was a dreamer, long ago, who saved "much people in time of famine." Another started the great missionary movement, the outstanding event of the nineteenth century. A third braved the unknown dangers of the stormy Atlantic and discovered a continent. The world to-day needs more such dreamers.

What are the marks of the Ideal Alumnus? How may we know him? He is one who gives practical evidence of true culture. I say *practical* evidence. The much-coveted sheepskin or diploma is not evidence sufficient. It may satisfy the fond mother and adoring sisters, but not the world. Society demands practical evidence of culture in the man himself, in his life and work. The diploma bears evidence that the student has completed a prescribed course of study, but it does not testify that he has assimilated that aliment and converted it into mental and soul fibre. We have seen men with little alphabets attached to their names. They are the proud possessors of many certificates testifying that they are educated men. But if this evidence were not forthcoming we would never suspect that they had ever seen the inside of college halls.

If the Alumnus is to give practical evidence of true culture, there are two dangers that he must avoid. The first is a very insidious disease that steals in upon the unwary. It is what one might call ossification. It is that disease which

settles in the joints and hinges of a student's mind so that the cells of his brain will no longer work in the search for knowledge, or open to the reception of new truths. His education is a closed system. He has duly classified, labelled and stowed away on the last shelf of his mind his final truth; he is content to live henceforth on past achievements. The last state of such a man is worse than the first. His case is hopeless. It only remains for him to patiently await the kindly scythe of old Father Time.

We will not need to go far afield to find many pitiful victims of this dread disease, graduates who have become mere fossils. We live in a progressive age, and those who are not alive and alert must sooner or later become derelicts on the shores of time. There are unprogressive teachers, for instance, who are content to vegetate in the same little groove year after year. They teach the same selections always. They spend so much of their time among immature minds, that presently they become more childish than their pupils. Habitually despots in their own little kingdom, they become unbearably domineering with older people. And so it comes to pass that the world dubs them with the opprobrious epithet "school-marm," and "back-number" is written across their foreheads. There are doctors, also, who live on year after year in the same old rut. Medical science and surgery are going forward by leaps and bounds, but they never get beyond their pills, powders and paregoric. People, to-day, object to be killed off in the good old-fashioned way. They prefer Christian Science to bleeding as a means of exit. The up-to-date practitioner is he who is ever reading up the latest methods of treatment and the new discoveries of science. Such a one will never lack patients. The same is true in regard to the Christian ministry. The minister who imagines that he can hide his mental sluggishness beneath the sanctity of the cloth, is badly mistaken. To have influence with men he must command their respect. They will give it him only as he comes before them with an intelligent message, well thought out and well prepared.

The Ideal Alumnus will keep up his student life. He

will have acquired such a thirst for knowledge, and such a delight in the search for truth, that study will be his meat and drink. Culture is a living and a growing thing. Graduation is not the end of the student-life, but the beginning. He stands with the golden key of knowledge in his hand. He sees before him the beautiful Palace of Truth. Over its portals he notes the inscription in living characters: "Seek and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you."

The second danger to be avoided is one scarcely less common than the first. Let me coin a word to express it. The first is ossification; this is *assification.* It is being possessed with the spirit of a certain domestic animal noted for its long ears and hoarse voice. The symptoms of this disagreeable disease are priggishness and pedantry. It may be truly said of those who are thus afflicted, that "a little knowledge is a dangerous thing." They display it as a danger-signal on the slightest provocation. Wise people take the hint and keep away, for it is the sign of a boor. If a college course has accomplished what is intended, the graduate will have learned humility, as he has come to realize that though he has been privileged to sip a little at the fount of learning, the great, boundless ocean of truth lies yet before him.

What, then, is true culture? It consists in the rounding out of the complete man; in the development of all his faculties and powers. It has to do with the intellect, the heart and the deportment of the individual, and it crowns him with a dignified and lofty spirit. His mind is both disciplined and furnished. Like a well-sharpened tool it can cut, divide and shape. Like an exquisite flower it has the adornment, grace and fragrance which a store of precious years of information must give. It is clear and judicial in its perception and estimate of truth. In true culture the heart receives even more attention than the head. The cultivated man has strong convictions and he has the courage of his convictions. He is also tender, patient, generous and sympathetic. His deportment is always frank and affable, but never servile. He is firm but not stubborn, grave but not severe. Such an Alumnus will always be recognized as a true gentleman and he will be a

credit to any educational institution that gives him to the world, for he is like a well-set jewel, the finished work of a master lapidist.

Consider the worth to society of the Ideal Alumnus. It is true that the first value of an education lies in the development of the self into the highest type of its kind, but it does not stop there. The value of one's education is largely determined by the power and inclination received to better society.

The educated man must always be a leader. Brains will always be to the front. As a leader the Ideal Alumnus will not be the passive victim of his environment, but he will rise superior to it, or virtually recreate it. We live in a materialistic and utilitarian age. Many thinkers to-day are failing to recognize that there are other and greater laws than physical laws; that the great mysteries of the universe cannot all be solved on purely materialistic assumptions. Consequently there is a tendency to exalt the animal in us at the expense of the spiritual. The *summum bonum* of these philosophers is the greatest amount of pleasure. The supreme evil is not deterioration of character, but the greatest amount of pain. The world to-day is placing the meat before the life and the raiment before the body. What we need is men who will put things in their right relations, men who will scorn to sacrifice the truth for self-interest or profit, men who will stop their ears against the siren voices which are luring humanity to its eternal undoing. It requires a strong will and a stout heart to stand firm against the prevailing tendency of one's time, but this the Ideal Alumnus must be prepared to do.

Moreover, he must be prepared to grapple with the great problems of his day. We may congratulate ourselves that we live at this present juncture in the world's history. There are many great problems that we must solve, and these will give fullest play to all our powers. Let the aged and the weary long for peace and rest, but every young man who has a spark of spirit in him must feel the live blood run quick and strong in his eagerness to throw himself into life's battles!

There are at the present time two great influences at work in the world. There is the spirit of mediævalism which aims

at making the clock of civilization run backwards. The other is the spirit of imperialism, the spirit of progress. This aims to break down the clan and clique and to bring all peoples into touch with the great forward-moving tide of civilization. The latter spirit is going to prevail, and it is for us to determine whether it shall be for the bane or blessing of humanity. Shall imperialism mean a federation for mere selfish, political and commercial exploitation; for the aggrandizement of one great powerful nation at the expense of many small ones? Or shall it be for the mutual peace, prosperity and enlightenment of all peoples? And then there are great socialistic and international problems to be solved, which will demand the most earnest thought and attention of the thinking men of this generation.

To this end the Ideal Alumnus must take up his duties of citizenship. He will be recreant to his trust if he shirks this responsibility. It is easy to stand aside and raise the cry "Unclean!" against politics and politicians. That is a cheap virtue. What is needed is more good men to take the ballot-broom and do a little wholesome house-cleaning. When we consider how good men leave their representatives and the great issues of the state to the professional ward-heelers and boodlers, the wonder is not that we have so few true men in active political life, but that we have any. The wonder is not that there is so much corruption in high places, but that there is any honesty and decency there at all. Ought not the graduates of our colleges, with their trained minds and high ideals, to strive to fill the influential positions in the land where they can use to the best advantage their peculiar and priceless talents? They should be in the legislative halls, in the council chambers, on the school boards, and above all they should fill the editorial chairs. God save us from the blight of a yellow journalism and a gagged and subsidized press! We all believe in the liberty of the press, but honest, broad-minded, cultivated and independent men should sit in the editorial chair; otherwise, this mighty educational engine will be a menace to the peace and prosperity of the state.

Go forth, young men! The world is waiting for you.

The world needs you. And when the record of your deeds shall be written, may you not be named among the least of the many honored sons of this, your *Alma Mater.*

G. R. W.

GREEK TRAGEDY.

From the ballad-dance came all literature: from a special kind of ballad-dance, called the dithyramb, came the Ancient Greek Tragedy.

The best example of the dithyramb was celebrated in the spring of each year under the name of the great Dionysia. All the people gathered together to worship the god of the vine. They were clad to represent satyrs, centaurs and pans, gaily decorated with flowers, laurel, ivy and vine branches; dancing to the music of the flute and amid the clashing of cymbals. Leading the dancers was the flute-player who probably bore also the thyrsus-staff of the god. At this festival the wildest excitement prevailed. But amidst all the revelling there was the one thought of worshipping Dionysius. The dithyramb, although acting as a moral safety-valve and giving free rein to all kinds of excess, was nevertheless not primarily an entertainment, but a religious ceremony. The singing was a song-story of the god. The dancing was in his honor. "A dance in which every motion was a word, and rest as eloquent as motion" says Kingsley.

In the dithyramb, then, we find three germs which developed to form the drama. The wild emotion became the later passion; the representation of satyrs and pans the later characterization, while the song-story of Bacchus suggests the plot of the developed drama.

Although the three elements of drama were *in* the dithyramb, it required a long time to bring the germs into complete development. In 600 B.C. Arion combined the lyric ballad-dance and the dithyramb under the name of chorus, and for the flute substituted the lyre. In this form there were retained, however,

the chief elements of the old dithyramb, the subject-matter, characterization as satyrs and the heated emotion. This chorus was a story with music and dancing and now for the first time was called lyric Tragedy.

From this point the history of Tragedy is a history of the struggle of the dramatic spirit to break through the lyric form. Four distinct stages may be noticed. As the chorus recited their stories of Dionysius they found that the regular line did not move quickly enough at the crisis, and so the chorus was divided into semi-choruses and at any exciting part of the story the two divisions held rapid dialogue. This dialogue was the first great stride towards drama. Next was introduced a chorus-leader, who held short dialogues with the chorus to develop the story up to a certain point at which the chorus would again begin to sing.

The third step toward drama is connected with the name of Thespis, who lived about 535 B.C. Thus far Tragedy had consisted of alternations of dialogue and lyric odes. Thespis introduced an actor separate entirely from the chorus who conversed with the chorus-leader. With this innovation of necessity came another. Since the actor had no place among the chorus in the orchestra, there must be arranged for him a separate platform—the first trace of the modern stage. Only one more step—the adoption of the easy metre of satiric writings—and the Tragic art is ready for the moulding hand of Aeschylus.

Born in 525 B.C., of a strong, fiery nature, he early became a soldier and fought at the battle of Marathon. His first literary production appeared in 500 B.C., and he is recorded as winner of the first prize at the Dionysia of B.C. 484.

When he received the "Goat-song" or Tragedy from the hands of Thespis the lyric element was predominant. He added a second actor, who like the first was entirely separate from the chorus. Now instead of the one actor and the chorus-leader, the two actors develop the plot. The chorus thus loses some of its importance, although it is still necessary and is used by Aeschylus to develop the story between the dialogues.

His plots are usually simple, his characters marked by few well-defined features, not developed by any detailed treat-

ment. Where action will take the place of words, he prefers action, and hence has been called "the most dramatic of the dramatists." In language he has a lofty, sustained glow of sonorous words. The spirit of his age is stern, his own spirit is stern, hence none of his characters are calculated to move an audience to pity. His plays abound in wealth of metaphor and bold imagery. In his Prometheus, for instance, Io is the only personage who might be called human, and she is so far removed from mortal as to be almost supernatural. His bold imagination and use of gigantic words are the prominent characteristics of his art. "I know him and have looked him through of old, a fellow that writes poetry, wild and savage, stubborn of speech, with an unbridled, licentious, unchecked tongue, unskilled in talk—pomp—bundle-worded" is the way Euripides speaks of him in The Frogs just before their contest in the lower world. And Dionysius in horror at Euripides' daring words cries out to him—"Get yourself out of the way of the hailstorm lest he smite your temples with a head-breaking word." Aeschylus, the soldier, who prided himself more on his share in the victory over the Persians than on his literary talent, had, nevertheless, the chief part in the shaping of Greek drama and is rightly called "the creator of Tragedy."

On the same day and in the same isle of Salamis, when Aeschylus was fighting his country's foes, Sophocles, then a youth, led the choral-dance around the trophies. Sophocles was, in the estimation of the Greeks, the most happy of mortals. The gods had given to him physical beauty, genius, wealth, victory, all that man could desire. Matthew Arnold says of him,

> "Singer of sweet Colonus and its child,
> The mellow glory of the Attic stage,
> Who saw life steadily and saw it whole."

It was the work of Sophocles to bring to perfection what Aeschylus had created. To the two actors of Aeschylus he added a third. He improved the costumes and the stage. He changed, too, the part of the chorus. Under Aeschylus the chorus aided in the development of the plot; under Sophocles the plot was developed entirely by the actors and the part of the chorus was simply to keep the spectators in sympathy with the action of the play.

The style of Sophocles is marked by beauty of workmanship. He softens the rough-hewn Aeschylean heroes with a touch of human feeling. His characters are clearly portrayed in detail, not sketched as those of Aeschylus. He excels in his delineation of human character in action. Where Aeschylus shows rugged manliness and sublimity, Sophocles is delicate and tender, but with no suggestion of weakness. Sophocles was above all else an artist. Aeschylus was artistic and religious, Sophocles was artistic first, then religious. Living in the Athens of Pericles, he was an exact embodiment of the spirit of his age, the golden age of Greece in politics, in art, in literature. As in his life so in his death he was happy, for he died just before the downfall of his country.

On the day of the battle of Salamis, Euripides was born, and twenty-five years afterwards competed for the first time in the Dionysia.

Euripides has been perpetually misunderstood and misrepresented. Men expected to see in him a poet like the two great masters who had preceded him and forgot that the times had changed and Greece was no longer the Greece of Pericles. It was the time of the Sophists when men were doubting, examining, concluding and then doubting their conclusions. To an audience of such men Euripides must present Tragedy. Had it been possible for him to choose his own characters and lay down the rules for his own plays, a brilliant success would have been assured. But Greek Tragedy was an act of worship and had fixed rules. He must have only three actors, a chorus and hardest of all, must choose his characters from the heroic legends and myths. Euripides followed these rules, but of necessity had to give expression to the thought of his day and this resulted in an incongruous mixture, as the audience heard Zeus and Heracles discussing the philosophical questions of doubting Greece. As one author says :—" Euripides had to put new wine into old bottles and the measure of his success is clear proof of the power of his genius."

Euripides made one important change in Tragedy. The chorus, which in the other two Tragedians had some bearing on the action of the play, under Euripides was simply a lyric

introduced here and there without any bearing whatever on the action. Because of his neglect of the chorus and apparent neglect of the rules of Tragedy, Euripides was censured for having abandoned τὰ μέγιστα of the Tragic Art.

The style of Euripides is oratorical. He loved to introduce musical novelties in his plays which made them more beautiful, but clashed with the prescribed rules of Tragedy. The heroes, whom Aeschylus represented as superhuman, whom Sophocles represented as ideally human, Euripides brought down to the ordinary level of human nature. He longed for the reign of reason. As he says, "I taught men to notice, to see, to understand, to twist, to love, to suspect mischief, to contrive all things cunningly."

His chief power is in appealing to and depicting the emotions. In his portrayal of the passion of women, Euripides is unparalleled. Most of his plays conclude with a scene of deep emotion—a sudden change from happiness to sorrow. Because of this quality Aristotle called him "The most tragic of the Tragedians."

Although the critic Aristophanes ridicules Euripides in his "Birds and Frogs," he did not express the sentiment of the masses. The people loved Euripides. They had looked with wonder at Aeschylus and Sophocles, Euripides delighted them. And as the centuries have passed and men have seen the nature of the task Euripides had before him, his popularity has increased Mrs. Browning speaks of him in admirable words.

> "Our Euripides, the human,
> With his droppings of warm tears,
> And his touching of things common,
> Till they rise to meet the spheres."

The central idea of the early dithyramb was worship: The central idea of the developed Tragedy was worship. Aeschylus had an implicit faith in the Greek divinities and hence was in a position to make the Tragedy a success as an act of worship. He believes that Zeus is king of the gods, but that there are many lesser divinities. He believes strongly in destiny and makes it the central idea of some of his plays. His chief moral idea is expressed in the phrase δράσαν τι παθεῖν which is almost

equal to, "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap, he or his posterity."

The idea of worship in Tragedy is preserved by Sophocles, not because he has a fixed belief in the gods but rather, perhaps, because he saw that it would be for the good of morality and add to the success of his Tragedies. Sophocles was a man of affairs and took the belief in gods as a matter of course. But here is the striking difference between Euripides and his masters. In his Tragedies he lost the idea of religious worship. In fact it was no longer possible in his age. He was not deceived by the popular myths, nor were his hearers. Still Euripides was not an atheist, he was a reasoner, groping blindly for the way. He sings:

> "O Earth's Upholder, who on earth dost well,
> Who e'er thou art, past finding out, whate'er
> Thy name be, Zeus, or Necessary Law
> Of Nature or the Mind of mortal man,
> I worship thee, for still with voiceless tread
> Thou guidest all human things the righteous way."

As a religious ceremony Tragedy had come to the climax of its development. Had Euripides been able to choose his own character, abolish the chorus, increase the number of actors, he would have developed Tragedy far beyond the standard of his masters, but Greek Tragedy was a part of the Dionysiac worship, and this fact, which was the hindrance to its development, was also the only reason for its existence. In order then that there might come into being the newer Tragedy developed along broader lines, it was necessary that the Ancient Greek Tragedy should die. After Euripides there was no Tragedian of note. Greek Tragedy had died, and Aristophanes said of the poetical aftermath—"A chattering set they are, a school of twittering chirpers. Among the wooers of Tragedy there is not now one man—not one with a true bold voice."

A. E. Haydon.

THE MIND OF CHRIST THE MOULD OF CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE.

The statement of this subject at once suggests a foundry scene, in which skilled workmen are engaged in putting up moulds. The sand they use may to-day be employed to turn out the tiny thumb-latchet for a storm-door, to-morrow to turn out the mighty driving-shaft of a locomotive. Even so the mind of Christ was the mould from which issued not only the minor teachings of scripture, but also the highest, the noblest, the deepest and the most profound doctrines of Christianity. From that mind proceeded not only the teaching of whom I must regard as my neighbor, but also the wonderful truths of His own divinity as proved by His resurrection, and of His equality and oneness with the Father. It was He who formulated the doctrine both of where and how men must worship, as well as revealed the Father Whom they must worship. While His teaching is greatly diversified and carried out in minute details, yet it is always in perfect conformity to His life and character.

A contrast of Christianity with the other great religions of the world makes prominent one great distinguishing feature, viz.: while these religions are based upon a system of teachings only, Christianity has its foundation in a *life*. Christianity has to do not only with the teachings of our Lord, but also with "all that He began both *to do* and to teach." Behind the teaching and preaching is the *doing* as a background. There is here the practical forming the basis of the theoretical. And the completion of His teaching and His doing is the sacrifice of Himself for man. In what marked contrast does the teaching of Buddhism stand to this teaching. Suffering? and suffering for others? Why deliverance from suffering is the very end of existence, it is the highest end of moral beings; and to attain this end—this deliverance from suffering—one must practise a rigorous asceticism, annihilate all emotion, and cultivate a state of indifference to one's fellow-creatures. Could the founder of such a system of teaching give his life for his

followers, or those willing to become his devotees? Such an act would involve him in a serious contradiction. As someone has aptly said: "Christianity teaches that in the highest form of life love is intensified; but Buddhism teaches that in the highest state of existence all love, all emotion, is extinguished." Confucianism while recognizing and cultivating to some extent the emotions of man, yet exhausts itself in a system of morals. Love to God is not only not commanded—it is not thought of as possible. Sin is simply "a disease to be cured by self-discipline," not by the sacrifice of Confucius. In these two great systems, which we may accept as fair samples of all the rest, we see that their basis is a mere system of *teaching*. But the basis of Christianity is the life and character of Jesus, as well as His words.

It is true that much of His teaching was already among the people when He came. His Golden Rule, "Do unto others as ye would that they should do to you," is really the positive recast, and broader application, of what had long found a negative expression in the decalogue of the great Lawgiver. Confucius also had said centuries before: "Do not unto others that which you would not that they should do to you." And Isocrates had said: "What you are angry at when inflicted on you by others, this do not to others." Aristotle, it is said, when asked how we should behave ourselves towards our friends, answered: "As we should wish them to behave toward us." The Talmud ascribes to Rabbi Hillel the statement: "What is hateful to thee, do not do to another. This is the whole law, the rest is explanation of it." Now it will be observed that these are all negative expressions of the Golden Rule with a limited application, which needed the mind of Christ to recast them and to give to them a fuller significance, a wider application. This great, yet simple, working principle which He enunciated for the regulation of our conduct towards our fellowmen is in perfect conformity to "all that He began both *to do* and to teach."

Moreover, not only were some of Christ's teachings anticipated by earlier teachers and by the law, but His teaching is really the completion of the law. The law was imperfect

without His teaching. "Imperfect, not in the sense of being in error, but only in the sense of being incomplete," although in view of the conditions of those to whom it was given, it was perfectly wise and good. A pioneer's hut whose single apartment answers the combined purposes of kitchen, dining-room, drawing-room, and bed-chamber for all the members of his family, may be a wise and good provision in view of the conditions; but no one would say that it was perfect—that it was complete. It is all right as far as it goes, but it does not go far enough for a more advanced civilization—it is incomplete. In this sense the law was imperfect, and Christ came to complete it, not to destroy it. Christ came not to destroy the law, any more than the binder came to destroy the reaper. The former is but the completion of the latter, and in it may be found all the desirable qualities of its antecedents, the reaper, the mower, the cradle, the scythe, and the sickle. Each of these was good so far as it went, but in its successor we see a more complete implement. This is the relation it seems to me that Jesus sustained to the law—he completed it. Repeatedly do we read in the Sermon on the Mount: "Ye have heard that it was said by them of old time, 'so-and-so,' but I say unto you, 'so-and-so.'" And in every case the injunction of the law is carried upwards towards the ideal—from the act to the thought, from the act to the look, from the act to the emotion, and so forth. The injunction is not declared to be null and void, but it is given its truer, fuller interpretation and application.

Here it is that we discover the originality of our Lord. To be original does not mean that we must delve down deeply in the mine of human thought and, having unearthed, bring forth a gem hitherto undiscovered by mortals. If this were the only originality worthy of the name, few of us could hope to be original, and most of us might despair. Did not the German Goethe say: "Very little of me would be left, if I could but say what I owe to my predecessors and my contemporaries"? While another has said: "The ancients have stolen all our best ideas." Well might we despair, if the only originality were the production of thoughts absolutely new to the human mind. But, happily, there is an originality of which none of us need despair,

and which I perceive to have been in the mind of Jesus. To return to my figure of a gem, I may say that I should regard that man original who could find for the already discovered and known gem, a new setting. In this sense Jesus was preëminently original, for as I have already shown, He took truths already in existence among the people and gave them a broader scope, that is to say, He gave the known gem a new setting.

But the originality of Jesus goes beyond this and rises far above it. In His teachings He lays especial emphasis upon the *internal* condition of man rather than upon his mere outward acts, and upon the necessity of a regenerated heart permeated by love to God. His conception of His own personality, uniting in Himself the divine and the human, the Son of God and the son of man, was certainly original, as was also His teaching concerning His own death and resurrection. But these truths form the very basis of Christianity, and since they were first conceived and taught only by Jesus, I conclude that the mind of Christ was the mould of Christian doctrine.

J. Frank Ingram.

THE SEA AND THE SOUL.

The night lies heavy on land and sea,
And the low slow surge o'er the fissured rocks
Gurgles and laps mysteriously—
A voice of forces deep that be
In regions far from the shore-line shocks.

. . . . . .

The passions surge with a sullen moan,
Mid the rocks of sense in the night of life,
But the spirit's deep, whereout are thrown
These moving tides, is all unknown—
We hear but the surf-beats' shallow strife.

W. P. Reekie, '98.

Beyrout, Syria, 1900.

THE VOTARY.

They touched her tenderly,—
She sprang up, tossed the wild hair from her eyes
Which flashed in scorn and angry agonies,
Her sweet frame slenderly
Carven shook in miserable wise
Till from her heart the voice tore forth in cries:

O me! Go hence! O leave
Me all alone to grieve!
I will not have a word of comfort said,
I mourn for my belovëd who is dead,—
O my belovëd, thou art dead,
Of heroes chief.
O lonely! all my love is widowëd,
Wander thee, wander! desolate, unwed,—
Soul of me, passion-soul, 't is past belief
But I must mate with Grief!

And down she drooped and hovered and lay still,
Her calm face white with witness of her will,
From those pure lips came nevermore a sigh
Though all the birds of Spring sang ecstacy.

G. Herbert Clarke.

Editorial Notes.

Another college year has closed, and another Graduating Class has said farewell to Alma Mater. On looking back over the year's experiences we think that Faculty and students may fairly congratulate themselves on the goodly measure of success the year has brought. First of all, the Chancellor has been able to announce that his efforts to secure contributions for the Building Fund have been so successful as to warrant the University authorities in going ahead with the erection of the new Chapel and Library. In consequence, the corner stone of

this much-needed addition was laid in December last by Mrs. William McMaster. Befitting ceremonies were held in connection with that auspicious event. In view of this the future will surely look back on the year 1900-1901 as one marking an era in the history of McMaster.

In the ordinary affairs of college life, too, the past year has been noteworthy. Our students have entered heartily into the various inter-collegiate contests and have proved themselves worthy competitors of the students of sister colleges. In debate they carried off the highest honors, winning the championship of the Inter-College Debating Union by defeating Trinity, 'Varsity and Wycliffe. In hockey they were equally victorious, winning the Jennings' cup in spite of the fact that this was their first year in the competition. In football the record was not so brilliant, though the first team was unbeaten and the second was in the finals for the intermediate championship. The Athletic Association has also had a very successful year, the competition for the McNaught cup, the Ryrie pins, and the Chancellor's medal being keen. Thanks to the generosity of Mr. R. C. Matthews, of the Graduating Class in Arts, another handsome cup is at the disposal of the Association. This is to be called the Matthews Cup and is to be competed for by the various years, the year winning the most points at the annual games and in the various inter-year athletic contests to be the holder of the cup. This year the seniors won the cup, and their victory was exceedingly popular.

The successes of the year, however, have not been confined to athletics. The Literary Society, under the able direction of Mr. R. C. Matthews and an efficient committee, has had an excellent year. The consolidation of the various minor societies into one general student organization has, we understand, proved a wise movement. The ordinary meetings have been interesting and the attendance large, and the public meetings, with their debates and oratorical contests, have been among the very best in the history of the society. The Ladies' League has also had a successful year under the presidency of Miss Lottie Saunders. The Fyfe Missionary, too, has shared in the general prosperity. The meetings have been full of interest and its work in the various city missions has been most encouraging. During the year two of its members, Mr. Baker and Miss Gile, have gone to Bolivia, and two others, Mr. Imrie and Miss Iler, have been appointed for work in India. If McMaster can continue to imbue her graduates with the spirit of missionary effort, there need be no fear of her future. This year she sends out thirty-six Christian men and women to labor

in the fields of life. We trust that they may one and all remember that her reputation is in their keeping, and that her future depends in a large measure on their fidelity to the Christian ideals they profess. She sends them forth to Christian service and shall expect good fruit and abundant from their labors.

We greatly regret to have to say that Dr. Newman, our distinguished Professor of History, has decided to leave McMaster to accept a professorship in the newly-established Theological Faculty of Baylor University, the large and influential educational institution of the Baptists of Texas. Dr. Newman has been connected with McMaster for over twenty years, and during those years of service has so endeared himself to both faculty and students that there is among them unanimous and unfeigned regret at his departure. If partings have to be, it is well that they should be under happy auspices, as is the case in the the present instance. Dr. Newman leaves us at the very zenith of his popularity with all connected with the University. We do not believe that during his long and faithful service Dr. Newman's labors and learning have been more heartily appreciated than during the past three or four years, and we had confidently hoped that for twice twenty years more he would be with us to shed lustre on our college by his historical researches and publications. But God has called him to another sphere of labor and he feels that he must go. In his departure McMaster loses one whom she could ill afford to lose, and in doing so can only console herself with the not very comforting thought that what is her loss is Baylor's gain. In losing Dr. Newman we also lose Mrs. Newman, and this we equally regret. Mrs. Newman has taken a deep interest in the welfare of the University and has been particularly active in our social life. Her hospitable home has been always open for class rallies and other social functions, and has been the scene of many happy gatherings of the students. The young ladies of the college will miss her very much indeed, for to them she has been sympathetic and greatly helpful. They and all of us regret that the pleasant associations of past years must be so rudely broken and beg to assure Dr. and Mrs. Newman of heartiest good wishes for happy and successful labor in the South.

Book Reviews.

LIFE OF DR. BROADUS.*

If "the proper study of mankind is man," biography should be the most attractive and instructive kind of history. Dr. Broadus certainly thought so and constantly urged its reading upon his students. He himself added a volume to the list in his "Memoir of James P. Bryce"—a volume of rare instructiveness and interest. It is fitting, therefore, that the story of his own life should be given to the world, both because of his acknowledged pre-eminence and because of the peculiar good that the story of such a unique and commanding personality is likely to do. For there was in Broadus such a saving common sense, such a wise "mixing of the elements," and such a splendid illustration of the gospel of work, that his biography will fill a gap in that part of our libraries. For the life-sketches of most great men tend to fill the ordinary man with a feeling akin to despair: that of Broadus, if true to the man, should inspire with hope. Great though he was, he never made men feel their littleness; somehow his greatness seemed to overflow to others, so that they began to hope that they themselves might do something worthy. This book has the same effect, and so approves itself as possessing a biographer's main merit.

In other respects the work is not unworthy of its subject. The first features that strike one are the neatness and attractiveness of the volume: the four pictures, representing him in his thirties, forties, fifties and sixties, and the fac-similes of two important and characteristic letters. The next is, that the book consists mainly of extracts from letters, articles, and addresses by Dr. Broadus and others. The author's aim has been "to let Doctor Broadus and his contemporaries tell the story of his life, as far as it was possible to do so, and with just perspective—to let Doctor Broadus himself come before us in these pages," "from varying and progressive points of view," "with all his rich endowments of nature and grace, his victory over difficulties, his mastery of self, his influence with men, his world-wide usefulness, his power from God"; and "to be just toward the many interests that touch such a life." Dr. Robertson has thrown in barely enough to keep the connection clear. And when the great mass of available material

* Life and Letters of John Albert Broadus. By Archibald Thomas Robertson. 12 mo., 471 pages. Price $1.50. American Baptist Publication Society, 1420 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

and the necessity of keeping the work within reasonable limits are considered, one must pronounce the work well done. For though the abruptness of the transitions, and the brevity and lack of details for which the reader often longs, may cause a feeling of disappointment at times, yet the fact remains that there is no phase of the great man's character that has not been brought out, and that a just perspective has been maintained. This opinion has been confirmed by a rapid re-reading.

The portraiture is remarkably satisfactory—the more so the more one reflects upon it. There is his consuming desire to be useful, and his determination to be thorough, at the cost of relentless devotion to work ; his iron will and tenacity of purpose, his sincerity and genuineness before God and men ; his simplicity, directness, naturalness ; the spontaneity of his genius, controlled by rigid self-discipline ; his genial humor and unfailing tact ; quick sympathy and thoughtful tenderness ; quick self-reliance and manly modesty ; his unwillingness to thrust himself to the front, but readiness and adequacy for every emergency ; his charming companionableness, and unselfish pleasure in the achievements of others ; his fine social qualities and gloriously chivalrous regard for woman ; his overflowing delight in the beauties of nature and art, and above all his profound reverence for God and surrendering trust in the Lord Jesus Christ. The reader will find the estimates others have formed of him as scholar and teacher, Christian and preacher, man and citizen, and material enough to form an estimate of his own. The delightfully vivid sketch of his home life, by his daughter, Mrs. Mitchell, is intensely interesting and full of most helpful suggestiveness.

Scattered through the book are many of those wonderful nuggets of wisdom which Dr. Broadus used to burn into the memories of his students, and which have become to many working life-maxims. Some idea, too, can be gleaned by the careful reader, of his views on many important subjects, such as universities, seminaries, convents ; teaching and preaching ; personal work and public worship ; Higher Criticism and new Theology ; Young People's Societies, and the Millennium question ; and such general topics as lynching, the negro problem, and the Christian's relation to the State. It is no discredit that one is left with an appetite sharpened for anything Dr. Broadus has written ; it would be a great blessing if it should lead many readers of the biography to procure and study diligently his published works.

We heartily congratulate Dr. Robertson on having performed this

"labor of love" so admirably. It deserves to take its place among the greatest and most useful biographies. May it be widely read from generation to generation, and thus help to perpetuate the gracious influence that blesses myriads of lives to-day, and fills many a heart with thankfulness and love at the very mention of that name which stands to them as the peerless illustration of symmetrical Christian manhood, the name of JOHN A. BROADUS.

J. H. F.

RICHARD YEA-AND-NAY.*

To appreciate this story one should read it twice, and one may well do this for it is one of the few modern novels that deserve and will repay a second reading. So far as we have observed, it has received extraordinary commendation from the leading critics, notably Mr. Frederic Harrison in the *Fortnightly Review* and Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie in the New York *Outlook*, two men whose opinions on the literature of the day are worthy of the highest respect. It happens that in the present instance popular opinion agrees with the critics, as is evidenced by the enormous sales both in England and America. This is by no means always the case, and when it is so one may surmise that the book concerning which there is agreement of critical and popular opinion probably has qualities of more than average worth. Richard Yea-and-Nay has elements of really good literature, and, what is perhaps more gratifying, it has excellences that point to its author as one likely to produce an historical novel such as has not been written since the days of Scott. In this book Mr. Hewlett has chosen a subject that must of necessity force comparisons between his work and that of the "Wizard of the North" in The Talisman, one of the most popular, though certainly not one of the best, of the latter's novels. It is saying much for Mr. Hewlett to say that he issues from the inevitable comparison with no small degree of credit.

As the full title partly indicates, Richard Yea-and-Nay is a study of Richard Coeur de Lion, that famous king of England whose deeds so took the imagination of the Middle Ages and whose name became an object of dread to Saracen mothers. The story works itself out against the back-ground of historical events in France before the death of Richard's father and of the desperate attempt to capture Jerusalem,

* "The Life and Death of Richard Yea-and-Nay. By Maurice Hewlett. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

famous in history as the Third Crusade. For the most part, Mr. Hewlett has wisely refrained from attempting to draw an elaborate picture of the life of the times in which his story runs its course, for his knowledge is great enough to make it clear to him that no one can really *know* the Middle Ages and that no one can hope to reproduce them. Not attempting the impossible in this respect, he has had more opportunity to understand the persons he brings before us, to seize upon some of the salient features of their character, and show the intensely human qualities that were found in men and women then as now. He lavishes the strength of his imagination on Richard, and out of the past re-constructs a mighty figure with a convincingness that cannot be gainsaid. He puts a considerable portion of his story into the mouth of the Abbot Milo, whom early chronicles connect with Richard as friend and chronicler, and by this expedient helps to give the impression of reality to his portrait. In Milo's epilogue the reader finds Mr. Hewlett's explanation of his book and his conception of the secret of Richard's character. "All his faults and most of his griefs sprang from this rending apart of his nature. His heart cried Yea ! to a noble motion. Then came his haughty head to suggest trickery, and bid him say Nay ! to the heart's urgency."

The first half of the book shows Richard in his mood of Yea ! and the second in that of Nay ! It is this struggle between Richard's heart and head with respect to Jehane of the Fair Girdle that led to his final undoing. Loving Jehane, at her bidding he left her to another, and thus, as Milo puts it, "said Yea, when Nay had been the voice of heart and head, of honour and love and reason at once," and then when she was about to marry the other he "forbade his grant," carried her off and married her himself. To quote Milo again, "he was Tristram, not Galahad nor Lancelot ; a man of cold appetite, a man whose head was master, touched rarely, and then stirred only to certain deeps. So far as he could love woman born he loved Jehane," and yet for purposes of policy he was ready once more to do her bidding, to leave her and take Berengère of Navarre to wife. Thereby he got the money to set out on his ill-fated expedition to the Holy Land, and though in this he established his fame for all time, he lost Jehane and happiness. Thus the good and evil, the strong and weak, strove in Richard's breast, and this eternal conflict in the heart of man is what Mr. Hewlett has realized and depicted with such powerful effect in Richard Yea-and-Nay.

Jehane, though not so convincing as Richard, is a fine creation.

Her self-sacrificing love for Richard is her glory, and it lights up the picture of the savage cruelty of the times. Her fate is the one thing in the book we resent. Death would have been better than marriage with the Old Man of the Mountain, but of course her death would not have served the author's needs in his story. Alois and Berengère, the other women in the book, do not engage much attention or interest, but the pathetic ineffectualness of their lives awakens a tender pity. The chapter in which Jehane, Alois, and Berengère, come to the dying Richard, is one of the most effective in the book.

In style Richard Yea-and-Nay is, to our mind, simply superb. Perhaps the author has put too much matter into his story, and perhaps, too, the use of so many obsolete words, though giving an antique flavor, may interfere somewhat with the ordinary reader's pleasure. So, too, the striking and illuminating metaphors may require slightly more attention than the average novel reader is ready to give. But surely the discriminating reader will not fail to enjoy the terse, vigorous and picturesque prose in which the book is written. When Mr. Hewlett is at his best, as in the second half of his story, he will carry all readers with him. We had marked a score of passages as worthy of quotation to illustrate the quality of this great novel, but our space does not permit our printing them. We can hardly do better than quote a sonnet we read in the New York *Times*. In fourteen lines it says much about the substance of this great novel.

MAURICE HEWLETT.

[*After Reading His "Richard Yea-and-Nay."*]

"We leap into the saddle, grip the reins,
And kiss the velvet flank with golden spur.
And then, like great, lost winds, we rush with her,
The fair Jehane, through lawless war's domains!
Here's love, with bloody tears, that groans and strains;
Here's valor, that the soul's foundations stir;
Here's sacrifice, that life's prized windows blur,
As we ride over Saladin's wide plains!

We hear the swish of twice ten thousand blades;
We feel the hurricane of Norman wrath;
We see the English wolves at Moslem throats!
And then we dream of far-off Norman glades,
And walk with love along the primrose path,
As Richard's song above the tower floats!"

M.

THREE PAMPHLETS.

The following pamphlets have been received from the American Baptist Publication Society:

(1.) "The Elder from Ephesus," by Prof. D. G. Porter, pp. 30. An ingenious sketch of a Rip Van Winkle, who falls asleep in a cave at the end of the first century, A.D. He wakens in the nineteenth century, finds the Armenian massacres in progress, flees to America and lands in New York. He visits some of the churches, and is sorely perplexed because his primitive ideas of Christianity will not fit the facts of modern church life.

(2.) "The Sabbath Day or the Lord's Day," by Francis Hope, pp. 28. The writer spent ten years as a missionary of the Adventist body. Consequently, when, through Bible study, he was convinced of the error of his position, he had the advantage of a thorough knowledge of both sides of the controversy. The pamphlet is a valuable and forcible contribution to the question of Sunday observance.

(3) "Laboratory and Pulpit," by Prof. W. L. Poteat, pp. 103. These lectures, on the Gay foundation, were delivered at the Louisville Theological Seminary, March, 1900. The author is Professor of Biology in Wake Forest College, a Baptist institution in North Carolina. Lecture I. traces the progress of biological study from 1838, and the corresponding development of the doctrine of evolution from Gregory of Nyassa, to Darwin, showing the result of this study on psychology, literature, sociology and ethics. Lecture II., while distinguishing between religion as a system of doctrines and a personal attachment to Christ, urges the adaption of the former to the biological method. Lecture III. describes the symptoms of present Theological unrest, explains the causes of the same, and appeals for a more friendly attitude on the part of the pulpit toward the message of science concerning the nature and methods of God. This essay should be in the hands of every preacher.

P. K. D.

"COMMITTED TO HIS CHARGE."*

One of the characters in this book remarks that "those who know say that romance and tragedy are going on all around us all the time, only we have not the wit to see them." The authors of this

* Committed to His Charge, a Canadian Chronicle. By R. and K. M. Lizars. Toronto: G. N. Morang & Co., Limited.

chronicle have had the wit to discover the humor and the pathos in the commonplace life of a Canadian village in the early eighties, and have known how to interest others in what they have seen. They tell how an Anglican rector and his wife came to Slowford, a town and country parish, whose name did not belie its character, and how with their new ideas they unconsciously came into conflict with the deep-rooted prejudices of their parishioners. To be original in Slowford, as elsewhere, was to court disaster, "for the man or woman who came with innovation to Slowford held the life in the hand. To be original anywhere involves hard knocks. To be unique in your native village is to invite the conservative eggs in it to your adornment." Slowford was not Rector Huntley's native village, and consequently his mild innovations did not receive the last mentioned reception, but for all that his path was not a bed of roses. Young ministers might well read this book for the lessons to be drawn from it, and church members might find much to their advantage therein. It is not his story however, nor the pathetic fate of his bright young wife, nor the romance of Miss Sweeting, that gives value to "Committed to His Charge." Its chief merit lies in the faithful picture it gives of the life it attempts to depict. It is perhaps too high praise to connect it with the work of Miss Mary E. Wilkins, for Miss Wilkins is a literary artist, and the Misses Lizars make no pretensions in that direction, we suppose. But they have some of Miss Wilkins' powers of observation and some of her sympathy with those she portrays, and have been able to produce a book that has not a little of the interest that Miss Wilkins knows so well how to arouse. To any one at all familiar with Canadian life, chapter after chapter of this book will appear as a realistic picture of what could be found in many a Canadian community. The chief figures in the picture are the ladies of the Guild, Miss Sweeting, Mrs. Stuart, Mrs. Forby and Mrs. Lindsay, a most amusing Canadian edition of Mrs. Malaprop. We know them all though we have never been in Slowford, and we have enjoyed many a hearty laugh in their company. The men are not so fully sketched, but Mr. Forby, a martyr to his wife's house-cleaning habits, and old Mallory and old Kippan are just such men as any observant reader must recall as relics of pioneer days in Canada. Most heartily commending the book for its humor, its fidelity to fact, its genial sympathy and humanity, we close with the following specimen of the accuracy with which the authors portray conditions in and about Slowford. It is a description of old Farmer Kippan's parlor, and if we have not sat in it we have certainly seen its duplicate :

"Pretty Mrs. Rector looked half-frightened and was glad to escape from the neighbourhood of this dreadful old autocrat. She gladly followed the wife to a bare, dark room, where light and heat were seldom allowed near the decorations loved, and mostly made, by the mistress. There were cornices made of fir cones, from which stiff lace curtains, blued past all whiteness, depended in angular folds; a clock on the mantelpiece that was never wound and must have forgotten how to tick; a piano, whose black, polished surface was in keeping with its funereal surroundings; wonderful baskets and ornaments, made of cut paper and frayed cotton; mats, where rags were tortured into ghostly likenesses of dogs and cats, that suggested by their distorted anatomies, the need of a Humane Society; some chromos of wonderful waterfalls and rocks, and some of still more wonderful ladies and gentlemen; deep-framed panels holding bouquets of wool work and hair wreaths; a bunch of home-made wax flowers in an oval glass case, and, chief treasures of all, three frames of unusual size and depth decorating three of the four walls of the room, each containing a silver coffin-plate and a long tress of hair. The thrifty Kippan considered silver coffin plates much too good stuff to bury. The identities of the three wives were preserved in the three inscriptions and in the different colours of the three locks of hair—red, flaxen, and brown. It was to be supposed that the full complement of colour would in time be added from the black head of the present Mistress Kippan, on the fourth wall."

Z.

JOHN VYTAL.

The story of the lost colony of Roanoke is among the most romantic incidents in American history. That a colony should have been planted on the Island of Roanoke, off the coast of Virginia, in 1586 and 1587, and that it should have absolutely disappeared, leaving not a trace behind, is a profound mystery, that no American historian has yet solved. Here the romancer steps in, and in "John Vytal, a Tale of the Lost Colony," William Farquhar Payson undertakes an explanation. The story is full of interest, love and sword-play abounding. The introduction of Christopher Marlowe as one of the characters is a daring touch, but well thought out.

H.

THE O'ERTURN O' BOTANY BAY.†

Botany Bay is not the celebrated Australian bay of that name but the nick-name of a street in the north central district of Glasgow. It was a street with a rather hard reputation—a noted locality into which

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* John Vytal. A Tale of the Lost Colony. By William Farquhar Payson. Toronto: William Briggs.

†The O'erturn o' Botany Bay. By E. J. Stobo. Philadelphia: American Baptist. Publishing Society.

poor people from all quarters had been crowded through sheer force of circumstances. This book is the story of its transformation due to the faithful preaching of the gospel. The work was first planned and carried on by two lads, one of whom, John Foster, may be called the hero of the story, for we follow his career from his first attempts at open-air preaching until he becomes a settled pastor. The results of their labors—the overturning of Botany Bay—the author maintains is a standing evidence that the gospel is still the power of God, and that the grace of God in the heart of any people is a great moral force and can do more for society at large than the best managed system of police. The book is read with interest. There is no attempt at fine diction, it being "a simple, unadorned tale, strictly founded on fact." The author is not slow to impress on the reader his views of city mission work. His aim is to interest young people in Christian service, especially among the poor of our cities. It is an excellent book for a Sunday School library and can be read with pleasure and profit by all interested in the spread of the Master's kingdom. H. P.

THE HELMET OF NAVARRE.*

The writer of this fascinating romance is an American girl of twenty-two summers, who, in this her first published novel, has achieved a success that is likely to rival that of Miss Mary Johnston in "To Have and to Hold." The story has been appearing during the past winter in The Century, and has been so popular that upon publication in book form an edition of no less than 100,000 copies was struck off. Messrs. Copp, Clark are the Canadian publishers, and they have issued it in handsome form. The cover is blue, with gold lettering and appropriate silver ornamentation, the type is large and clear, and the illustrations, of which there are twelve by Andre Castaigne, are exceedingly fine. The story describes four intensely exciting days in Paris during the conflict between Henry IV of France and the League under the Duke of Mayenne, and at the critical moment when Navarre, by recanting and becoming a Roman Catholic, is winning all France to his side. Among the number who have now thrown in his lot with him is the Duc of St. Quentin, whose son, the Count of Mar, is in love with the beautiful "Rose of Lorraine," the niece of Mayenne. Others are also sueing for her hand, notably her cousin, Paul de Lorraine, the

*The Helmet of Navarre. By Bertha Runkle. Illustrated by Andre Castaigne. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

villain of the story, whose passion and jealousy lead him to desperate intrigue and treachery. Such a situation gives a fine opportunity for the romantic novelist, and Miss Runkle has not failed to make full use of it. From beginning to end there is not a dull chapter. Adventure follows adventure with breathless rapidity, and the reader hurries on from one thrilling chapter to another, blissfully forgetting the improbability of much that he reads, and gratefully yielding to the fascination of the story. Felix Broux, who tells the tale and tells it well, too, is of a family who has served the St. Quentins for generations. He has a clever wit, a good sword, and an infinite capacity for issuing successfully from all sorts of escapades. He devotes himself to the young Count of Mar, and the two foil the traitor, Paul de Lorraine, and finally win Lorance de Montluc, the "Rose of Lorraine." Of course in such a story it is not the characterization, but the plot and action that give strength and interest. When Miss Runkle gives the world a novel in which she portrays character as well as she tells a story, may we be there to read it. For the present we can say we have read "The Helmet of Navarre" with pleasure, and can heartily recommend it to all who wish to while away leisure summer hours with an interesting tale. X.

WAYFARINGS.

Past and present students of McMaster will welcome this volume of poems, from the pen of an old friend and classmate, Mr. George Herbert Clarke, M.A. For the past few years Mr. Clarke has been associate-editor of the *Baptist Union*, of Chicago, and has only lately resigned that responsible position. He deems the time opportune to make a collection of his verses, many of which have appeared in THE MONTHLY, the *Baptist Union*, and other American magazines, and will thereby be familiar to most of our readers. We bespeak a hearty reception for the volume, which is to appear in a week or so. Mr. Clarke was a clever and popular student in his undergraduate days here and has been a loyal and interested alumnus, and we therefore hope that the Faculty, graduates and students of McMaster may show their appreciation and sympathy by procuring a copy of his collected poems.

College News.

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES.

The Annual Commencement Exercises were held during the first week in May and were in every respect a decided success. For the most part the weather was all that could be desired, but at the close of the last exercises the inevitable rain came on and did its best to spoil everyone's finery. The attendance of Alumni was perhaps hardly as large as in some former years, but there was a goodly number with us, however. The omission of the annual public meeting on Monday night gave the undergraduates more time for their farewell banquet to the Graduating Classes, and in consequence we had a most delightful occasion. We hope that the "Class of '01" may carry away with them happy memories of the Graduating exercises, for we tried to show them how much we appreciated their worth. We who are left shall endeavor to follow in their footsteps and be worthy of them. THE MONTHLY is indebted to *The Canadian Baptist* for much of the following report of the exercises.

FYFE MISSIONARY SERMON.

The annual sermon to the members of the Fyfe Missionary Society was preached in the Bloor St. Baptist Church on Sunday morning, May 5th, by the Rev. W. Hartley, of St. Thomas. Taking as his text the passages of Scripture found in 1 Samuel iii : 1, and 1 Chronicles xii : 22, Mr. Hartley emphasized the truth that in the life of every man and woman there is either growth upward or descent downward, and that one's attitude towards God determines which it shall be. Sin is sure to bring suffering as it did in the case of Saul. In seeking God's glory we are seeking the best thing possible, and in the endeavor we are sure to be assisted by many allies, such as nature, habit, and the friendship of good men and women. Christians should of all men be optimists. There is war between the kingdom of darkness and the kingdom of David's greater Son, but the victory for Christ and righteousness is sure. These and other thoughts were illustrated by apt examples from Scripture and history, and so presented as to win the attention and assent of the large congregation present. The members of the Fyfe Society will be glad to hear Rev. Mr. Hartley again.

STUDENTS' FAREWELL BANQUET.

The annual complimentary dinner given by the juniors in Arts and Theology to the seniors on May 6th, was a very decided success. The cuisine was excellent and the speeches were of a high order. Mr. T. E Meldrum, '02, occupied the chair. The guests of honor were the Chancellor and Mrs. Wallace, Dr. and Mrs. Newman, Dr. and Mrs.

Smith and the Rev. Dr. Eaton and Mrs. Eaton. The following toast list was honored :—"King and Country," proposed by the Chairman ; "The Graduating Class in Theology," proposed by Mr. David Alexander and responded to by Mr. E. W. Parsons, B.A.; "The Graduating Class in Arts," proposed by Mr. R. V. Bellamy, '02, and replied to by Mr. J. A. McDonald, '01 ; "Alma Mater," by Mr. C. A. Grant, '02, and responded to by the Chancellor ; "The Ladies," by Mr. A. L. Branch, '02, and responded to by Miss Olive Mae Clemens. The speeches were all thoroughly enjoyed. Miss Clemens' reply to the toast of "The Ladies" was delivered in a very pleasing manner, and was one of the most brilliant of the evening.

A feature of the evening was the presentation of an address to Rev. Charles Aubrey Eaton, M.A., D.D., whose departure from the city is felt very deeply by the students. The address was read by Mr. R. C. Matthews, '01. Dr. Eaton was cheered to the echo when he rose to reply. He spoke very feelingly of his relations with the students and with the University, and expressed the deep sense of loss he felt now that the hour of parting had come.

The address was as follows :—

Rev. Charles Aubrey Eaton, M.A., D.D.

Dear Dr. Eaton,—Your departure to another field of labor is an occasion which we, the students of McMaster University, very deeply deplore. We take this opportunity, therefore, of expressing the devotion which we have always felt to you, and the sympathy and interest with which we shall follow your future course.

Your early departure from the City of Toronto is regretted, we believe, by the entire community. And this is so, not only because you have occupied an important pulpit in this city, but also because you have combined in the best sense the office of your sacred calling with the highest form of citizenship. You have been more than a preacher. You have been a man among men—glad of your opportunities to do service for your fellowmen and happy in the rendering of that service.

You have combatted with characteristic energy and zeal the extreme materialistic spirit of the age, which leads to selfishness of heart and sordidness of life. If we have understood your efforts aright, they have been in the direction of inspiring the young men of this country to a worthy appreciation of the inheritance with which God has endowed them, of raising citizenship to the highest ideals, of exalting to their proper plane the nobility and dignity of self-denying service, and of reviving and enthroning in men's hearts the spirit of true chivalry.

With such ideals and with such an example before us in those formative years, when our minds were relating themselves to the great realities of life, and when convictions were taking deep root, the influence which you have had upon our lives has been inestimable. You have encouraged us both to think and to work. In this you have not

been an advisor only, but also a leader. Many times when our energies were flagging and our thinking seemed to be to no purpose, your messages have come freighted with enthusiastic devotion to duty, with inspiration to dare to do, and with fervent loyalty to the principles upon which all true living and right thinking must be built. You have led us back to our Lord Jesus Christ as the centre from which radiates all enduring life and thought.

In your capacity as pastor of the Bloor Street Church you have been called upon to sustain to the University and to her students relations which are peculiar to that office, and we are proud to say that we have found in you a staunch friend of this institution, and a personal friend of each of her sons. Most of us have had the privilege of calling you our pastor, and our personal relations with you have been such that your removal creates in our hearts a very deep sense of loss, and an intense sorrow. We have gone to you again and again for encouragement and for advice; we have made repeated demands upon your time, and we have always received from you a very sympathetic recognition of our needs. We very gratefully acknowledge our indebtedness to you for the ambitions you have re-kindled and the determination you have implanted in us to fight on with fortitude and endurance until the goal has been won.

The broad humanitarian spirit which has characterized your teaching, has led us to a clearer vision of the opportunities which life affords. We have begun to realize under your leadership the true significance of the outlook which may attach itself to Christian citizenship in its largest sense.

We extend to you and to Mrs. Eaton our best wishes for many years of happy companionship in the noblest service in which God has made it possible for man to engage; and we pray that the Holy Spirit may be with you, to comfort you, to strengthen you, to uphold you, and to guide you in all things, until you get Home.

The Baccalaureate Sermon.

The Annual Baccalaureate Sermon was delivered on Tuesday evening, in the Walmer Road Church, the preacher being Rev. S. S. Bates, pastor of the College St. Church, or Rev. Dr. Bates, as we shall have to call him now. Chancellor Wallace, Rev. Dr. Harris, and Rev. W. E. Norton, Superintendent of Home Missions, assisted in the service. We think we are expressing the feelings of all present in congratulating the University on the choice of preacher, for the sermon was thoroughly worthy of the best traditions of the occasion. It was a characteristic utterance, a genuine Gospel message, not merely a display of learning without due emphasis on Christ. As has been the case with former baccalaureate sermons, it struck the key-note of all the succeeding exercises. The note was that of joyful service for God and Christ and Man, and hardly a single address throughout the various functions failed to re-echo that inspiring note. Thus the services became more than academic or social functions, they took the char-

acter of earnest Christian gatherings, the influence of which on the graduating classes must surely be deep and far-reaching.

Christ's words to the Eleven, as recorded in Matthew xxviii: 18-20, formed the subject of the discourse. Christ is our Master and Lord, and we must joyfully lay our powers at His feet. The Eleven delighted to be His bondservants, and if the thought of service thrills us and inspires us to do His work with joy we are in the true apostolic succession. The first duty of Christians is not simply to bring men into right relations with one another, with human law and government, but into right relations with God and Christ. This must be our life work, and if it is it will be impossible for us to fail, for Christ has said, "Lo, I am with you alway." God is with us as He has been with His servants in the past. Christ has no other commission for Christian men and women. His Great Commission is His final word for the salvation of the world, and were He to give a message to men now it would be the very same as He gave to the Eleven. If we disregard His command we are in danger of the sin that "brought death into the world and all our woe," but if we obey it our life will be a noble success.

The Collation.

On Wednesday afternoon the Collation was held in the schoolroom of the Walmer Road Church. This has always been a very popular function, but this year the attendance was larger than ever before. The tables were handsomely decorated with beautiful roses kindly supplied by lady friends of the University. The speeches were short and to the point, and altogether the occasion was a delightful one. Hon. John Dryden, Chairman of the Board of Governors, presided in his usual happy manner. He proposed the toast to "The King," which was responded to by the hearty singing of "God Save the King." Mr. D. E Thomson, K.C., proposed the toast of "Our Guests," and in doing so asserted that while our principles lead to independence we have the heartiest sympathy with all institutions devoted to the promotion of education. Rev. Dr. Clark, of Trinity College, made a felicitous reply, referring to his intimate and pleasant connection with McMaster during the past year, and expressing his pleasure at the happy relations that existed between the various religious bodies in Canada. The next toast was to "The Men of the Past," proposed by Mr. L. H. Thomas, B.A., and responded to by Dr. Thomas. In his very happy reply the genial Doctor touched the hearts of all present by his feeling reference to the pathos of the situation involved in responding to such a toast proposed by his own son, a situation suggestive of the passing of generations, as if he were in one century and his son in another. His remarks in this connection struck the deepest note of the afternoon. His humorous reference to the departure of the Bloor Street pastor was much appreciated, particularly the portion in which he expressed the hope that after wallowing Jonah-like in the slimy depths of the Yankee whale he might come back to his duty in Canada. Our space does not permit further reference to

the remaining speeches. Professor Farmer proposed "The Men of the Future," and Messrs. W. C. Gordon and J. D. McLachlan, of the Graduating Classes in Arts and Theology, respectively, made suitable replies. Miss Dicklow, Principal of Moulton College, proposed the toast to "The Lady Graduates," and Miss Lottie Saunders made a happy reply, expressing the hope that some day there might be a residence for the girls of McMaster.

Conferring of Degrees.

The spacious audience room of the Walmer Road Church was packed almost to overflowing on Wednesday evening, when the degrees were conferred on the members of the Graduating Classes. Chancellor Wallace presided, and on the platform with him were Dr. Whitman, the orator of the evening, Dr. Eaton, Mr. D E. Thomson, K.C., Rev. S. S Bates, Dr. Reeve, Dean of the Medical Faculty of Toronto University, Professor Hutton, the newly-appointed Principal of University College, Professors McCurdy and Johnson, of the University of Toronto, John Millar, Deputy Minister of Education, Principal McCrimmon, of Woodstock College, the members of the Faculty and Senate, and a number of graduates. Degrees were conferred on the following :

B.A.—Frederick Manning Armstrong, Wilfrid Henry Augustine, Edgar Allan Brownlee, Olive Mae Clemens, Milton Delose Coltman, Emelyn Euphemia Delmage, Edith Rachel Delmage, Roy D. Echlin, Austin H. Fairchild, Albert William Gazley, William Crosgrove Gordon, Richard Emerson Guyatt, Albert Eustace Haydon, John William Hotson, Robert Muir Johnstone, Lewis Fulmer Kipp, Robert Charles Matthews, John Allan McDonald, Elizabeth McLaurin, Peter Crawford McLaurin, Archibald Thomson McNeill, James Edward Pengelly, Charlotte Annie Saunders, Richard Edward Sayles, Robert William Suter, Arthur Clinton Watson.

M.A.—Miss M. A. Bailey, H. B. Tapscott, C. J. Triggerson.

B.Th.—Albert Bedell Cohoe, John Horatio Hannah, John E. Hawlings, John Donald McLachlan, Ernest William Parsons, Llewellyn Herbert Thomas.

D.D. (*honoris causa*)—Rev. S. S. Bates. Diploma—Three years' English course in theology—John Jacob Enge.

At the conclusion of this interesting ceremony Chancellor Wallace addressed the Graduating Classes in brief but beautiful words. He reminded them that to himself and the members of the Faculty they were more than students, they were friends who were taking something of their teachers with them. If they had obtained control of mind and imagination, and were mastered by ideals that transmute knowledge into power, they had not spent their years in vain. The years of their lifetime were precious and potential, and they should see to it that in return for them they receive bread and not a stone. The twentieth century would be an age of posing and pretence, of charlatanism in religion and reform. He trusted that they would be pure men and women, reverent, kindly, open-hearted and clear of vision.

At the close of this address the Chancellor gave some important information respecting the University. He announced that Messrs. McLay, Cohoe, and Smith, who for some time have been lecturers in the University, had been appointed to the professorships in English, Chemistry, Biology and Physics, respectively; that an instructorship in Classics and Moderns had been established, and Mr. Glenn H. Campbell, B.A., son of Professor Campbell, had been appointed to the position; and finally that Messrs. Dale and Tracy would continue to lecture in History and Education, the former taking some additional work. All of these announcements were received with applause, as was also another with respect to the establishment of the "Merriman Prize Fund." This is made possible by the generosity of a Canadian gentleman now resident in Cambridge, Mass., a former student of Montreal Baptist College, who pays a debt of gratitude to his old college by establishing a prize fund in connection with its legitimate successor, McMaster University.

The oration of the evening was then delivered by Rev. B. L. Whitman, D.D., pastor of the Fifth Baptist Church, Philadelphia. Dr. Whitman is another of those Canadians who have won distinction in the larger life of the United States, and whose ability assures him of an ever-increasing influence for good. He has a fine presence, a rich and mellow voice, and striking oratorical power. The subject of his address was, "The Mission of Culture," and for over an hour he held the unflagging attention of the large audience present. At first we were rather stolid, paying earnest attention to his words, but giving little or no expression to our feelings of appreciation. Like all orators the Doctor required more response from his audience, and taking advantage of the cry of a baby in the gallery, he humorously suggested that we should "play fair" and show him our appreciation. After that he did not lack for hearty and frequent cheers. There were abundant opportunities for applause, for his address fairly bristled with striking phrases and sententious, epigrammatic statements, at once wise and witty.

Recalling Matthew Arnold's well known definition of culture, he varied it by asserting that culture is the absorption and assimilation of the best that has been thought and said in the world, the possession of the best things and the use of them for right living. The conditions of culture are mastery of nature, social development, and the emergence of the spiritual. Science must not ignore the facts of the spiritual life, for the great categorical imperative is the appeal of man's moral nature. Culture demands breadth and intensity, and these give poise to a man's nature. Culture is centrality, the shaping of life around its centre. Culture puts a man in right relations to his fellows. Culture aims at use, possession is obligation; a man's diploma is worth just as much as he is worth, no more, no less. Culture gives self-command, it means reproduction, it raises life to a high level. It requires unwavering loyalty to truth, to the truth a man has, and the truth he has not; that is, it means faithful presentation of old truth and strenuous search

for new truth. Regeneration is the key that unlocks the kingdom of the world, as well as the kingdom of heaven. Culture is stewardship, and sacrifice is the law of progress. These and other thoughts made up a splendid address, for which all present must thank the eloquent Doctor.

After Dr. Bates had thanked the University for the honor conferred on him, Rev. Dr. Eaton was introduced and received with loud and prolonged applause. Though the hour was late less than a score left their places, all desiring to hear Dr. Eaton's farewell words to the students. Dr. Eaton dealt in a few moments with one of his favorite topics, the great realities of life, God and man, and the necessity of our relating these eternal verities in and by Jesus Christ. The substance of what he said has already appeared in the *Globe*, and should be read by all. His closing words were very solemn, and the impressive silence that followed was more eloquent than words of the deep sense of regret all feel in the departure of Dr. Eaton.

Thus closed the session of 1900-1901.

MOULTON COLLEGE.

EDITORS { MISS A. MCPHEDRAN
MISS M. A. YEIGH

GREAT was the rejoicing at dinner, the night of May 7th, when our Principal returned from the Board meeting, bringing with her the welcome tidings that our long dreamed of new building was to become a happy reality.

Perhaps many of our readers are wondering for what purpose we desire this new addition, and how necessary it is in order to have our school keep its place as one of the foremost in the province. It is to combine within itself a gymnasium and concert hall, art rooms, laboratories, and rooms for the preparatory department. Hitherto for our closing exercises, or for any entertainment during the term, it has been necessary to wend our way over to Walmer Road or elsewhere, and back again, carrying with us extra costumes, stage scenery, etc., whereas had we a suitable room at the college a great deal of trouble and expense might thus be saved. Again, for our physical culture exercises, we have to make use of the limited room afforded by the chapel. Each morning as the grey dawn steals through the windows, the whole household is on the *qui vive* in order to pile up the seats and get the chapel in readiness for the exercises, and great is the haste afterwards to restore it to its former state, in order to hold our chapel exercises therein. Moreover, we are crowded and in need of more class-rooms. This new building will accommodate the preparatory students and thus afford the school the use of their present class-room. The new building will be erected on the site of the present art building and will face Bismarck Avenue, will of course occupy much more space, have all the

latest and best fittings and be in every way a worthy addition to a school which, at least in our estimation, is already the best in the Dominion of Canada.

We have been extremely fortunate this month in having Mr. Weeks with us at chapel service twice, and he has promised to come again and give us some parting words of advice before the closing of the term.

Great is our sorrow at the departure of Mr. Eaton. He is a staunch friend of Moulton and his friendship we all greatly appreciate. We were very glad to have him with us at chapel service May 8th, but our enjoyment was saddened by the thought that it might be the last time, before his leaving, that he would be with us. We all sincerely hope and pray that he will meet with great success in his new home.

As the Seniors gathered in the reception rooms, on the evening of May 10th, at the invitation of the Junior class, to honor them with their company for one happy evening, dim and loving memories of their childhood's happy days came surging over them. The cause of these reminiscences was the exhibition of portraits of the faculty and students present, taken at the age of extreme youth and innocence. Great was the merriment excited in striving to trace in the uncertain features (?) thus portrayed some resemblance to the various members of the assembled company. After the artistic side of their nature had been in some degree satisfied by this feast of infantile beauty, their reluctant thoughts were turned to other channels and the rest of the evening passed pleasantly away in games and music. At the conclusion of the evening a vote of thanks was moved by the President of the Senior class to the Juniors for the pleasant time given them.

At the end of this term we are losing one of the members of the faculty, and although it is with sincere regret that we see Miss Iler leave us, yet we are proud and happy to have one of our number give her life to the missionary work in India. Knowing well her capability, we are sure that she will be successful in her new field of labor.

Another term is nearing its close and a very prosperous one it has been in the history of Moulton. It is with a feeling of sadness that some of us remember that with the end of this term come the last of our school days. Yet, we can all look back upon our life at Moulton as one of the pleasant pictures on memory's wall. May the coming years bring even more prosperity to our loved college, is the wish of all who this year bid adieu to their college home.

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